







Engd by H.E. Hall.

Sarah A. Wright

4578 A'

THE
GOLDEN LADDER;

OR,

THE STOLEN JEWEL.

By MRS. SARAH A. WRIGHT,

*Authoress of "The Gem of the Lake," "Secret Duel," "Medora," "Beauty of Fairfax,"
"Improper Use of the Tongue," etc., etc.*

35

"OH, LOVE! WHAT IS IT IN THIS WORLD OF OURS,
WHICH MAKES IT FATAL TO BE LOVED? AH! WHY
WITH CYPRESS BRANCHES HAST THOU WREATHED THY BOWERS,
AND MADE THY BEST INTERPRETER A SIGH?
AS THOSE WHO DOTE ON ODORS PLUCK THE FLOWERS,
AND PLACE THEM ON THEIR BREAST—BUT PLACED TO DIE—
THUS THE FRAIL BEINGS WE WOULD FONDLY CHERISH,
ARE LAID WITHIN OUR BOSOMS BUT TO PERISH."



NEW YORK:
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
119 AND 121 NASSAU STREET.
1871.

PZ3
.W936G5

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
SARAH A. WRIGHT,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE
MASONIC FRATERNITY,

WHEREVER DISPERSED,

TO WHOM

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,

AND AT WHOSE HANDS

I HAVE RECEIVED MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS,

AND WHOSE ESTEEM

I AM ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO DESERVE.

PREFACE

In writing a book, the author is often faced with the problem of how to present his material. He must decide whether to write for the general reader or for a specialized audience. He must also decide how much detail to include and how to organize the book. The author of this book has tried to write for the general reader, but he has also tried to include enough detail to make the book useful to the specialized reader. The book is organized into three parts. The first part is an introduction to the subject. The second part is a discussion of the theory. The third part is a discussion of the practice. The author has tried to make the book as clear and as concise as possible, but he has also tried to make it as interesting and as useful as possible. He has included many examples and exercises to help the reader understand the material. He has also included a bibliography of the books and articles that he has consulted. He hopes that the reader will find the book useful and interesting.

PREFACE.

IN launching a vessel, the constructors thereof, when time and tide are favorable, remove the shores that restrain her, and let her glide at once into her natural element; and I, emulating the idea, now that my work is done, and my book completed, urge it forward upon the wide sea of public opinion to sink or swim; to by its merits, steer itself safely into the sunny haven of another edition, or, over-freighted by faults, founder in the terrible storms of adverse criticism, or be wrecked upon the sharp rocks of general disapprobation. But, as no ship is allowed to depart without a correct manifest of the cargo aboard, I, to correctly follow out the simile here used, necessarily deem it best to present to the underwriters—the press and public—an inventory of the freight my venture bears.

That “truth is stranger than fiction” is a time-honored aphorism, therefore I have chosen to base my story upon incidents which actually occurred, rather than to search in the wild and mystic plains of romance for a foundation upon which to rear an edifice. Besides a wish to gratify my readers, I have had in so doing what I consider is a holy aim in view. To the best of my ability I have endeavored to depict the misery and long-suffering, the heart-burnings and tortures to which all subject themselves who become votaries to the insatiable deities, wealth and position; and no phase of this state can be better exemplified than by delineating the life of one who, by once kneeling at the shrine of Dives, made bleak and desolate what should have

been the brightest and happiest period of her existence. In Annah Morgan the reader is introduced to no mere creation of the author's imagination. The lady so designated still lives. Some may deem, so censorious is the world, that I have overstepped the bounds of truth and probability, by painting in so dark a shade the character of Marcellus. That a man so vile did exist may seem scarcely feasible to persons who have been accustomed only to associate with those who are pure and gentle of heart; but, alas! many there are in this world who can testify to the existence of such fiends in human shape—many whose lives might have been pure, peaceful, and pleasant, had they not staked and lost their all in attempting to ascend to the pinnacle of Fame by the Golden Ladder.

In cheerful contrast, I have endeavored to show, to the best of my ability, how much more may be attained by those who practice the cardinal virtues, the greatest of which is Charity. This, the most redeeming feature in the nature of "poor humanity," is more correctly delineated by Freemasonry than any other example I could possibly find. Because the brotherhood cloaks its good deeds from the prying eyes of heartless scoffers, and prefers to keep secret rather than to parade its charitable actions, many doubt its value and sincerity. But there are thousands now living who would have foundered and sunk beneath the turgid waves of affliction, had not a Mason's hand been extended to pluck them forth from the rapid-rushing torrent that would have carried them to destruction.

And now, having baptized my bark, I launch her forth, trusting that she will merit and meet the approbation of the public, to whom courtesies

THE AUTHORESS.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. FOR BETTER OR WORSE	7
II. WIDOW AND HER SON	17
III. ANNAH'S RIVAL	26
IV. CHANGING BASE.....	37
V. KISSING THE ROD	47
VI. BENEVOLENCE	56
VII. "ASHES TO ASHES"	66
VIII. TORN ASUNDER	76
IX. "A NICE OLD MAN".....	89
X. "ZURA".....	96
XI. THE LOST SLAVE	105
XII. A NIGHT OF TERROR	111
XIII. SHELTERED	126
XIV. THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.....	140
XV. A MODEL HUSBAND.....	155
XVI. MORGAN'S MACHINATIONS.....	170
XVII. FOUND AT LAST	179
XVIII. SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.....	188
XIX. "COMING EVENTS".....	195
XX. THE STORM BURSTS.....	207
XXI. RES ANGUSTA DOMI ...	218
XXII. THE SECRET DISCLOSED	230
XXIII. ANNAH'S PROBATION.....	242
XXIV. SEEKING SOLACE	259
XXV. A HOSTILE MEETING.....	267
XXVI. A GALLANT DEED.....	278

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXVII. FILLED TO THE BRIM	289
XXVIII. "UP IN A BALLOON"	303
XXIX. GALE-DRIVEN	309
XXX. HOW THE LADDER WAS REARED	323
XXXI. PREPARING FOR COMBAT	340
XXXII. BOWED DOWN	350
XXXIII. THE RETRIBUTION	366
XXXIV. PORT AT LAST	371

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

CHAPTER I.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

And then they laid their bribe at her feet,
—'Tis the same old tale that often is told—
They played on the strings of her heart's conceit,
And dazzled her eyes with gold.



"HAT a beautiful starlight night!" said Annah Foy, addressing her friend, Julia Morrison, as they strolled up and down an old piazza.

"Yes," replied her companion; "this scene reminds one of Dido—

'In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.'"

As these words escaped the lips of Julia, she glanced at Annah, who stood with quivering lips, and tears lingering in her bright blue eyes, as she threw back a cluster of auburn curls which drooped over her fair forehead. Just then Julia noticed the

brilliant diamond star that gleamed on the slender finger of her friend in the moonlight.

As often as she had seen this love-token, she had never before thought of its pure value. She saw that Annah had some secret to unfold, as she was her bosom companion and adviser, and could read every emotion of her soul.

“Why did you so particularly mention the Queen of Carthage a few moments ago?” asked Miss Foy.

“Because I knew you were in love, and the moon and stars always revivify these thoughts in our minds.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Foy, “that is true; and for the last half-hour I have been trying to nerve myself to tell you a secret, but I fear your decision.”

“Really,” said Julia, “do you? But I did not suppose for a moment, Annah Foy, that you would ever keep anything from me that pertained to your happiness or future prosperity. You know that we are true friends, and true friendship never wavers. Besides, you also know that Adrian Castle left you under my charge when he went to the Indies.”

At the very sound of Adrian’s name Annah apparently trembled.

“Oh, Julia!” cried the fair girl, “that is just the subject that I was trying to broach, but I could not gain courage enough to do so.”

“Well, what is it?” asked the sprightly Julia. “I am always ready to aid my friends,” she added.

At that instant, Annah held forth her beautiful hand, and said, referring to the brilliant that shone upon her finger :

“Next Wednesday, next Wednesday, Julia, I remove from my finger this elegant ring ;” and, as her lips uttered the words, tears fell from her eyes upon the sacred treasure she so highly prized.

“What *do* you mean, Annah?” asked Julia Morrison. “That ring is the token of love and an engagement between you and Adrian Castle, at least, so I have always understood.”

“Well,” replied Miss Foy, “so it was, Julia, but that vow is broken—broken indeed !”

“By whom ?” asked the intrepid girl.

“By Adrian,” replied Annah, trying to look angry ; “and next Wednesday will be my wedding-day.”

“Wedding-day !” repeated Julia, as she turned deathly pale. “Annah Foy, you certainly must be bereft of your senses ! To whom, if I may ask, do you intend to give your hand ?”

“To Marcellus Morgan,” replied Annah, gravely.

“Do you intend to reject Adrian Castle, and to marry Marcellus Morgan ?”

“I have never rejected Mr. Castle, Julia,” said

Annah, with a pensive air. "He has broken his engagement with me, and I am now at liberty."

"I do not believe it," said her friend, with energy. "This is an intrigue of Morgan's, and at some future day you will repent this hasty marriage. I know that your old Aunt Betsey favors this union with Mr. Morgan; she is one of the worshipers of Aaron's 'Golden Calf.'"

"No, no, Julia," said Annah, "not a calf, but a ladder."

"Well," replied Miss Morrison, "I have read of the calf, not of the ladder; therefore I thought that perhaps the old lady wished you to become one of the idolaters."

"Ah!" said Annah, smiling, "she did tell me the other day to ascend the Golden Ladder in my youth, and not await for 'Oriental honors'—to accept Marcellus, whether I loved him or not."

"Fine advice," said Julia. "She was thinking of Mount Pisgah, no doubt, and wished old Moses on the ladder to view the Promised Land, as she is so holy and desirous to go to that beautiful country some of these days."

"The secret is unfolded, Julia," said Miss Foy, "next Wednesday is to be my wedding-day, and as you have always promised to be one of my bridesmaids, I desire your attention."

We cannot describe the astonishment of Julia Morrison when she perceived that Annah was in earnest ; however, she consented to play her part on the bridal day.

“ Well,” said our young friend, “ do you know that we have been in this heavy dew more than three hours ? Let us retire, my lady fair, and dream upon the merits of your intended lord, and the rural scenery of Poplar Hill.”

The two young ladies retired ; but only to rest, not to sleep, for in one week more the gay and happy Annah Foy was to become Mrs. Marcellus Morgan.

The weather was beautiful during the latter part of August : the sparkling diamond, Adrian’s present, had been removed, and Marcellus’s plain ring placed upon Annah’s finger ; yet she had whispered when she removed this love-token, “ I will keep this treasure, although I shall not wear it. It shall never give my husband pain. I know that Adrian loved me when he placed this little star upon my finger, and, as we shall never meet again, it makes but little difference, now that I shall soon be Mrs. Morgan.” She placed this precious treasure in a small gilt box and locked it in a bureau-drawer, where she supposed no eyes except her own would ever see it. The wedding-day arrived. The flowers were arrayed in their richest bloom, and green branches were weighed

down with tempting fruit. Birds warbled their euphonious melodies, and Nature was altogether lovely. Upon one of the noblest plantations in America the bridal procession formed. This was the Morgan homestead. By the request of the old people Marcellus and Annah were married there. The edifice was of the Gothic order, substantial and capacious. The lawn, upon which the gay group were assembled, appeared as if Flora and Hebe had strewn flowers on the brilliant pathways of Hymen; although, as if to mock the spirit of Hope, in front of the door of the mansion stood a weeping-willow, whose pendent branches overshadowed the bride—symbolical of melancholy. Our heroine was gladdened by the sunlit charms of creation, yet the willow awakened transient emotions of sadness.

The bride and groom elect, just before the arrival of the minister, walked to a pleasant garden to survey the rising and swelling surf of the ocean, and, as Annah stood gazing upon the beautiful scene, she repeated the following exquisite lines of Lord Byron :

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

“Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible, even from thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.”

“Surely, Annah,” said Morgan, pressing her hand within his own, “the view of the ocean has called forth a burst of poetry. I never heard you so eloquent before; you may be a poetess yourself some of these days.”

The surging waters first appeared dark, until, crested with silvery foam, they broke upon the beach white as the driven snow.

Leaning upon Morgan's arm, Annah returned to the house as the minister rode up to salute them. Her orphan, virgin heart became tremulous. Distant billows boomed, and the willow bowed portentously. Tears of joy and sorrow were co-mingling. Still the goddess of Nature had donned a wedding-garment, and everything for awhile wore an auspicious aspect. A few moments before Annah was led to the altar, she glanced once more at her fair hand, and could not help but draw a sigh as she

missed Adrian's ring. The nuptial ceremony had scarcely been solemnized when the unclouded horizon became black; the sun withdrew his radiant beams; vivid flashes of lightning darted to and fro; the thunder reverberated with deafening peals, as large drops of rain fell around, causing many a fragile flower to droop its head. Solar radiance suddenly dispersed that evanescent storm; but elementary strife, occurring at any momentous period, always seems a premonitory sign of woe.

"What a storm!" exclaimed the trembling bride to her friend, Julia Morrison.

"A storm, indeed!" returned that young lady, with peculiar accent, as though she considered it an evil omen.

Morgan's father affected aristocratic airs; he at first excused himself from being present at the marriage-feast, on the plea that his feelings were so exquisitely sensitive, that the slightest apprehension of his son not proving fortunate in the step he had taken, would bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. So the old gentleman complained of indisposition, and kept aloof. Nevertheless, he resigned to Marcellus a handsome estate, and on the following day the wedding-dinner was to come off at Marcellus's own home, "Poplar Hill." This was a fine forest plantation, surrounded with oak, chestnut,

and maple, located in a neighborhood called the "White Marsh." Annah was a stranger to this part of the country, and to most of the guests. The wedding-party had all gone on in advance to hail the bride and groom with the usual salutations. When the young husband started for their new home, forsaking the usual road, he took a circuitous route. The distance was not more than five miles, but, by Morgan's manœuvering, they drove over twice that extent of ground. Weary of riding, the bride gently observed:

"The company will be dissatisfied at our absence, and wonder what has become of us."

"I wish you to see the neighborhood," replied her husband, "and to have your opinion of the 'White Marsh.'"

"The houses excepted, everything appears dark," rejoined the young wife, listlessly. "Let us increase our speed, or we shall be too late for dinner. I feel tired, and must confess I am hungry."

"My horses, madam," cried Morgan, with asperity, "must not be over-driven." However, he gave orders to move faster.

As they approached, tall poplars appeared as though they were looking over the smaller trees in order to view the bridal group. When they arrived, three or four colossal negroes took charge of the

horses, while dusky faces peeped from every loop-hole and casement to catch a glimpse of their new mistress. Mrs. Morgan could not but admire her new abode. It was a substantial, commodious building, located amid enchanting forest scenery, and every way desirable.

When Marcellus led his wife to the portal, her heart beat faster as she heard him rapturously exclaim : "Welcome home, my jewel!"

Marcellus had often called Annah by this name in the happy days of courtship ; he also knew it was a favorite pet name that Adrian Castle called her by ; but, as he had beat the bush and caught the bird, he was not jealous, knowing her young lover was far away in the East Indies.

The wife gazed around. And this was indeed Poplar Hill, of which she had heard so much and so often ! The festival passed off with *éclât*. Morgan senior made his appearance, and, instead of looking like an invalid, exhibited every symptom of rude health. He toasted the bride so frequently that he really became sick from a wine-fever. At last the time arrived for the jovial guests to depart, and, a few days after their exodus, the household resumed its pristine calmness.

CHAPTER II.

WIDOW AND SON.



LEAVING the pair to enjoy the honeymoon, we will take a glance at Annah's step-mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Foy, who is, as yet, a widow, who has but one child, little Andrew, a bright blue-eyed boy, eight years of age. He had no recollection of his father, having been very young when he lost that inestimable treasure. Andrew naturally asked many questions concerning his deceased parent, and would often mention the name of "Sissie Annah."

It was yet vivid in his mind how she romped, played, danced, and sang for him every evening when she came from school; therefore, it was very natural that, although very young, he should remember her. Annah Morgan, from childhood, was always fond of pets; birds, flowers, or something, she idolized.

She had a cage of red-birds, and little Andrew always made his nurse take him to meet his "Sissie," in order that he might tell her that he and "Rose," who was the colored girl, had fed the bird-

ies. And for a long while subsequent to the death of her father, and after the family had been broken up, and she had gone to live with her aunt, little Andrew continued to speak of her.

Perhaps the reader might be interested in a short digression on the birthplace and life of our heroine previous to the demise of her father, and her removal to the aunt who was such an admirer of the "Golden Ladder."

Annah's kind stepmother, Mrs. Mary Foy, was fond of relating historical events; she will no doubt amuse the reader, as well as her son, by rehearsing little incidents connected with the birthplace and life of Annah Foy, when a child.

It is always well for people to know who their ancestors were, and from whom they sprang, as there is so much codfish aristocracy in this age, and so many admirers of the Golden Calf. Money outweighs talent, merit, birth, and every other pure quality, with the great majority of mankind. Therefore, Mrs. Mary Foy was determined that her son should know from whence he sprang, and who his ancestors were. Andrew usually asking many questions, his mother thus commenced:

"My son, you were very young when your father died, but I will try to instruct you in regard to your family, birth, etc. But you must not be over-anxious

to hear the end, as there are many very thrilling incidents connected with most families, as well as pleasant scenes."

"Mother, what sort of a man was my father?" asked Andrew, one evening, a few years after Annah's marriage, as they sat all alone beside a good, old-fashioned oak fire, which burned on the brass andirons and looked so cheerful.

"Well, my child," said his mother, pushing aside her gold glasses, "your father was a widower, and my guardian, when he led me to the altar. Well, we were married, and lived in one of the most beautiful villages situated on the shores of the Atlantic, 'Drummondtown.'

"This romantic spot is the county-seat, and it contains many fine specimens of architecture; churches, with their loud-tolling bells and tall spires, reminding us of the rushing tide of city-life, and of the 'last solemn knell;' besides, many other fine edifices give token of the wealth and taste of the inhabitants. This village possesses its shady groves and silent glades, where is heard the constant gurgling of cool running waters, and the warbling of birds among the branches of the mock-orange, tulip, and magnolia, while the odor of a thousand flowers is wafted upon the breezes far and wide. The yards are most beautifully pebbled, and mantled in green,

which could not fail to charm the senses of the most fastidious traveler.

“So many varieties of fruits are seldom found in a country town. Nothing, or rather, no place could be more delightful than this charming spot, which, in fact, contains only about two thousand inhabitants. It has two principal streets, ‘Back,’ and ‘Front.’ There are cross-streets, but your father lived in one of the most elegant houses in town, situated just upon the hill, on ‘Back’ street. We preferred this quiet locality, being both fond of retirement.

“No one could behold this little town and refuse to admire its picturesque beauty. Nature had been lavish in its gifts, and hoar Ocean lent his sublime majesty to enhance the glories of the scene. The Garden of Eden must have been well stocked with shrubberies and fruit-trees, to give the gardener constant employment. Honeysuckle and clematis perfumed white, sparkling, serpentine walks, shaded by many different kinds of trees. I have heard that there is a hybridal production farther south, which possesses animal life. Although rooted in the ground like a plant, its stem and leaves exactly resemble the body of a locust.

“Even the court-yards at Drummondtown were mantled with beautiful verdure, as though the mossy

ROBERTS, SLAVE



DRUMMOND TOWN, ACCOMAC CO., VA., THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANNAL.

grass had been transplanted from the mountains of Vermont to Virginia.

“Ah! my son, those were happy days. Your father possessed several plantations, a mansion in town, a store, and large manufacturing interests. He enjoyed great prosperity; he was rather extravagant, having been cradled in luxury; but Fabian, your father, was addicted to no kind of dissipation, and, my dear boy, he was a ——” she stopped involuntarily, and the words died upon her lips.

“Why do you not explain yourself, mother? Why this pause? Surely you have always spoken to me of him in the most exalted terms.”

“At a future day, my son, I will tell you all; but now do not question me.”

“Proceed, mother,” said the lad dolefully.

“Your grandfather was a rich man, and, although he had five daughters, yet the only son was his especial pet—this only son was your own dear father. Nevertheless, Fabian was not a spoiled child; his talents were of a superior order. Well, after twelve months had passed, your eldest sister, Sissie Annah, as you used to call her so sweetly, was born. God bless her! I think I see her now. Her head was covered with the most beautiful light curls, and she grew up healthy in mind and body. Whenever your noble father returned from New York or Philadel-

phia, after an absence of some weeks, she always endeavored to be the first to greet him and wish him welcome home; and gladly would he caress her in return, for she was the gem of the household.

“One day she had been punished, and she told her papa; he kissed away her tears and gave her a beautiful present, so she forgot her trouble. I mention these trivial circumstances to show how well I know Annah’s history. Let me see; I was only about fifteen years of age when your father was married to his first wife. He became my guardian, and she always called me ‘Cousin Mary.’ But, alas! after your father’s death the lambs were soon scattered from the fold! Annah was very fond of history; she excelled in every branch of literature, but historical events were her delight. She soon importuned her father for the biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte, Cromwell, Christopher Columbus; in short, she was conversant with Plutarch, Virgil, and Horace among the ancients, and with every modern historian and chronologist.”

Here the narrator, or rather the desultory talker, mused for a few moments with her chin resting in one fair hand. Andrew thought that he saw in her soft blue eyes bright and sad reminiscences of the past. He prepared himself to receive a new and

precious fund of information, when his mother suddenly exclaimed :

“ You are the living image of your father, my son, and I do sincerely hope that you may be a good—” She paused again and changed her conversation.

“ A what ?” asks Andrew.

“ Ah ! never mind, my boy. Time will unfold many things which are now mysterious.”

“ Why, mother,” said the youth, “ how strangely you talk. Whenever you speak of my father, you suddenly stop and will not explain yourself.”

“ Time—time, my child, is all I want. It is not advisable always to tell all we know ; however, I am sorry for your sake that I have not your father’s daguerreotype, for a very sufficient reason, that when he was alive sun-pictures were not so common. I had but one small one, which was broken and fell from the case and was lost. Oh, my dear ! thousands of dollars would I give for a likeness of him now. He was such a good man ; so devoted to his—” Another pause. “ I wish I could forget him ; but impossible. No, never ! never ! When Daguerre first talked of fixing an image, his niece concluded that the great philosopher was crazy. What an invention, truly, was this ! yet the photograph is superior and much more durable, and when

we gaze upon even the reflected features of those we love, how happy we are ! It raises our drooping spirits, as we pass through the scenes of adversity which so many people are subject to during life, to view such pleasant reminders of erstwhile prosperous days. When Napoleon the First was in his mother's arms on the island of Corsica, no vision of the barren rocks of St. Helena visited his imagination ; so you see, my son, that this is a world of change. I will refer to your father again, as he spoke of his little jewel ; this, my son, was your Sissie Annah. Even his executor was importuned to see that his daughter, Annah Foy, was properly educated and cared for, and your uncle, Colonel Clifton, who was appointed to that position, promised your anxious father to be faithful. He gave many instructions relative to her, previous to his death, and he also implored me to watch over her ; but circumstances were such, that it became impossible for me to strictly obey that behest.

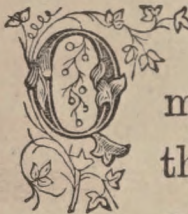
“I will speak to you again at some other time,” concluded the gentle-minded lady ; and Andrew withdrew, hoping at some future day his mother would reveal the secret connected with his father's life.

When children lose such a parent as Fabian Foy was universally acknowledged to be, then they be-

come conscious of the worth of the one they have lost. There are some children almost if not quite as well off without fathers as with them. Such was not the case in the family of our heroine. Months of affliction were endured, the chain was sundered, and with it the holy links of love destined to separate these children. "The jewel" was a pet name given to Annah by her father, when a babe; therefore she retained it, more or less, for many long years in her family.

CHAPTER III.

ANNAH'S RIVAL.

UR readers will have to watch the movements of our heroine, as astronomers watch the revolutions of a radiant star, partially eclipsed ; when the occultation is over, our jewel perhaps may blaze forth with celestial glory, like one of those that adorned the breast-plate of Aaron. We will now return to the young wife, as she is all alone.

Annah endeavored to be happy. She thought that she could be ; *apparently* there was nothing to render her otherwise. She was very domestic. Heretofore she had been devoted to books ; house-keeping cares were, therefore, something novel and pleasing ; and then it was like a new existence to escape from the tyranny of her harsh and mercenary Aunt Betsey. At this time her husband appeared to be exceedingly attached to her. It would, perhaps, have been scarcely possible for a human being to be otherwise. When Annah Foy became the wife of Marcellus Morgan she was a rare specimen of the perfection attainable by the human family.

Knowing herself to be a wife, and thinking that she might become a mother, she endeavored to enjoy the good and reconcile herself to all that was unpleasant. She often thought of Adrian; but, believing him to be false, stifled every emotion of her soul, to love Morgan and be all to him that she had promised at God's altar.

The parents of Marcellus were wealthy, but mercenary. They applauded the exquisite neatness of Annah's ménage, and her strict attention to her household duties; but they bitterly condemned what they styled her extravagance. They filled the neighborhood with complaints in this regard. Annah was also forced to perceive the penuriousness of her husband. She could not fail to hear in what manner his parents condemned her, and it rendered her very unhappy. Dreading to be the cause of contention, she endeavored to manage affairs in a manner pleasing to his lordship and his relatives. But one who seeks to please many has the hardest of task-masters.

A week after the marriage of Annah, her husband received from her guardian the property belonging to his wife. She never knew in what manner it was applied. Once she ventured to make some inquiries in regard to what was so justly her own—left her by the best of fathers; but the manner in which she

was answered discouraged, nay intimidated, her from ever making a second attempt.

Morgan in a short time became very cruel to her. Had she been of the same mould as himself, perhaps he would have treated her differently. As it was, he could not forgive her superiority in every respect. This is one of the greatest banes to happiness in married life. A refined, intellectual woman, tied for life to a man in every way her inferior, is a far more wretched and more pitiable object than the most superior of men to the most inferior wife can ever be. What, on this head, says the shrewd Briton, who astonishes us with his delineations of character and caustic wit?

“Much of the quarrels and hatred which arise between married people come, in my mind, from the husband’s rage and revolt at his discovering that she who is to minister to all his wishes, and is church-sworn to honor and obey him—is his superior; and that *he*, and not she, ought to be the subordinate of the twain.” And in these controversies, we think, lay the cause of Morgan’s anger against his lady. When he left her, she began to think for herself, and her thoughts were not in his favor. After the illumination, when the love-lamp is put out that anon we spoke of, and by common daylight you look at the picture, what a daub it looks! What a

clumsy effigy ! How many men and women come to this knowledge, think you ! And if it be painful for a woman to find herself wedded for life to a man and ordered to love and honor a dullard, it is worse still for the man himself, perhaps, whenever in his dull comprehension the idea dawns that this wife is in truth his superior, that the woman who does his bidding and submits to his humors should be his lord, that she can think a thousand things beyond his muddled brain, and that in the fair head pillowed on his breast lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions, whereof he dimly perceives the existence, as they look out furtively from her eyes. Treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them ; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flower ; bright wit that would shine like diamonds, could it be brought to the sun ; yet the tyrant in possession, crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and darkness, and chafes without that his superior is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory.

But alas ! Annah was not refractory—she was now married, and too well she knew her duty to shrink from the execution thereof. The fine flower-parterre at Poplar Hill became the chosen retreat and consol-

atory refuge of the disappointed and crushed young creature. The morning and the evening sun beheld her there; each flower was a well-known friend; there she often mused upon the wishes of her aunt, and wondered how people could sacrifice so much for GOLD, and the thought of the future often made her tremble.

“A change came o’er the spirit of” the choice, and Annah’s moody husband was seized with a fit of sociability. She, already accustomed to his exhibitions of absurd caprice, ceased to wonder at aught she saw or heard, and prepared to do, unceasingly and without a murmur, her duty.

“Now came another sort of life—
And every evening ball or rout.”

In a modified manner, Annah applied these lines to this new phase of her brief married experience, recalling, at the same time, some others that had once made her smile at their unaffected egotism.

“Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief
Or shared my joy, my sole relief?
Myself!”

Our heroine, for a time, felt the relief afforded by the excitement of this hospitable change in the rôle of the penurious family. Not a day elapsed without some social recreation. Mrs. Morgan beheld with

wonder her husband in a new light; she had not known that it was in him to be so courteously agreeable.

Although a woman may not be in love with her husband, nay, may not even love him (for to be in love and to love are two very different cases), yet her heart may throb painfully at the idea of a rival.

Among the first to welcome the bride to her new habitation was Lucretia L——. The eyes of Lucretia were blue, her chin that of a Bacchante, her nose aquiline, her forehead low, her complexion that of a lily, her figure that of a Juno. In a casual observer, perhaps, her lofty, commanding *personnel* would inspire awe rather than warm admiration.

Poplar Hill seemed to be no strange abode to this mysterious inmate. When she honored that place with her presence—which, in fact, had become a circumstance so frequent as to cause her absence a thing to be remarked—she issued commands for her comfort like one who felt herself to be at home. Her bewildering eyes seemed to hold frequent and mysterious converse with the cunning, serpent-eyes of Marcellus. Mrs. Morgan felt uneasy, and her lone heart asked herself the question that delicacy forbade her lips to frame to her husband, “Who and what was this woman? Whither came she, and wherefore was she here?” This, as well as the

character of the man whom she had married, was still beyond the comprehension of Annah.

One evening the parlor was filled with dancers. Annah stood within the deep embrasure of a window ; beside her reclined her husband upon an ottoman. He lazily watched the waltzers. Lucretia floated past in the embrace of her partner. She shot a glance at the supine host ; his eyes followed her. Half unconsciously he murmured, " By the living gods, some such divinity must have inspired Prior when he wrote :

‘ Ringlets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm ! ’ ”

This look and the tell-tale intonation of his deep voice, sent " a shaft of light " into the brain of Annah ; she felt as if an icy arrow had cleft her heart. She had seated herself ; involuntarily she arose ; but Marcellus, encircling her waist with his arm, drew her, not ungently, back again. His penetrating eyes for an instant studied her face ; he imagined that he saw therein something to flatter his self-love.

" What ! already jealous ? " he whispered, with a sarcastic sneer, which he endeavored, but ineffectually, to conceal. " My beloved Jewel forgets the wish she expressed only yesterday, ' that her hus-

band was as renowned a warrior as Alexander.' *Per Baccho !*"—Mr. Morgan was unable to express himself without expletives—"I feel as *great* in possessing a Roxana and a Statira !"

"What do you mean, Mr. Morgan?" asked Annah, faintly.

"Softly, *mio carissimo !*" returned Morgan. Then, affecting a sanctimonious manner, he asked : "Is my lady-wife well versed in Scripture?"

"With its spirit, not its mere letter," replied the disconcerted Annah, scarce knowing what she uttered.

"Was not Abraham a righteous man?"

"Who doubts it, Mr. Morgan?"

"Not I!" replied he sneeringly. "He was wise withal! By-the-by, how many hand-maidens did Sarah allow the great patriarch?"

"Mr. Morgan, permit me to retire, if you please; I dislike this conversation."

"Pshaw!" retorted Morgan. "I feel an irresistible inclination to test your biblical knowledge. Was not Jacob a holy man to serve old Laban so long and faithfully for the sake of two women, who *both* became his wives? King David did not hesitate to place his friend in the front of the battle, when he took a fancy to the Captain's dame; and the wisest of the sons of men kept a harem like the Grand Sultan."

“Mr. Morgan, the drift of your remarks is unintelligible to me. Could you not choose a different subject, if we *must* converse?”

“I have done for the present,” he answered, roughly pushing her away; then, rising, he sauntered through the crowd. When his wife next saw him, he was threading the mazy waltz, with Lucretia clasped in his bold embrace.

Mrs. Morgan could not help hearing the inuendoes with which the various guests interlarded their conversations. She could not help seeing the glances which were directed toward herself, and at the couple then gyrating on the floor. Commiserating glances were bestowed upon her, and meaning looks and covert smiles abounded whenever Lucretia's name was mentioned. That night Morgan's passion seemed to have reached its climax. Pure and gentle as was his wife, that night her scintillating eyes bestowed upon him a glance that he never forgot.

On the following morning Morgan affected unconsciousness of what had passed the previous evening. He met his wife with the blandest smiles, expressing profound regrets for her pale and languid appearance. He complained also of a tedious headache, saying, with an air of contrition, that he had taken rather too much wine the previous night. He sipped his coffee, and read, or pretended to read, the paper.

Mrs. Morgan glanced at him ; she thought of the storm-clouds that darkened the sunny sky on her bridal morn, and she shuddered. The spoon she had carried half-way to her lips, fell from her nerveless hand, striking the delicate Chinese porcelain breakfast-cup and breaking it into pieces.

“ You are nervous ! ” said Marcellus, with unwonted kindness of manner, while he inwardly wondered how far his wife was really aware of the extent of his shameful conduct on the previous evening. Ah ! she knew far more than he dreamed, far too much for her peace of mind ; she could almost have wished herself the simpleton her husband seemed to imagine her to be. Yet she spoke steadily, and with consummate grace and dignity.

“ Mr. Morgan, I regret that circumstances compel me to say such words, but that person whom you term Lucretia, must quit this house.”

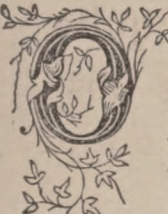
“ She has already left it, Mrs. Morgan,” remarked Marcellus, nonchalantly ; then, lightly humming a popular air, he sauntered out of the room. The wronged wife was incredulous ; but several days rolled on, and the beguiling syren still remained absent. The evenings became again quiet ; the entertainments ceased altogether ; the harp was “ mute on Tara’s walls ; ” the banquet-halls were indeed deserted.

Marcellus became again silent, and daily grew more and more taciturn and morose.

Again Annah turned to Nature for companionship and consolation; again the garden was continually haunted with her gentle presence, and with her own delicate hands she often worked, and watered her flowers; and the shrubbery at Poplar Hill was quite sufficient to dispel all sad moments, if it were possible to do so.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANGING BASE.

UR heroine was too pure to even yet perfectly comprehend the baseness of her husband's character. The sacredness of the marriage tie, he mocked at. The money which Annah possessed, not her talent, goodness, and beauty, had been the bait that had lured the heartless *roué* into matrimony. The chains already galled him; he longed for his lost liberty.

As a married man, he owed a duty to society, which that peculiar institution never thinks of claiming from a celibate.

He could hardly refrain from an audible oath whenever his glance rested upon the ring of gold which encircled the slender finger of Annah's left hand, although it was much inferior to Adrian's gift. His fits of passion and moroseness became so frequent, that to her they suggested hereditary insanity. She, herself, could scarcely credit some scenes through which she passed, and, in reaction, the plausibility of her husband would almost per-

suade her to the conclusion that she had been dreaming.

One night he locked her in a small unlighted room, where he had chanced to find her indulging in the "luxury of woe"—tears. In some moods these maddened him, and as their conversation had not been of the most agreeable character just prior to this, as Lucretia's visits had been the theme, he was more than usually angry.

As Annah sat in the dark room, musing on what had passed between herself and Marcellus, she heard a footstep, that she instinctively knew was her husband's, approach the door—then the key was gently turned in the lock and Morgan retreated as silently as he had advanced. Annah's prison was a sort of off-room, a receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, to which she had fled that night, expecting to remain undiscovered; but her jailor had found her out. Annah was timid, and impenetrable darkness universally reigned. She threw herself upon an old lounge and anxiously watched for the dawn, until her eyelids ached with intermittent slumbering symptoms. At length nature triumphed, and she slept profoundly. On the following morning the door was opened by Morgan. His evil eyes twinkled when he met his composed wife at the breakfast-table. He had opened the

cage, and had found the bird quiet. He had no notion that she possessed so brave a spirit.

That day a carriage drove up to the door. Annah beheld Lucretia reclining among the cushions. She was clad in deep mourning. Handing a note to the servant, she gave orders to drive on, and again disappeared from the astonished gaze of Mrs. Morgan. The note, to the amazement of the mistress of the house, was addressed to herself. It ran thus :

“MADAM :—I sincerely regret the thoughtless conduct of Mr. Morgan, and, believe me, have more than once severely lectured him upon his gross dereliction of courtesy to a young and lovely wife. I am on the eve of departure on a long journey. We shall, probably, never meet again. Permit me, then, to take this opportunity of wishing you many, many years of health and happiness ; and, moreover, to add that I trust your husband will profit from my salutary admonitions.

“LUCRETIA.”

The note fell from the hands of the astonished wife. “Was there ever before such a piece of audacity ?” she asked herself.

That evening, Annah stood beside a window watching the stars ; wandering meteors and fire-flies gleamed in the dark-blue atmosphere, so much

resembling each other that it seemed almost impossible to distinguish them.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, unconscious that she thought aloud, "thus inexperienced maidens are deceived in men, mistaking for heavenly bodies mere falling stars, or ephemeral phosphorescent exhalations." Thus a sadness came over her, and she thought of Adrian, then far away.

"You will soon enjoy an opportunity of studying the stars under a new aspect," said a harsh voice beside her.

Turning, she beheld her husband. She asked no questions; well knowing that they would most likely remain unanswered; that the *gentleman* would not speak until it so suited his whim. It so happened that it pleased him to open his oracular lips speedily, and briefly.

"I have purchased a plantation, Annah, and you may prepare for a removal. I am sick of Poplar Hill," he said.

That was the amount of the information deigned to Mrs. Morgan in regard to the projected change of abode. She asked no questions, and no one volunteered instruction. It seemed that Marcellus had been for some time looking for a farm, and he had just closed his bargain on the very morning his fair damsel left. This beautiful place

was situated on the banks of the Rappahannock. His family, accordingly, were removed. The location was very pleasant. The house, a large three-story building erected on an eminence, commanded an extensive view of water, hill, and dale. That romantic spot might well have been hailed as the garden of the country.

Annah, upon arriving at her new abode, fostered hopes of enjoying some tranquillity. She imagined that the same pride which she fancied had dictated this removal into a strange place, would prevent Morgan from committing himself so far as to incur public obloquy here, as had already been the case elsewhere. The unhappy wife anticipated a blessed immunity from future miseries, and, for a while, her expectations were realized.

The dreaded scrutiny of curious neighbors rendered Morgan sufficiently cautious not to hazard an *exposé* of family difficulties in that part of the State; but after Lucretia left the neighborhood, Morgan was unhappy. He affected an urbanity of demeanor that so far encouraged our heroine, that, after the expiration of several months, she began to experience a sense of security. She became thoroughly domesticated, while botany and horticulture served as intellectual recreations. She even planted an odoriferous shrubbery, and edged with her own delicate

hands the mathematically-shaped parterres, luxuriantly enameled with every rare flower of native beauty, while in the greenhouse flourished exotics of surpassing loveliness. Every undulating, or serpentine path was tastefully pebbled with an artistic finish resembling mosaic work.

Although the roof of the building was red, at a short distance the whole elevated structure appeared like a palace of glittering white marble. On entering the vestibule, and elaborately ornamented apartments, the most ordinary persons were enchanted. The conservatory, teeming with countless fragrant blossoms, vied with oriental floral redundancy. The magnificent parlors, decorated and furnished sumptuously, where friends and neighbors often met under the hospitable roof of an ostentatious Virginian planter.

Reveling in reckless profusion, Marcellus seldom vented his spleen upon Annah, who was ever ready to conceal any ebullition of his temper, which could never be suppressed for many hours together. A good wife is always ready to smother in her own gentle bosom, not only the indiscretion, but even the guilt of a husband—his degradation is no glory to her. We need not marvel, then, at the submission of a lovely, talented woman, endowed with an enviable reputation. Annah compassionately argued

that her troubles were caused by the *animal* rather than the *man*.

Harley's description of the creation of man, is beautifully original, and suggestive of many rational deductions. According to this author's theory, every human being possesses two distinct spirits, one of *light*, the other of *darkness*—Good and Evil. All pure thoughts and actions are inspired by the "Holy of Holies." All that is impure, mean, avaricious and sensual emanates from the fallen one.

Thus, in Marcellus, whatever redeeming points he possessed were all counteracted by the demon within. The diabolical influence of such a being upon a susceptible, refined, too sensitive, and highly nervous spirit could not fail to be wretched in the extreme.

Morgan could not wear the mask for any length of time. Occasionally the wicked part of his nature would predominate, and gross advances to modest ladies, too modest to complain, gradually depopulated the avenues of Fashion, as the various broad roads leading to Morgan's mansion had been facetiously styled. As the excitement of a new residence and new faces subsided, so the cloven foot began to show itself. Eventually Annah's new Eden wilted to a desert, a flowery region was transformed into an arid Sahara.

Mungo Park was not more isolated in the unknown solitudes of Africa than was Annah Morgan among the deserted groves of Oak Lawn. The picturesque plantation lost every charm, when symmetrical forms and smiling faces no longer gladdened the sight. Annah was fast becoming too much disheartened to endeavor to preserve its beauty only to grace a solitude.

Kolzbue, the German philosopher, truly observed, "The people, and not the place, inspire emotions of indelible delight."

The Baptist church had years before received Annah as a member. The sanctimonious Pilate Patter, who had married Mrs. Mary Foy, the second wife of Annah's father, presumed to censure Mrs. Morgan's love of gay apparel—as if all people were bound to wear the Jesuit livery, because he did; viz., a stiff white cravat, and a black domino. There is decidedly, at all times, a very *black appearance* about some "pale faces," as the American Indian would term our whitened sepulchres. We would not dare whisper a word against ministers of the Gospel, for we know there are good men among this class; but, at the same time, there are the basest hypocrites, and Mrs. Mary Foy, Annah's kind stepmother, was so unfortunate as to marry such a man.

Thus we find Annah musing on the past and present, secreted in a forsaken arbor, over-clouded with the fragrant wild jessamine. She at times would remain motionless for hours, meditating upon her father. The rural beauties of Locust Grove, in her appreciation, far excelled the romantic splendor of Morgan's new plantation.

What charms would the enchanted estate have possessed for *Beauty*, if the Prince had always remained a *Beast*?

She, of whom we write, was even denied the consolation derivable from books. The petty despot studied to afflict her mind, and undermine her health. He considered that the world contained no works superior to *Jack Sheppard*, *Dick Turpin*, *Claude Duval*, *Fistiana*, or the *Manly Art of Self-Defense*, and certain not-to-be-mentioned publications in yellow paper covers.

Mrs. Morgan could by stealth enjoy her favorite authors, Plato, Homer, Virgil, Addison, Milton, Shakespeare, Bulwer, Dickens, and many other ancient and modern mediums through whom the immortal spirit of genius never ceases to commune with mankind.

The trapper, Marcellus, would lie in wait like a fox, to watch whether Annah received any mental

elixir. But his wife was ever acute, and always contrived to baffle his vigilance; so Morgan was completely astonished to hear from others of the learning his wife possessed.

CHAPTER V.

KISSING THE ROD.



DISPITE the ancestral dignity pertaining to the Morgan family, Morgan had been brought up, with his obtuse brothers and sisters, to obtain the advantage over every one whom it was possible they could; to change cents into dimes, dimes into dollars, and dollars into eagles, honestly or dishonestly, whichever way proved most profitable. He was one of the admirers of the Golden Ladder, and there are thousands of others of the same type.

Had Marcellus been enlightened by education, Annah imagined that his character would have improved; consequently she pitied him, and endured a martyrdom, hoping ultimately to hail his reformation. A knowledge of human nature would have convinced her that education only renders an inherent knave more subtle and refined in cruelty. We have many examples of such erudite monsters among the Roman Emperors, Popes, Kings, and Jesuists, who, with the additional panoply of a mock religion, have subverted morality and independence.

Annah being naturally energetic, it was not in the power of Morgan to subdue her vivid imagination. The broken-hearted Byron, ridiculed by a heartless mother for a natural deformity, sought, among the wild scenery of creation, spiritual consolation. The spirit of creation responded, and imbued his glorious mind with her divine mysteries. Thus Annah imbibed from the same source similar alleviation.

Morgan's low practical jokes were sometimes too much for human endurance, and what he frequently commenced in a spirit of tantalizing ferocity, often ended in a cruel exhibition of power. One day, as Mrs. Morgan entered her room on a return from a visit to a sick friend, she beheld Marcellus sitting at the window, as though he had been watching for her. An angry frown rested upon his brow. He spoke in a bombastic style.

"Oh verily, *ma chère ami*, thou hast not been sufficiently baptized; and, as to-morrow is church-day, what is efficacious once must prove so a second time," he cried, and he dashed the contents of a foot-bath over her. His only excuse for such vile conduct was that Annah had made too long a visit to her sick friend, and had not returned in time to head the supper-table. Faint from fatigue, she suffered severely from so unexpected an immersion, and

shivered from agitation as much as from the effects of the water.

"This is the cure," said he, "which they use up North—cold water cure!"—and, seeing Annah shivering, he continued: "You look cold, my lady, as though this cure did not agree with you, and as they are going to free all the slaves, we are to be drawers of water and hewers of wood, so you may as well learn to make a fire and dry your sweet self. I see this bath does not agree with your ladyship; yet it is good to circulate your blood."

Mrs. Morgan moved away noiselessly, and retiring to her dressing-room, wrapped herself in a heavy, thick shawl and threw herself upon a lounge. Well she knew that all was not over, and useless was it to contend with her heartless tormentor.

Morgan was absent but a moment; when he returned, he bore in his hand such a *whip* as he used for his slaves. "Up, up, madam," cried the furious man. She did not move; indeed, she could not have done so had her life depended upon locomotion. Seizing her by the arm, he dragged her from the lounge and threw her violently upon the floor. What he would have done next, God only knows, had not a loud knocking, and the voice of gay laughter in another part of the house, attracted his attention. The curiosity of the monster was

excited to discover who would dare to laugh without permission in his house, and, after a moment's hesitation, during which the noise increased, he strode angrily off, forgetting to lock the door, and only stopping to mutter, with a horrible oath :

“Lie there, madam, and I'll finish you when I return.”

Annah had been stunned by her fall, and it was some moments before she was able to stir ; but fear restored the use of her faculties, which she at once concentrated upon one frantic effort to escape. With a silent prayer to the God of the fatherless, she sped from the room. How she succeeded in getting out of the house, she could never distinctly recollect ; but instinct seemed to take the place of reason. On, on she sped, swift and sure as the bird that escapes from its cage into air and liberty. Annah rushed onward, until she had reached the shelter of the forest. The air was damp and chilly ; the sky was dark ; the night was desolate, and desolate as death was her young heart. On, on she went, whither she knew not, cared not, only let her escape from the demon she had left behind. On, on—until, at last, overcome with terror and exhaustion, she sank down beside a fallen tree, unable to move further ; unable to think, and, indeed,

scarcely caring what became of her—scarcely conscious.

She was aroused from the lethargy that was stealing over her, by a superhuman wailing that sounded close to her ear; her very heart stood still with fear. Something—she was too horror-stricken to perceive that it was an owl, the bird of night—something flapped its cold wings in her face; a feeling of helpless horror crept over her, as she recollected the proximity of her hiding-place to the graveyard, whose marble monuments had become dimly visible to her eyes, now grown accustomed to the darkness. In vain she attempted to rise; her extremities were benumbed with cold, from the effects of the damp night air, after having been deluged with water. Cold drops of perspiration oozed from her pores and stood in dewy beads upon her pallid brow. She wished, oh! how she wished, that she could faint away and remain forever insensible to the horrors around her!

“Oh, was I but born for this? What to me is life? Father, mother, help! help your dying child!” faintly murmured the broken-hearted woman. She believed that their sainted forms were near her, that they were her guardian angels, and, at a future day, she would be liberated from Morgan.

Gradually a feeling of indignation entered her heart, as she reflected that the man who assumed the character of her protector was, probably, at that moment reposing upon a bed of down; that even the slaves were all tranquilly slumbering in their little cabins, while she, houseless, alone, was exposed to peril. The dread of passing the night in the woods at last overcame her fear of her husband, and, knowing from experience that his frenzy had probably by this time expended itself, slowly and painfully she made her way back to the house. She succeeded in effecting a noiseless entrance, and, in a distant room, sought repose for her chilled and weary limbs.

Let the most romantic maiden contemplate for a moment the events related in this most authentic narrative—contrast the days of courtship with the realities of matrimony. Oh, ye fair daughters of America! only make use of those charmed faculties you possess of *optical* power, and *scrutinize* the idol closely before you blindly fall down and worship it. Test the worth of thy wooer, analyze his moral and intellectual developments. Remember, oh, remember, all that depends upon your choice. Remember that neither wealth nor heraldic honors are worthy to be considered as inducements to an intelligent and virtuous woman to part with her liberty for

life, to become the most degraded of slaves to a—*what* is it?—a hideous nondescript—a *lusus nature* quickened by the spirit of a foul fiend—a pretended man.

If there be really any truth in the science of phrenology, examine the head of the candidate; observe which mental circle of the brain is most fully developed. The mere animal protuberances, or, knowing faculties (characteristic of the low Hibernian) forming a vast periphery of excrescences in which destructiveness, amativeness, and alimenteriness are most conspicuous. There! we have a cast of Morgan's headpiece. A correct phrenological chart of a suitor's cerebral organs is as necessary to a young girl as charts are to travelers in strange countries.

That very gentlemanly decapitator of queens, King Henry the Eighth, could never have excelled Marcellus Morgan in doing things coolly.

Besides, the royal Blue Beard always took good care to behead his partners upon strictly legal principles; added to which, the conscientious monarch abhorred any approximation to concupiscence; to avoid which, whenever he took a fancy to a new lady, he employed Cardinal Wolsey, or any other pander, to make a saint of his former wife—while he, out of motives of chastity,

“Made her a good woman,
And cut off her head.”

Marcellus set law at defiance. His prototype could only have been found among such demoniacs as Dionysius, Caligula, Heliogablus, or Nana Sahib.

As a lamb before its shearers is dumb, so Annah silently crept to the couch, which might have been truthfully termed a bed of torture. Like a moth fascinated by the flame, or like a bird charmed by a serpent, the bewitched woman obeyed all her husband's caprices. She entertained a bigoted belief in the despotic supremacy of a husband; just as old fogies in Great Britain argue about “the Lord's anointed,” that “Kings can do no evil,” and many such unmeaning quaint sayings in which antiquated loyalists indulge.

Although Mrs. Morgan had never romantically loved her husband, yet her self-respect was unshaken by his barbarity. She possessed that sacred talismanic treasure—the most perfect boon that man can win under heaven—a loving heart. Annah's would have responded to Moore's rhapsodical stanza,

“Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.”

All pusillanimous submission to tyranny is supererogatory. Mrs. Morgan should have remembered

that respect, like charity, "begins at home," and, also, that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." She augmented her sufferings by "kissing the rod."

CHAPTER VI.

BENEVOLENCE.



MARY, the gentle, blue-eyed widow of Fabian Foy, had now been for some length of time the wife of Pilate Patter, a Baptist minister. Scarcely desiring to take again upon herself the bonds of matrimony, yet, as the second candidate persevered in his suit, her moral courage to say "No," was overcome by his importunity.

Mary's son, Andrew, was the greatest comfort and happiness of her life. Brave and manly, he still retained the vivacity and affection of the boy, but his mother had learned to look upon him as a man. They still retained the habit of sitting beside each other in the summer twilight, or by the winter evening fire; the bold boy affectionately listening to the mother's conversation, not, perhaps, without sometimes a mischievous sparkle of the eye.

Once the lad expressed a desire that his mother would acquaint him further with the history of his family.

"Well, my son, as you are so anxious to hear more,

I will recite a circumstance which once happened at a gentleman's house. There was a plantation romantically situated among hills, and bordering upon the sea-shore, where dwelt a worthy citizen. The crested waves of the dark-blue sea might be seen from the windows of this mansion, and the rolling surf seemed to sound a diapason to the Great Creator who made the sea and all that therein is. The flood-gull dipped ever and anon into the blue billow, or, hovering over, seemed to watch the rush of the mighty waters upon the white shore, whose eternal sand appeared to say, 'Thy control stops here.'

"Forest trees spread their foliage over the hillside, shielding the grassy carpet from the too penetrating rays of the sun. At one spot, a beautiful grove grew almost to the water's edge. The weeping willow, the locust, and the sturdy cedar were there; each testifying to the power and glory of God. All the beauties of nature seemed there displayed in the most luxuriant profusion.

"One morning in June, some years ago, the owner of this delightful spot might have been seen seated beneath a spreading oak. With eyes full of intelligent appreciation he watched the sun rising over the smiling scene. His pious heart sung a silent hymn in praise of the Giver of all good gifts. While thus meditating, he was disturbed by an approaching

footstep. Looking toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a man approaching. As he drew nearer, Mr. A—— perceived that he was a stranger, but nevertheless rose to meet him. They met each other, and the stranger smiled. Their eyes seemed to penetrate each other's thoughts, and, in an instant, the hand of friendship was offered by each to the other.

“In that grasp of hands there were volumes to be read, which each one understood. Mr. A——, the planter, then asked a few questions, which were readily answered by the stranger, who proved to be a native of New York in search of employment, and who, having heard that Mr. A—— was one of the most philanthropic citizens of the county, had taken the liberty to call upon him for advice and assistance.

“The gentlemen walked together to the house, and the stranger was introduced to the family and requested to make himself perfectly at home. He gracefully bowed, and in appreciative language acknowledged his thanks, and also the fact that he had not yet breakfasted, although it was now after nine o'clock, and he had walked a long distance. Breakfast was immediately ordered by the hospitable master of the house, and Mr. Gowin did ample justice to the tempting viands spread before him.

“He was a tall man, with black hair and eyes, and a dark skin. His fine face gave evidence of intellect; in fact, he was a man of fine talents, although a mechanic in search of employment.

“When he had satisfied his appetite, Mr. A—— invited him to retire to a room to refresh himself with an ablution, or perhaps a nap, which offer was gladly accepted. Woman-like, no sooner had their guest disappeared than Mrs. A—— plied her husband with all manner of questions in regard to him. Mr. A—— curtly replied that his lady was to treat the gentleman well while he remained, and ask no more questions—a request Mrs. A—— immediately complied with by desiring to know how long the gentleman was to remain with them. Mr. A——, in despair, summed up the whole matter by saying that the stranger was from New York, was in search of employment, which, if obtained, he would probably leave immediately, and, if not, might be with them a long time.

“‘Why did he not go to a hotel, then?’ inquired the indefatigable Mrs. A——. ‘I am sure we do not keep a public-house?’

“Mr. A—— loved his wife very much, and her seemingly mercenary predilections were all the faults he could find with her. When she thus spoke, Mr. A—— chided her for being so unwilling

to entertain strangers, and gave her such a keen rebuke, that she said no more.

“All went on as usual for some days. The planter used his influence to obtain a situation for his new friend; but it seemed there was no opening at that time in his line of business. Weeks rolled by, and Mr. Gowin could not succeed in procuring employment; but he was treated with all respect and courtesy. The planter seemed delighted with the society of his new acquaintance. They rode out in company, together they daily went fishing, sporting, or in search of amusement and instruction. Mr. Gowin declared that never before in his life had he so thoroughly enjoyed himself. Every morning and evening during the summer, the planter and his friend might be seen on the hill-side, where first they met. There were comfortable seats arranged beneath the trees, and no nook on the plantation seemed so cosy and so beautiful as this. In the morning the gentlemen would be there to behold the sun rise out of the bosom of the blue waters, to spread his illuminating rays over land and sea, and there they listened to the sea-birds, and enjoyed the cooling zephyr as it came rustling through the green leaves.

“If you have ever wandered by the shores of the Atlantic, and viewed the ocean in all its grandeur,

you could better imagine than I can describe the scene I would fain paint in vivid words. At evening the stranger and his friend were again there, as though they were ambitious of astronomical erudition. By moonlight they gazed on nature's panorama, and owned that every twinkling star bore testimony of the Great Supreme.

‘Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine;’

that every rustling leaf spoke of a Power that man can never sufficiently comprehend; yet whose existence we all acknowledge.

“Many were the delightful and instructive moments here passed by the friends. From beneath that umbrageous tree, all the surroundings seemed to be good; all they could behold of heaven and earth were but speaking evidences of the almighty power and goodness of Him who contrived, created, and upholds the vast machinery of the universe, from the tiniest flower to Orion, rising in the south, clothed in gigantic majesty; from the veriest ball of earth to the sweet influences of the Pleiades and Charles's Wain, there was evidence of God's omnipotence. 'Twas there, on that enchanted mound, that our friends could call to mind more vividly the words of the Bible, where that holy

book says: 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.'

"Time flew on eagle's pinions. Three months had elapsed, and the stranger had yet no employment; still there was no difference in the cordial conduct of Mr. A——, though Mrs. A—— began to act strangely. She again commenced catechising her husband as to the probable period of Mr. Gowin's stay.

" 'So long as he lives?' replied Mr. A——, 'provided he desires to remain, and cannot obtain employment.'

"Mrs. A——, looking rather cross, remarked:

" 'Why, surely, Mr. A——, Mr. Gowin must be a brother in disguise. I once heard your mother say she had a son who went to sea, and never returned.'

" 'He is my brother,' curtly replied Mr. A——.

" 'Oh! dear,' exclaimed Mrs. A——, all in a flutter, 'why did you not tell me so when he first came, husband, and teach the children to call him uncle?'

" 'Oh! never mind about that,' said the planter, smiling. 'The children seem to think a great deal of him even now.'

"Mrs. A—— sat silent a few moments, as though musing upon what her husband had said; then she remarked:

" 'No—he is not your brother; you are only trying

to tease me. Because the strange man has been here so long, you really feel ashamed that you are robbing your children ; for I am afraid your unbounded charity will bring us all to poverty.'

" 'No, my wife,' mildly replied Mr. A——, 'our charitable deeds will only build us up in this world and in the world which is to come. What was the last commandment our Saviour gave to the disciples? was it not "love one another?" And you know, wife, faith, hope, and charity are indispensable. As our friend Mr. Gowin cannot obtain employment, it is our duty to be kind and assisting until fortune smiles upon him.'

" 'And when may that be?' asked the wife, looking completely out of patience.

" Mr. A—— called his children together, and said to his wife: 'My dear, you love your children, do you not?'

" 'Certainly I do,' replied the wife and mother, with a mingling of affection and asperity in her manner.

" 'Well,' said the planter, pointing to a little blue-eyed, curly-headed boy of about eight summers, whom he knew his wife idolized, 'do you know what that child's end is to be?'

" 'Of course not.'

" 'Well,' continued the husband, with a grave

countenance, ‘when that boy shall have reached man’s estate, at any day or hour, he may need the hand of friendship. What is so uncertain as life? In a few years these bodies of ours may be mouldering into dust; green grass may be growing over our graves, and a lettered tombstone be all to tell that such as we have been. As spirits are permitted to know and see what transpires in the material world, would you not bless the hand extended in kindness and assistance to one of your children? This little darling of your heart may need a friend indeed, e’er his mortal career is completed; let us at least try that the merit of our good deeds rather than our sins be visited upon his head. We, it is true, may leave him money; but riches oftentimes take to themselves wings and fly away; and would you not bless God, if retributive justice sent one friend to aid your boy?’ Turning to the awe-stricken children, Mr. A—— added: ‘Run off, little ones, I have done with you for the present.’

“Mrs. A—— gazed at her husband in astonishment. He seemed very much affected as he conversed; tears stood in his manly eyes. She turned away and said no more. He had read her a lesson, and she profited by it. The manner and language of her husband made a deep impression upon her heart. She knew that although she now possessed worldly

wealth, yet she had no proof or security that it would last forever.

“Ah! were all the world pure-hearted, what a glorious planet we would inhabit. If every man practiced that which is good, we would not see so many care-worn faces. No, no!—many drooping mortals would be revived, and brilliancy return to the eyes and color to the cheeks of poor waifs of humanity. For what can sooner destroy a human being than the misfortune of poverty? There are hundreds and thousands of unfortunates daily sent headlong to destruction because poverty is their portion. There, perhaps, is not one kind heart open to them, nor one hand to offer them assistance. Such deplorable situations are often the cause of men and women throwing themselves away, when, perhaps, a few pitiful dollars, a little kindness in some way bestowed, might have saved their bodies from pollution and their souls from destruction.”

CHAPTER VII.

“ASHES TO ASHES.”



ELL, Andrew, Mr. Gowin did not obtain a situation, but was unfortunately taken ill. He had arrived in June, and had passed the winter on the plantation. The next spring he was ill for some weeks. He was treated by the best physician in the county. Mrs. A—— could not account for the great interest her husband evinced in the stranger, so she one day asked her husband if Mr. Gowin had ever paid any board.

“‘Why do you ask that question, wife?’ asked the planter.

“‘Because,’ said she, ‘from the manner in which you treat him, and from the attention he receives, one would suppose that he was remunerating you largely; or at least, had promised to leave you a fortune at his death.’

“‘Have you forgotten, my dear, what I said to you some months ago, about our little son?’

“‘No.’

“‘Well, I do not wish you to forget it, and never again speak to me about my own business. Mr.

Gowin is a gentleman, and he is, and ever will be, welcome to a home in my house until he can better himself. He is now ill, poor man, and may never recover. If he dies here, he shall be respectably interred.'

"'I am sure,' said the wife, 'there is some secret about this strange man; all this hospitality is very well; but there is a mystery after all. I know that you are a kind-hearted man, husband. No one ever asked for and was denied what it was in your power to grant; but this is wonderful! Here we have had a strange man from New York living beneath our roof for many months; he has never paid a cent of board, and yet you say he can still remain. If he dies, you will be necessitated to meet his funeral expenses. There is some secret reason. I am assured of that.'

"'Have you not all you need and want, my dear?' asked the planter.

"'Yes!' replied the wife; 'but that is no reason why you should give away the balance.'

"Mr. A—— smiled on his wife, and said he had once read a volume called the 'Good Book,' in which was something to this effect, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.' You, my wife, are a member of the church, and I am not. You object to many things I do. Which of us will have the

highest seat in heaven, or rather, the heaven about which you talk?’

“Mrs. A—— said nothing, she was silent for awhile.

“‘I believe,’ continued Mr. A——, ‘that the kingdom of heaven is in a man’s heart. So said Christ. When a human being does his duty to his fellow-men, then he is happy; and when he does unto all men as he would like them to do to him, then he is a Christian. Let our faith shine in our own souls, and our light will shine out upon the world. Never again speak to me on the subject.’

“There the conversation ceased, and Mr. A—— walked up into the room of his sick friend, whom he found very ill.

“‘Are you feeling worse, Gowin?’ asked the planter.

“‘Yes,’ replied the stranger. ‘Mr. A——, I am tending toward the close of my earthly career, and never again shall I behold my native place and my former friends. Will you be so kind as to write to my brother?’”

“Did he die, mother?” interrupted Andrew, who had become painfully interested in this story.

“Be patient, my son; the sequel to my tale will inform you,” replied Mrs. Patter. Then she continued her narration.

"‘Certainly,’ replied Mr. A——; ‘but we hope to see you better in a day or two.’

"‘No!’ said the sick man, ‘I shall live but a short time longer. All that now agitates my mind is that I am not able to compensate you for all your great and varied kindnesses to me. When I left New York I possessed but a few dollars; I was recommended to come to this State and county by one who had been here. You are aware how I have endeavored to obtain employment, and that I have signally failed.’

"‘Never mind about that,’ said the planter, ‘you are welcome to all I have done for you; not a cent would I receive from you in repayment if you had it. I will write to your brother, but hope, e’er he receives the letter, you will be much better.’

"The letter was written, sealed, addressed, and sent to the office, and after a little further conversation Mr. A—— left his friend to what he thought necessary repose.

"Mr. A—— sat reading in the library, when he heard a soft footstep stealing down-stairs. He wondered who it could be, knowing that he had left no one up-stairs excepting the sick man. As the planter raised his eyes he beheld Mr. Gowin, dressed in black, hat on, and umbrella in hand. He was coming down the steps, but trembled in every limb, and looked as though he was about to fall.

“‘For God’s sake, Gowin!’ exclaimed the planter, ‘where are you going?’

“Mr. A—— saw that he was in the agonies of death, for his eyes were glassy.

“‘I am going, for the last time, A——, to sit under the old cedar on the hill-side, where first we met, my brother.’

“‘My dear sir,’ said the planter, ‘go back to your room; you are not able to walk to the sea-shore.’

“‘Oh! yes,’ said he, tottering on. A—— jumped up and caught him by the arm.

“‘I will go too,’ he said.

“‘Oh! A——,’ said the dying man, ‘how dearly I have loved you; and that spot of earth where we first met will live in my memory throughout eternity.’

“By the assistance of Mr. A—— they reached the spot, and the poor man turned away and said:

“‘It is enough! Carry me back, and let me die!’

“His friend helped him into the house and to his room, but he only spoke a few words ere he breathed his last.

“Oh! how solemn is the hour of death! Yet there is no death, for the soul is immortal; but each one of us must pass through the same ordeal of change.

“Mr. A—— shed tears of genuine sorrow over the

stranger, for he had become very much attached to him.

"There were no relatives near to bid him farewell, or imprint a parting kiss ; but the hand of the good man clasped that of the dying one until the breath was gone and the soul in another state of existence.

"Then servants were dispatched for the neighbors to prepare the body for the tomb.

"Just before the gentlemen arrived, Mrs. A—— ran up-stairs to ask her husband if she could be of any assistance. Mr. A—— desired her to help remove the coat and vest from the dead body. She complied ; and, as she laid the vest on a chair she threw up the collar, and as her eyes lighted on a glittering badge she started back.

"‘Ah ! husband, I have discovered the secret of your friendship for this poor fellow. You might have told me before, for surely the mystery was not one to be ashamed of,’ she cried.

"‘Give me that vest, dear. What mattered it to you what bond of unity existed between Gowin and myself ?’

"Mrs. A—— did not reply ; but she busied herself seeking small articles of linen, necessary to dress the corpse, which were obtainable in the trunk of the alien. Presently a band of blue satin

and some gold lace met her eye; she quickly clutched it.

“‘See, husband, here is the poor man’s——’

“‘Give it to me, Ann,’ interrupted Mr. A——, petulantly. ‘Now do go down-stairs, I will attend to the rest,’ he added.

“Mrs. A—— left the room, feeling much better satisfied to think that she had discovered something of importance; and her husband, after taking what he wished for the dead, locked the trunk and pocketed the key. The stranger was nicely shrouded. What the trunk did not furnish was purchased, and, on the third day, he was carried to the family burial-place, which was situated on another plantation, and a long and elaborately-arranged procession followed the corpse.

“The scene at the graveyard was truly solemn.

“The funeral-service was read by a Methodist minister in a very impressive manner, and some rites were observed that astonished many among the large concourse of spectators. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Mr. A—— and a few other gentlemen excited the wonderment of the bystanders by strewing the narrow home of their late friend with branches of cedar.

“‘Guess ’tis the way they bury folk up North; some sign, perhaps, that means life withers away

like the leaves of the trees ; them Yanks are a queer lot,' remarked one hoary-headed old man, who, in all his years, had never beheld the custom observed at other funerals.

"The service was ended in silent solemnity ; the mourners watched the cold clods as they began to fall thick and fast upon the coffin. Ah ! how mournful is the sound of the first shovelful of earth as it falls on the 'shell' that contains the mortal remains of one dear to us ; hollow and dismal is the sound !

"There were no relatives to witness the interment of the stranger, but he was laid in peace under a tall cedar.

"The grave was filled up and the crowd dispersed. The last one who left the green spot was the planter ; it seemed that he could scarcely tear himself away from his friend ; but, after gazing long and wistfully upon the sacred spot, he turned away, with tears in his eyes, and proceeded homeward.

"The sun was just sinking behind the western hills ; his last golden rays were flickering over the earth. Soon, ah, soon ! the mournful whip-poor-will began its lonely cry, and all was sad and dreary. The dew-drops moistened the fresh sward of the valley ; and the moon had gathered her brilliancy from the sun to shed her rays over the grave of the

stranger. The stars of heaven shone bright over the sod that covered the dead ; but cold, cold he lay in a strange land, far away from friends and home. How applicable the sad lines of poor Keats—

‘ Oh ! stranger, scatter roses,
And slips of cypress burn ;
A broken heart reposes
Beneath this silent urn.’

“ Yet, my son, it is pleasant to believe that the cherubim and seraphim of other worlds united with dear relations who had gone before to welcome him to a happier realm—a kingdom where the weary are at rest and the voice of mourning is never heard.”

“ Oh, mother, what a long story, and how sadly it ends. Was it ever ascertained who the poor stranger really was, and why Mr. A—— was so kind to him ?” cried Andrew, whose fine eyes were gemmed with tears, called up by the pathetic narrative to which he had been listening.

“ Yes, my child ; but that matters not to you. I told you the story in order that you might profit by it, for it teaches a holy lesson ; it bids us be always generous and charitable to those in need or affliction. Some future day I may give you the sequel,” replied Mrs. Patter.

“ When will that be, mother ?” asked the lad anxiously.

"When you are old enough to comprehend things which your mind could not yet grasp, and are fitted to assume much responsibility," answered the gentle lady, as she kissed her darling child "Good-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

TORN ASUNDER.



"H God! my child!—my child!" a female voice was heard to shriek.

"What, in the name of heaven, can be the matter?" thought Annah Morgan, as the outcry thrilled her every nerve; it had awakened her from a peaceful slumber—this cry, issuing from whose lips she knew not.

The sun was just coming from his eastern home, and his rays newly gilded the tops of the tall forest-trees; the sky was clear and serene, not a zephyr seemed astir; all nature was lovely, and a myriad birds sent up sweet songs of praise to the beneficent Creator.

"What a lovely morning!" thought the young wife. "But, oh! there must be something strange going on in the house. I will dress myself quickly and go down to find out what is the matter."

Just as the lady was in the act of leaving her chamber, a low tap was heard at the door.

"Oh! Missus, missus, come quick," uttered a juvenile voice, half choked by tears. "Come

down, oh ! come down quick : Aunt Adah is going away."

"Who is there?" cried Mrs. Morgan, springing quickly to the door, and throwing it open.

"It is no one but Zura," said a little girl who stood weeping.

"What do you wish, Missouri? What is the matter?" inquired her alarmed mistress.

"I only want you to come down, Missus, to see Aunt Adah ; she is g'wine to Norfolk wid marster."

"I guess not," said Annah ; but, hastily throwing a morning-wrapper about her, she ran down-stairs, closely followed by the little mulatto girl. As she flew along she heard that voice again cry out,

"My child ! my child ! O God ! what shall I do?"

As Annah entered the breakfast-room her eyes first lighted upon her husband, a tall, robust man, with small blue eyes and red hair ; his countenance bore unmistakable marks of dissipation. He was in the act of buttoning-up his traveling-coat—and beside him, on a chair, lay a horsewhip. He beheld the sudden appearance of his wife with undisguised astonishment. As Mrs. Morgan caught his eye she was almost frightened at the glance he bestowed upon her ; but he quickly averted his gaze.

“Who is that in such distress?” inquired the wife of her husband.

“It is Adah,” he replied.

“What is the matter?” asked the lady, in her heart too well suspecting what was going on. How could she help but be on the alert after once glancing at the face of Morgan?

“I am going to Norfolk,” he said sullenly, “and I have decided to take Adah along, and hire her out. We can do without her, and negroes fetch a good price there now; there are some rumors about war, and soon they will be worthless.”

“You do not mean to inform me, Mr. Morgan, that you are about to take that woman from her child?” said the wife.

“Yes, Madam; that is precisely what I have given you to understand. What is it to you, I should like to know? These negroes are mine!”

“That is true, Mr. Morgan; and that makes it all the more reprehensible in you to separate a mother from her child, particularly one of—” She checked herself, for she saw the demon rising in the countenance of her husband. He, however, anticipated her meaning.

Reader, imagine the scene. There stood a charming little girl, only nine years of age. Her hair was long and curled beautifully, her cheeks were

like fresh roses, and her young eyes sparkled as she watched her mistress. The poor child thought that "Missus" could certainly prevent "Marster" from taking away her mother. But she had soon to learn that Aunt Adah, as, in imitation of others, she often called her mother, had indeed to go.

While Annah conversed with her husband, the mother stole close to the door, trying hard to suppress her sobs. She was a large woman, as black as the African could possibly be, and exceedingly homely. Her teeth were gone, and she looked at least forty years of age. She had dispatched her little girl to summon her mistress, in the hope that, through her instrumentality, she would be saved a trip to Norfolk. But the poor slave soon perceived that her master cared about as little for what his wife uttered as he did for her own trouble.

Mrs. Morgan, in the most pathetic manner, pleaded for the mother for about twenty minutes, but all in vain, and finally she was obliged to desist in utter despair.

"I want to hear no more!" cried the enraged planter. "I will buy or sell as many negroes as I choose, Madam; and I will put up with no more of your harangues."

"Great heavens!" cried the astonished wife, "what can a man be who can thus separate mother

and child, and one whose blood—?” She paused again, and burst into tears.

As the little mulattress beheld her mistress weeping, she caught hold of her dress and screamed aloud, saying :

“Poor Aunt Adah! Poor Mammy is g’wine now!”

“Yes,” said Annah. “I cannot save your mother. ‘Marster’ has all in his power. Missouri, and Aunt Adah, and Missus, *all* are slaves.”

These words enraged Morgan almost to madness, and, in a voice choked with passion, he ordered Aunt Adah to enter the wagon immediately, adding that he would see if he couldn’t soon put an end to the tableau.

As the mother was about to obey, she caught her child in her arms and pressed her frantically to her bosom.

“Oh, my God! my God! My chile! my chile! I shall nebber see my little Zura any more,” she cried.

Mother and child were clasped closely in each other’s embrace for a moment, and one last kiss was imprinted upon the lips of the little girl.

The young mistress wept as profusely as either of her servants, and her tears were the evidence of sincere grief.

As the mother and child were indulging in this last embrace, the infuriated Marcellus, rushing toward the spot, tore the child from the arms of its parent, dashed it away, and, with a horrid oath on his lips, ordered Aunt Adah to enter the wagon immediately. She instantly obeyed, daring only to say :

“Farewell, my chile—farewell, Missus—God bless you!”

Marcellus Morgan sprang into his carriage, the driver mounted his seat, and they were soon borne out of sight by the fleet-footed horses. The orphaned child watched the vehicle that contained the form of her mother until it was entirely lost to view. Soon, ah ! too soon, Aunt Adah faded away from her vision, and was hurried swiftly along to the steamer *Sea-Bird*.

After the departure of her husband, Mrs. Morgan seated herself at the table to take a cup of coffee. In a corner sat the little Zura, weeping and exclaiming, “Poor Aunt Adah is gone away—she come back nebber more to Oak Lawn.”

Mrs. Morgan felt too well that the little girl had but uttered the truth. She knew that her husband did not mean to hire out this woman. Her reason taught her that the poor creature was to be sold, and would never again return to the plantation.

Morgan had said to his wife that he intended to hire out the services of the slave, for even he thought that it would seem too cruel to declare openly that she was to be sold, while there stood his living image in the little girl.

The wife had not been blind to the conduct of her husband. Now she sat musing upon past days. The first scene that had been presented to her bridal eyes was that of this same poor little suffering infant lying upon the bare planks of a kitchen floor, in an almost nude state, and screaming with hunger. As Annah beheld it, she exclaimed:

“Oh! what poor child is that lying there, and almost crying itself to death?”

“It is Adah’s chile, Mam,” answered one of the colored women.

“Adah’s child, indeed!” echoed the bride. “Why, that is a white child—it cannot be a colored woman’s!”

“Yes, Missus, it is,” answered the old woman; “but, you see, it is got a white daddy.”

“Why do you allow it to cry so?” asked Annah.

“Bekase it wants its mammy, Missus,” was the reply she received.

“Well, why does not the mother attend to it?”

“Kase, Missus, Marster Morgan won’t let her nuss

it but three times a day ; he say dat is enuff for any young one to nuss."

Annah, as she sat at the breakfast-table, recalled all of this conversation that had passed between herself and her cook on the second day of her arrival home as a bride. It had been owing to her kind and feeling heart that the little Missouri was still living. She had given orders that the child should be nursed as often as it evinced hunger. She was young and inexperienced. Her own father's slaves were always treated with kindness and humanity, and the cries of the half-starved infant had startled the young wife. She wondered why her husband should object to a mother nursing her child.

These reminiscences effectually destroyed her appetite, and she pushed back her chair from a scarcely-tasted meal. She arranged some provender for Missouri.

"Go and eat your breakfast," said the mistress to the weeping child.

"Me don't want none, Missus," answered the little girl. "You aint eat none, and Zura want none."

"You need not refrain from eating because I have happened to, Missouri."

"I aint hungry, Missus," she sobbed from her corner.

“Poor child!” thought Mrs. Morgan. “I am sure you are telling the truth.”

Missouri, only nine years of age, dearly loved and deeply grieved for her mother. She had all the sensations belonging to humanity, which, we are sorry to say, some of our Southern friends seemed to think their slaves unpossessed of; but, perhaps, time, and the development of mind, may unfold to them their mistake.

Annah Morgan sat sewing beside the window, and her mind wandered back to the days of courtship; when her husband came like a violet in all his sweetness and modesty—when he almost blushed to hear a *double entendre* from the lips of any one present.

But, oh! what had she seen and heard that morning! Was he transformed? or was his evil nature but now displaying itself?

The wife durst not conclude the sentence, “Can you separate a mother from her child, and one of —?”

That was as far as she had dared venture. She had thought that man, made in the image of his Maker, must be, at least, humane. But what her eyes had just witnessed was enough to disgust her forever with slavery, although a Southern soil had given her birth. From this time, she became con-

vinced in her mind that the system was wrong, and that the bands would be broken at some future day, as surely as the children of Israel were brought out of the wilderness after a journey of forty years.

The only child of its mother had been torn from her arms by its own father! Who could tolerate such a law of injustice and of inhumanity? Nevertheless, so it was. But, thank God, the light of reason has now taken hold of the mind, and Mrs. Morgan was one of the first converts.

The scenes of her husband's life had been a series of dissipation, and when he pretended that he intended to hire out his slave, he knew in his heart that he was going to sell her to enable him to mount a little higher the Golden Ladder.

The flesh and blood of the mother of his child was to be bartered on a public stand, in order to supply his drained pocket. Little Missouri, with the elasticity of childhood's affections, soon became reconciled to her loss. She loved her young mistress; she soon forgot to weep, and went dancing about the house and yard like a playful little kitten.

The planter's wife had already taken her first lesson in the great study of human nature. The slave-mother had given her new ideas of mankind, and she determined to profit thereby. She whiled away the lonely hours as agreeably as possible.

'There was but one earthly thing needful to complete her happiness, and that was a kind husband. This she began to fear she was never to possess, after having seen and heard all that had passed between master and slave.

However, time went on after the usual manner of plantation-life. Geese hissed, hens cackled, calves and sheep bleated, horses neighed, and dogs barked. The whole place seemed full of animal life—and, certainly, its master had exhibited more than his share of animal nature.

In a few weeks, Marcellus Morgan returned home. His carriage was seen approaching the house, and soon the gentleman himself entered. He appeared really glad to meet his wife; but Annah felt strangely toward him. She inquired what he had done with Adah, and he confessed that she was sold.

"I thought you said it was only your intention to hire her out," said his wife, sadly.

"Well, I was forced to tell you so, because I was well aware what a time you'd make if I had acknowledged that she was to be sold."

Annah sighed, but at last gained courage to observe:

"It is not your wife whom you should fear, Mr. Morgan. There is a Being who decides all things,

and 'tis He whom you and I should fear and obey."

"Oh! that will be all right," he said, with a grim smile, and not very pertinently to the subject in hand.

Annah, well knowing his furious temper, ventured to say no more; but, although she could exercise restraint over her tongue, she could not suppress her powers of thought. She knew that her husband was addicted to many vices, and, although she had married him, she could not close her eyes to his diabolical conduct.

He said little regarding his late trip to Norfolk, and his wife made no inquiries, but she had her own suspicions on the subject.

Whenever Annah looked at the little mulattress, Missouri, she thought that the time might come when she also would be a target for the negro-trader. Such ideas kept her in a state of continual unhappiness. Morgan was lord of all he surveyed, and considerably more than lord of the fowl and the brute; but, sooth to say, oftentimes not lord of himself.

We do not say that this was so in all cases. There are many, and very many, high-minded and noble-hearted men in the South, and such are the kindest of husbands and masters. But we do say

that the institutions of slavery did make a man a selfish egotist ; indeed, were we to say that it made him devilish, we would not consider the term any too strong. He felt his superiority over the slave, and at times too strongly asserted his authority over his wife.

Had Marcellus Morgan been guided by his wife, he would not have separated the mother and child. If he sold one, the other should have also been sold. But he was crafty enough to watch his opportunity of making a fine trade by selling them separately. He thought that by so doing he could make more. Mrs. Morgan had no children, and Missouri was treated almost like her own daughter. The master was not kind to any one, or anything, and it is not natural to suppose that he showed any feeling for the little slave, whom he had deprived of her dearest friend. Whenever her master spoke, the girl would jump as though stung by a hornet. He was so morose, and spoke so loudly and so angrily, whenever he did speak, that every one feared to hear his voice.

CHAPTER IX.

“A NICE OLD MAN.”

 HERE was not a slave on the plantation who did not love Miss Annah. Many were the lashes that she saved the poor creatures. Had she not covered and concealed their faults and short-comings their backs would have been sore from week to week. Alas! alas! Annah had become Morgan's wife under colors of disguise. He had wooed and won a heart to trample upon and lacerate.

We will not describe many scenes which occurred on the plantation, for the feminine heart would sicken at the very sound of the language that necessity would compel us to make use of. We will only say that Annah Morgan herself washed and dressed the wounds of many mangled slaves; she soothed with her own delicate hands and kind care those whom her husband had mutilated.

Morgan, senior, was of the same stamp of man as his son. The latter had a “heritage of woe” in the disposition of his sire. The old gentleman (?) had removed from Poplar Hill to a plantation

beside the sea-shore, leaving his son to manage the old place. All that did not proceed *comme il faut*, according to his peculiar ideas, he had communicated to his father, and the old man came twice a week upon visits of inspection. Anything that they considered had gone wrong was then made right. If the negroes had not accomplished sufficient work, they were called up, tied, and whipped. This was previous to the purchase of Oak Lawn by Marcellus.

The first time that Annah beheld a slave flogged she almost fainted. She had never seen or heard of such a thing on her father's plantation, although the families only lived twenty-five miles distant from each other.

But the reader must remember that there is the same difference among the Southern people as we find the world over—some are good and others are bad.

Could the young wife have preserved upon paper the remembrance of what she beheld, we fear that the scenes portrayed in the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have appeared in contrast, as a pleasant sunbeam shining upon the surface of the water.

One evening, about sunset, Mrs. Morgan sat reading beside a front window; reading a novel, 'tis true, but for all that a very good book. She was so absorbed

in the volume that she heard not the sound of carriage wheels. Suddenly she was roused by a tall figure passing before the window, and in a moment the old gentleman stood before her. With a frown, he inquired where all the negroes were, that no one had appeared to take his horse. Annah closed her book, begged him to be seated, and went to summon the servants. She could find no one in but the cook, whom she sent to hold the horse while her father-in-law remained, though she devoutly prayed that his visit would not be of long duration. But the old gentleman had been drinking, and was very loquacious. His money and his family seemed never-failing topics of braggadocio with him. It is very extraordinary that persons minus the least merit feel so often self-consequential!

Mrs. Morgan said but little, hoping thus to expedite his departure. About dusk her husband entered, who, upon seeing his parent, exclaimed,

"Why did you not have your horse attended to, Pa? I see it standing under a tree alone."

"For a very good reason," answered his father, "there was no one about to take care of it. My negroes are all waiting upon other folks, it seems, and when I come here there's no one even to take my horse. I believe that your literary wife did go and send old Jude to hold the animal."

“Well,” said his hopeful son, “the fact is that there is so little to be done indoors, we have sent all the hands out into the fields, excepting the cook and waitress.”

Annah felt all of the cuts meant for her. She had sent the waitress upon an errand.

The old man then commenced a series of questions, asking what Guy had been doing, and Cur, and Jim, and Joe, and so on. Marcellus, in reply, uttered his usual complaints, Joe and Cur had only cut so many logs. Cur had carted only so many loads, and as for old Guy—“Father, you may as well take him over with you, for it is beyond my power to make him work,” he said.

“Where is he?” inquired the planter.

“In the kitchen,” answered the son.

Mrs. Morgan sat beside the window, and had seen the poor old negro hobbling toward his cabin, which was not far from the kitchen, with bent head and feeble steps, supported by a cane. Old Morgan made a rush through the kitchen and entered the cabin just as the old slave had seated himself, panting for breath—he had walked a long distance from the woods.

“What have you been doing to-day, Guy?” asked the semi-inebriated tyrant, in a voice which threatened direful things.

"Raking up manure, Marster," answered the slave, who trembled violently from two causes, fear and weakness.

"Master 'Cellus tells me that you do not rake up fifteen loads a day, and I told him to task you to twenty."

"I do all I can, Marster, bress de Lord," said the old negro. "But de roots is so tuff, and de ground so wet and so heaby, dat I kin only git from twulf to fifteen a day."

"Only twelve or fifteen a day, eh! you d—d old rascal. I'll teach you!" and with a furious rush he picked up a stool, and dashed it at the head of the old negro, who fell upon the floor. "Now, d—n you, lie there, you old lazy devil."

As he went out of one door, Annah entered by another.

"Poor old Uncle Guy!" she said, in her soft compassionate voice; "have they killed you at last?"

"Almos, almos, Miss Annah," the aged servitor whispered. There lay the stool of solid oak split in half.

"Good Lord! what a terrible crime," she involuntarily exclaimed.

"Come here, Aunt Judy, and assist him to rise; poor old man, surely he must be killed."

"No, Missus—no, Missus, I am not quite dead,"

whispered Uncle Guy ; “ but I cannot move, my head is broke. Oh my head, my head ! ”

Annah stooped down and examined his head ; it was a sight that made her feel sick at heart. But for fear of being seen by her husband or his father, she felt compelled to leave.

After having given due orders and suggestions for the relief of the wounded man, she entered the house by a side-door, and there beheld her husband’s father foaming with passion, and swearing that he hoped old Uncle Guy would die before morning. He went out to his carriage fuming with rage, telling his son that if the d—d niggers did not accomplish more work, to send immediately for him, and he would strip them every day, and give them thirty-nine lashes.

After his departure, Annah stole again to the slave’s cabin to inquire after the fate of poor old Guy. He had succeeded in crawling to his bed of straw, and there lay, groaning most piteously. His mistress conveyed him a cup of tea and a biscuit, but he was in too much agony to partake of anything.

Old Guy lived for some years to suffer all the wretchedness imaginable, inflicted by the hands of the Morgan family, but, eventually, he passed away from earth, and his feeble frame is now strong, no

doubt, in the spirit world. Since then the planter has also paid the debt of nature ; but we leave the reader to judge of his fitness for

"The celestial regions,
Where pure spirits dwell."

We only say that Morgan's father lived and died the same man that he was the evening on which he wounded the poor old slave.

This scene occurred but a short time previous to the purchase of Oak Lawn by Marcellus—a beautiful plantation situated on the Rappahannock River, and to which we have previously referred.

CHAPTER X.

“ZURA.”



YEARS had rolled by, bringing many changes to Oak Lawn. The plantation comprised a beautiful elevated spot, not situated immediately upon the river, yet not far distant.

In Virginia the mountainous region is considered the most healthful, therefore the most desirable location, and the plantation of Marcellus Morgan was one among the most romantic on the Northern Neck. The house was a stately edifice, airy and comfortable as heart could wish. The orchards were elegant and extensive ; an acre or two of land containing fruit-trees of all kinds was in the spring-time a beautiful and comfortable sight. Shrubs and flowers of various sorts interspersed the grounds, and filled the air far and near with delightful fragrance. From spring to winter it was but a succession of flowers and fruits.

“How many things by season seasoned are,
To their right praise and true perfection.”

Ah ! how truly doth Shakespeare put every sentiment before us !

To look upon this delightful spot, one would not suppose that an unhappy head could slumber on any pillow beneath that roof.

Oh! what is all the world to us if there be a secret grief gnawing at our hearts; if there is a secret viper in our home, ready to thrust its venomed sting into our bosoms? Palaces may be the abode of anything but happiness, and the wisest are often deceived by mere external appearances.

Of the numbers who visited at Oak Lawn, few, nay, perhaps none, suspected the true state of domestic affairs beneath that elegant roof. Annah, from a gay, volatile girl, had settled down into a thoughtful woman. Her face still showed the bloom of youth, and her eyes yet sparkled, when her spirits were elated; but when distressed, no heart could suffer more acutely than hers. But in all her joys and sorrows no one seemed to take as much interest as Missouri, the slave-girl. She had become so much attached to her mistress as to be miserable when absent from her. Missouri might have been taken for the lady's child, but for her tawny hue and for the fact that she did work occasionally, and Southern children knew not what labor was.

Missouri was growing a sprightly girl. Beauty

among the true African is rarely to be seen; but the mulatto is often endowed with great personal charms.

Mrs. Morgan knew that the worldly affairs of her husband were in a flourishing condition, so, when two years had rolled by, and Missouri still remained unsold, she began to hope that she would be permitted always to retain her by her side. In this confidence, she spared no pains to teach the slave-girl everything that she thought would benefit her. There was not a book in the library but Missouri knew its title, and she was well acquainted with the contents of many. There was nothing in the house that she did not know something about. She followed the footsteps of her mistress, and in many ways her assistance was of infinite value to our heroine. Missouri had also been taught to speak grammatically. She seldom mingled with the other servants, save when sent to deliver orders, messages, etc., etc. By her master she was never noticed, excepting when ordered to bring his boots, boot-jack, a drink, etc., and whenever he issued an order, she flew around like a scared partridge. She never would look in his face, but would always turn her head aside, as though she had a secret contempt for him; but for "Miss" Annah she would willingly have laid down her life. Missouri was not idle;

she watered the flowers, and culled them for the vases; she fed the chickens and turkeys, assisted the chamber-maid in arranging the rooms, and gathered and prepared all the smaller fruits for the table. She was a smart girl, and of course had her full share of vanity. When her mistress bestowed upon her a pretty new dress or ornament, she would smile and courtesy, as though her very soul was delighted within her; then she would run to a mirror, and turn round and round in simple admiration of what its depths revealed to her bright eyes; until her mistress would chide her for her nonsense, and tell her that vanity was a sign of weakness, and the ruination of many.

One day her mistress caused her to try on a pretty, new dress, and, as usual, the girl sought the mirror, and seemed evidently charmed with herself.

"Missouri," said her mistress, "did I not tell you that you must not be so vain? God does not love proud children, and he will punish you if your heart continues so full of vanity."

The little girl looked in the face of her mistress, looks in and said, seriously :

"Miss Annah, does God love master? If He does, then He must love vain men—for master looks in the glass at himself a heap."

Mrs. Morgan was astonished, yet could not help smiling ; however, she chided the girl for her pertness, and mildly told her never again to allow herself to make remarks about her master. Alas ! the vanity of Missouri was hereditary.

During the first year of her mother's absence, Missouri would frequently ask after her parent and wish for her return. Whenever Mrs. Morgan overheard her she would say :

"You need never look for your mother at Oak Lawn, Missouri ; perhaps at some future day you may meet her at Norfolk."

"Ah ! I wish I could," would be the reply.

"Do you, then, wish to leave me and go to Norfolk?" asked Annah one day, as the little girl sat preparing some strawberries for dinner.

"No, Mam—no, Mam ! I would not leave *you*, Missus, for anybody in the world !"

"Well, you may see your mother sooner than you anticipate," remarked Annah, sententiously.

Morgan was so dissipated and disagreeable that his wife often prayed that she might die. Winter after dreary winter she thought she certainly could not survive, and yet spring after spring beheld her still in existence. When she felt that her heart was sinking or dying, Hope, like a ray of sunshine,

would burst upon her, to comfort and in some way revive her drooping spirits.

Marcellus Morgan was what was technically called a "hard case," a hard case of the first water—an uneducated, irritable, proud man, who had passed very little of his time at home. The reader may imagine the sort of husband that he made. Like many other characters, both good and bad, he was easily read, and by none more easily than by his young wife; but, alas! like too many other women, she read too late.

In less than one year after her fatal marriage, she found that all the splendor of her bridal home could not satisfy her heart. She had a warm, confident, honorable spirit, which looked for and ardently desired a reciprocal attachment, but her wishes were doomed to remain ungratified. A gentle, refined nature became irksome to Marcellus. In fact, Annah had never loved her husband as woman should love, since the day upon which he had torn the slave-mother from her child, and had acted in so unmanly a manner. Still, so long as a woman remains a wife, it is her bounden duty to do all in her power to render her home happy. The marriage-tie is not so easily broken, particularly in the South, where divorces are not readily obtained. Annah was always saying in her heart: "The time will come

when he will see his errors, and then he will repent and change."

But that period never arrived.

Time, the revealer of happiness or misery, was swiftly flying, and Missouri's infancy was past.

One day, while Mrs. Morgan sat busily sewing, she called the girl and bade her bring a pail of water from the spring. Not far distant from the house was a meadow, where the cows were accustomed to graze. It was a beautiful, shady grove, seeded in grass and clover for the benefit of the calves. A running stream meandered through its green depths, and beneath a large weeping-willow was the spring, which contained two boilers, and mineral qualities of a healthful nature.

Away ran Missouri to obey the order of her mistress. In a few moments she came flying back, out of breath, and, as soon as she had recovered a little, she cried out:

"Lord! Lord! Missus, Aunt Adah is down by the spring under the willow, and she is crying."

Mrs. Morgan, full of incredulous astonishment, determined to go and see for herself whether there was any truth in this strange information. As she approached the spring, she saw a figure moving slowly away, with a hand to its face, as though weeping.

"There she is!" exclaimed the excited Zura; "I told you so, Miss Annah."

But the figure had passed away beyond the reach of their vision, and who it was, or where it went, no one could tell; but it certainly bore a striking resemblance to the mother of the girl, for even her costume, dress, bonnet, etc., were such as Aunt Adah had worn on the morning of her departure.

"Poor Aunt Adah!" murmured the slave-girl, as she mechanically dipped up the water from the spring, "she has been here to see me. How do you suppose that she knew I would come to the spring alone, Missus?"

"Really, Missouri, although that form did very much resemble your mother, I think it scarcely possible that it was hers."

"I wish that I had gone to her!" said Missouri; "but as soon as I beheld her, I dropped my bucket and ran for you, Missus."

"I do not think it could have been your mother, Missouri," replied Annah.

But the girl would not be convinced to the contrary, and all the way back to the house persisted in asserting such to be her belief. After she had served to her mistress a glass of the clear, crystal water, she ran to the kitchen, and astonished the other servants with the information that she had

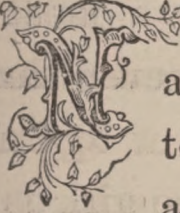
beheld her mother at the spring, under the willow.

“God bress my soul!” exclaimed old Aunt Judy, “why, dat woman has been dare a dozen times. I seed her, and know’d dat it was Adah; but I did not tell nobody, kase I know’d dat nobody would believe me.”

Missouri now went oftener than ever to the spring; but the figure of her parent never again appeared unto her.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LOST SLAVE.

OT long after this occurrence Mr. Morgan announced his intention of going on a visit to his sister, who resided at Portsmouth, and desired to know if his wife was willing that he should take Missouri to Norfolk, in order that she might see her mother. This seemed sufficiently plausible, but still Annah hesitated; she knew not why; however, she at length gave her consent, well knowing that her opinion concerning the affair was merely nominal.

Winter had passed away, and spring had come again. All of that winter Missouri had slept in the chamber of her mistress, who, every night before she retired, never failed to go to the little bed of the slave-girl, in order to see if she were well covered up and comfortable.

There were many at the South just as kind and humane to their slaves as Mrs. Morgan, but that did not mitigate the evil of the system; no, not in the least.

The day arrived, and Missouri, in her best attire,

went to say good-bye to her kind mistress. The girl always wore a white cambric handkerchief tied about her head in turban style, and her curls beneath the snowy muslin were a pretty sight to see, as she came to Miss Annah as usual to have her turban arranged.

"It may be a long time, Zura, before we meet again. This may be the last time I may ever see you."

"Oh! yes, you will, Miss Annah," said the girl, as the blood mounted to her cheeks, and the tears gathered in her eyes. "I am only going to Norfolk to see my mother."

"That is what your master tells us," replied Mrs. Morgan, "and it is as well for you to think so. Be a good girl, and remember Miss Annah's advice. Farewell!" and her mistress held out her hand. The girl caught it, and, half choked with emotion, said:

"May I kiss you, Miss Annah."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morgan, and turned her cheek—her fair and beautiful cheek.

The slave pressed her lips upon it more than once.

Then Annah's love for the girl surged up in her heart, and, fearing that her husband meant treachery, she impulsively cried:

"No, no, Missouri, I cannot part with you, for something tells me that if I do so I shall never see my poor little handmaiden again. No, I cannot say farewell."

Morgan, who was a spectator of this touching scene, ground his teeth with anger.

"This girl is my property, Madam; I say she shall accompany me, and I am accustomed to have my own way," he cried.

"You tell the truth for once in your life," replied Annah, with a sarcastic sneer. "I suppose you intend to dispose of this poor innocent in the same manner as you did her mother, years ago."

"By ——, I'll sell her, Madam, if I choose; you have no voice in the matter. Come, Missouri, no more of this whimpering; your mistress would make you as chicken-hearted as herself," he yelled, seizing in his fury the arm of the unhappy slave, and forcibly wresting her from his wife's embrace.

"Farewell, Zura! farewell forever," sobbed Annah, as Morgan hurried her favorite from the room.

Annah heard the carriage roll away, but could not summon courage to watch it out of sight; she flung herself on a couch, and sobbed as though her heart would break. She instinctively felt that Missouri was gone from her forever. She knew that the man who would sell the mother would scarce hesi-

tate to put in the market this pretty slave. Years had given her experience, and well she knew the crimes of her husband. Wives often have a thousand times more perception than husbands give them credit for, and they are often obliged to close their eyes and ears in order to maintain peace. Such was the case at Oak Lawn.

What viper, what scorpion, what fiend can be more terrific than the demon jealousy?—the “green-eyed monster!” as he is well designated.

“Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proof of holy writ.”

But when not “trifles,” not fancy, not the mere fragments of an excited brain; but proofs, proofs indeed as strong in reality as “holy writ,” are presented to the wronged wife, *then*, indeed, may we pity her!

All those who have lived, confided, and been deceived, can sympathize with the planter's unhappy wife. Not all the beauty of God's fair earth can give peace to a heart which love has blasted. Joy is never again to be known! Oh! there is nothing so cruel, nothing so painful, nothing so destructive to human happiness, although thousands and thousands of mortals have passed under this dark cloud of sorrow. But, thank God! there is a world where

the affinity will be congenial, and the attraction, the love, so pure, so powerful, that it will never fade or pass away—this is the spirit world beyond the skies.

Such thoughts as these occupied the mind of the wife as she patiently awaited the return of her husband and of the slave-girl. Finally, a colored boy cried out one morning :

“Missus, here comes marster ; but I don’t see Zura.”

Mrs. Morgan ran hastily to the door. The carriage, all bespattered with mud, was at the gate, true enough, and the horses had the appearance of having been driven very hard. Mr. Morgan alighted and entered the house. He had evidently been drinking rather freely, but tried hard to assume a piteous facial expression as he addressed some words to his wife.

“Where is Missouri?” was the first question asked by Annah.

“Don’t ask me that,” he answered, trying to appear very grave and sorrowful.

“The little fool was so much delighted with the city, that rather than return home, she ran away and got lost. I don’t know where the d—l she has gone to.”

“You certainly do not mean to say, Mr. Morgan, that you permitted the girl to get lost !”

"Yes! I took her to see her mother; but Adah had run away, and her master had not found out a word concerning her whereabouts. She has not been seen for two weeks, and Missouri, I suppose, has gone in search of her."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Morgan, "this is most certainly a lame story. Marcellus, you can never succeed in making me believe anything so exceedingly absurd."

"I do not care a d—n, Madam, whether you believe me or not. Your ladyship is at liberty to suit yourself, and to make up a story less absurd, and more to your very refined taste. But one thing at least is true, and that is that your eyes will probably never more behold your beautiful slave! 'Tis my belief that it will be some time to come before she kisses you again."

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

 TIME, the reaper, mowed away the years after poor little Missouri was taken away, and yet no tidings were heard of her. Mrs. Morgan could not help lamenting her in secret, for she did not believe a word of the story about her having been lost. She always noticed an influx of money after Morgan had sold a slave. She often thought of the Golden Ladder that her old mercenary aunt used to dilate about; and she wondered how people could love money well enough to barter their honor, souls, and everything else to obtain it. Mrs. Morgan's family, all excepting this one aunt, were anything but money-lovers. They lived in affluence, and, as her dearly-beloved father always said: "Money was made to use, and not to hoard up and rust out."

Mr. Foy was one of those whole-souled, charitable men, who are loved by all. He was particularly endeared to the slave population, and to the poorer classes of white people; and when it was announced in the neighborhood that he was dead, it came upon

the people like an electric shock, so much was the death of this good man lamented.

Marcellus Morgan had in his possession Father Foy's pet Jewel, as Annah's father always called her, when he would catch her and place her on his knee and stroke her glossy curls, and say, "Now kiss papa, and tell him whether or not mamma has punished you to-day."

From the day she went a bride to Poplar Hill, we have followed her. Now sad changes are about to take place. The government is determined to uproot slavery—just what we have depicted in cruelty. A clarion-call to arms rings through the land, the smouldering fires of rebellion burst into flame, and fair fields, where erstwhile flowers blushed and bloomed, are soon to be incarnadined with blood. Marcellus Morgan is clamorous for fight; but, like many others as cowardly as himself, he does not care to enter the lists and risk his precious life in the "struggle for freedom" that he talks so loudly about. Ah! had all Southerners been craven and despicable as Marcellus—had Jackson, Lee, Wise, and the thousands who girded up their loins and rushed to the battle's van, been as currish and cowardly as he was, the war would have had a speedier termination, and fewer homes would have been made desolate.

We say the war-cry vibrated through the land. Mr. Morgan thought that his slaves would surely leave him, and that perhaps his mansion might be burned by the Union troops, so he was much perturbed what to do. He thought of removing to some other place. Upon hearing this news, Annah's sister Betsey paid her a visit. She was then a young widow, with one beautiful little blue-eyed daughter. Mrs. Morgan was delighted to have her sister visit her, for she had been previously most of the time alone. Soon a battle was expected to be fought near Carter's Creek, which was in close proximity to Oak Lawn, and of course none were more interested than Morgan, who fought bravely—with his tongue.

One evening, when the excitement was at its greatest height, Annah, after kissing her little niece and bidding her sister good-night, retired to rest; but she could not sleep, and watched her *femme de chambre*, whose regular breathing caused her mistress to envy her peaceful repose. Suddenly the girl awoke, and sitting upright, said in a loud whisper :

“Miss Annah !”

“Well, Rebecca, what is the matter? Have you been dreaming?”

“Miss Annah, does ye year dat mournful holler?”

Mrs. Morgan listened intently; all was silent;

the stillness of the night seemed as profound as its beauty.

"I heard it when I brung in your supper—and dere! I year it now."

Again Mrs. Morgan inclined her ear to the open window, and this time she, too, heard a sound which made her blood creep with mysterious horror. She slowly approached the casement, as slowly followed by Rebecca, who, too faithful to leave her mistress, yet felt every particular fiber of wool standing on end with fright.

Again that mysterious cry arose on the night air, and again all was silent; the stillness became profound. Toward the left of the house, and in that direction whence the sounds had appeared to come, was a dense and quite extensive forest; giant oaks, maples, and pines, with many others of smaller growth, formed a sort of wilderness. Into the depths of this wilderness the eyes of Annah vainly strove to pierce. It was into this swamp that she had once fled for refuge from the assaults of her brutal husband. Ah! the remembrance of that fearful night haunted her for years. Then again all was silent.

"I hear nothing, Rebecca," whispered her mistress, relieved to recognize the sound of her own natural voice, so unnatural had that other sound made all around appear.

"You year soon, Missus," said the trembling maid. "I year um dis ebening; you year um soon; wake me up, an I year twice; soon come agin."

Alas! it did come soon again, once, twice, thrice, at intervals of a minute between each. The first time, as the long, melancholy wail arose on the solemn stillness of the night, Annah felt her young blood freeze in her veins. When next it smote her ear, that organ told her heart that it was a human cry. The third echoing shriek convinced her that none but human lips in their agony could give vent to such a sound, and she knew that some one required and *must* receive assistance. "I will awaken my sister," was Annah's next thought; but then she recalled the ill and nervous state into which recent trouble had plunged Bettie, and she determined that her sister should, if possible, remain undisturbed. "Where, then, is my husband—he who should be at hand to protect me, and to render assistance, if necessary," thought the neglected wife.

The master of the house had become almost a stranger at his own home, so rare had his presence there been of late.

"Oh! if my dear father views me from the happy land beyond the skies, does not he pity his sorrowing child? Why was I ever called the Jewel? Are not my qualities the same now as then? Age has

not come to dim my luster. Nay, I have lived and suffered to but little purpose, if time and trouble have not somewhat improved and subdued me. Is there a cause for my husband's unkindness and desertion? Yes, there is a cause. 'Tis the fickleness, the inconstancy, the degrading selfishness of man. Were I an angel, it would be impossible to retain the affections of such a being as Marcellus Morgan.

These thoughts coursed through the brain of Annah, while, by a counter-working of the mind, she had determined to venture into the forest. Rebecca earnestly endeavored to dissuade her mistress from putting this plan into execution, but finding her determined to venture, the faithful creature resolved to follow to the issue. Cowardice is the idiosyncrasy of the African.

All about the house remained silent. Ever and anon that cry disturbed the midnight air; the only sound that broke the deathlike stillness. Wrapping themselves in large dark shawls, mistress and maid stole noiselessly from the house, and crept carefully down the avenue leading to the woods. In about a quarter of an hour they had entered the forest, and stood tremblingly beneath the dark shadow of some young pines. The sounds had ceased, and although like most forests this was alive with the smaller animals, by night quite as much as by day, every-

thing at that moment seemed stilled to the silence of death.

In a whisper, low as the softest breath of the night wind, Annah informed the trembling girl beside her that she awaited a recurrence of the dreadful sound, in order to learn in what direction to proceed. Scarcely had she ceased to speak when, as if at the sound of her voice, that cry again rang in their ears. Annah felt her blood curdle at this evidence of mortal presence not far distant. She turned her head to the direction from whence the noise proceeded. Upon hearing the cry nearer, whatever it was, it seemed to have lost the evidence of suffering. Annah knew not wherefore, but it recalled what she had read of strange sounds heard in wild countries in times of warfare. Mrs. Morgan and her servant had penetrated much deeper into the wood than they were aware of, and had unconsciously halted in a spot most favorable to concealment and to reconnoitering. "Come," said she, at length, ashamed of her fears while engaged in the rescue of suffering humanity.

Scarcely had she spoken, when, in a direction opposite to that in which she had been going, she beheld two dark forms stealing noiselessly along. As the swaying of the young trees in the rising wind let in a rift of moonlight, Annah recognized

two of her husband's servants. Like snakes they crept along, glancing timidly around, as if fearful of momentary detection. Suddenly one of them, though cautiously advancing, trod upon a dry twig; it snapped and disturbed some rustling leaves. They instantly paused, and became motionless; not less statue-like were the breathless women beneath the shadow of the young pines. Five minutes might have passed in this manner, during which the four seemed scarcely to respire. The midnight call was now explained. Into Annah's remembrance rushed all she had ever heard of robbery, assassinations, and massacres. Late depredations had been committed in the neighborhood, extensive burglaries, and one gentleman had been dangerously, if not fatally wounded while defending his household. It was known that a bold and desperate band was abroad, headed by a lawless desperado, and as yet no arrests had been made.

While these facts rushed upon Annah's mind the two men seemed to become satisfied that they had been watched by no inimical eye. For some time they conversed eagerly together. Annah strained every nerve listening; but only the sound of their subdued voices met her ear; not a word could she overhear. Once, in her eagerness, she

moved her hand to put aside the heavy tresses, damp with the dew, which had fallen over her brow; in raising her arm, it struck against a rotten branch, which fell to the ground. The conspirators started, and one, a huge, brawny man, advanced a step directly toward the place where the trembling females crouched concealed. His companion restrained the movement, and for a little while the motionless quartette again remained almost breathless. At length the men moved rapidly and silently away in the direction from whence the peculiar cry had proceeded. Annah silently prepared to follow them.

“Whar you g’wine, Missus?” inquired her terrified companion, clutching the skirts of her mistress’ robe.

“To follow those men, to see what this can mean, to endeavor to discover the extent of the danger that menaces us,” replied Annah firmly. She had ceased to tremble, excepting from excitement—she was heroic in everything through life, save in defending herself from Morgan’s tyranny.

“Missus, Missus, don’t go; dey will kill us.”

“I have no fear, Rebecca. You need not accompany me, poor girl. Remain here until my return; no one will discover you in this retreat.”

“Missus, guess if you go I go too,” answered the

faithful creature, and then artfully added : " Better fust go warn Miss Bettie ; suppose dese men git dare fust, kill her sure."

" True, true, Rebecca !" her mistress replied. " Let us first go to the house."

Hurriedly, but cautiously, they pursued their way back to the house. What thoughts swept through the mind of Annah ! A sense of loneliness, of desolation, of absence of natural protection, rushed over her. For a time the timid, suffering woman's nature prevailed ; soon, however, her heroism resumed its sway. On arriving at the house, she instantly sought her sister's room. Bettie was up and dressed. She had also heard the mysterious cry, and had been to her sister's room, which, to her terror, she had found unoccupied.

Bettie was now kneeling beside her bed, with her child clasped to her throbbing breast. " My fatherless child !" murmured the unhappy woman.

In a few words Annah explained the state of the case, and added that she feared all of the male servants must be in collusion with the robbers ; in fact, that as there was no one to protect them, she thought they had better fly while there was yet time.

" Fly !" repeated Bettie ; " why, they will track us wherever we go." And she clasped the sleeping child still closer to her bosom.

"Where, oh, where is Mr. Morgan?" cried Bettie, as Annah stood with downcast eyes, in deep reflection.

"Absent, as usual," she said, scarce conscious that she spoke aloud.

"Away at such a time as this, sister! What sort of a man is he?" cried Bettie, indignation awakening something like spirit in her.

Annah roused herself from the deep reverie into which she had fallen.

"This is no time in which to discuss the merits or failings of Marcellus Morgan," she said, a little sternly. "It behooves us to fly, and that instantly. Delay is not only dangerous, but perhaps death."

The energy and presence of mind of Annah returned as if by magic. Wrapping a large, warm cloak about her sister, without once thinking of her own apparel, she prepared to depart. Involuntarily they paused as they reached the outer door; to go was fearful, to remain was still more dangerous. Swiftly they passed the threshold and gained the eastern park.

"We must cross that hill," said Annah, in a cautious voice; "there is safety on the other side."

On they went. Annah knew that she had not exaggerated the danger; in fact, it was greater even than she imagined, for the lawless plunderers al-

lowed nothing to stand in the way of gaining their ends, and would kill rather than go away without spoil.

"I can go no further," said Bettie, faintly, who was still an invalid.

"Elizabeth!" exclaimed the firm voice of her sister, "give me the infant and follow." She attempted to take the child.

The little sleeper opened its sweet blue eyes, looked wonderingly at the unwonted scene around, and, with a faint cry, resisted the endeavor of its aunt. Bettie strained her child to her heart.

"Let me keep her, Annah," she said in a trembling voice. "If you take her, she will cry out, and betray us; with her mother she will remain quiet."

Annah felt no physical pain, but poor Bettie had lost one of her shoes, her feet were cruelly assailed by the briars, and she complained bitterly. Annah said nothing; she perceived that her sister was almost beside herself with fear.

They walked rapidly, and had now reached a small skirt of pines; for a moment they paused beneath the shadows, while Annah considered whether it would be best to fly further. Suddenly she shrank back, and, grasping Bettie by the arm, the sisters stood as though turned to stone. A tall figure glided by. The flickering light admitted

by the lightly swaying branches lent an unnatural appearance to everything in the eyes of the fugitives, so excited were they by fear. Ever and anon, the form would pause awhile, and then resume its course; finally it disappeared in the gloom cast by the trees. Five minutes passed before the sisters dared to respire freely.

"Annah," whispered Bettie, "I am almost certain that person was a white man."

Annah had arrived at the same conclusion.

"In times like these there is no telling whom to trust," said Annah. "We would gain nothing, and perhaps risk all, by accosting any one. Come, follow; I think that I can guide you to a nook inaccessible, or rather unknown to the marauders."

They resumed their weary way, poor Rebecca, the little slave-girl, first holding on to Annah's dress and then to that of Bettie, and penetrated some distance into the forest, where, having reached a most secluded spot, they sank down from sheer fatigue. An hour passed without a word having been spoken on either side. Then the infant became restless; Bettie endeavored to sooth it, and shuddered lest its tiny voice should betray them. At last Annah proposed that they should endeavor to make the best of their way to the house of a certain neighbor.

"Annah," said her sister, "the dogs would tear us to pieces were we to venture there at this hour of the night. You must recollect that even in the day-time it requires two or three men to keep them from assaulting visitors."

"We are in the hands of God, and his guardian angels will preserve us from harm," returned Annah. "The same Power that saved the faithful of old, amid their trials and tribulations, will bring us out of danger to-night. I know not how it is, but fear has utterly gone out of my heart; I believe that we shall not be destroyed to-night, and I almost wish that we had remained in the house."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature!" murmured Bettie; "and oh! sister, you have no child."

What a tender glance Annah cast upon the little innocent! what a volume it revealed!

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven!" she murmured, laying her hand upon the young child's head, and holy was the smile which at that moment illumined her features.

What memories were stirred in Annah's heart as she stood there that night—memories long stilled, and never willingly recalled, because she had long been a wife. But to-night the voice of her heart would be heard. "Adrian! Adrian!" was its cry of

anguish. The night breeze seemed to take up the wailing cry, and "Adrian! Adrian!" was wafted away on the wings of the wind—away, away! and from indefinite distance came to Annah's ears the plaintive echo: "Adrian! Adrian!" It was the voice of the years that had gone! Ah! he whom she so passionately invoked was far away across, the broad Atlantic, unconscious of the peril to which his beloved one was exposed. Bettie had heard of him as the reputed admirer of her sister; but, between the sisters, never had his name been mentioned. Mrs. Morgan, even as Annah Foy, had never revealed the secret of her affections to any one except Julia Morrison—to but two on earth had the sweet sad tale ever been told, and one, her lover, had no power, alas! she gave him no power, to take her to his protecting heart. Her aunt had effectually clipped the wings of happiness, and cast her into the Sahara, over whose burning sands she was now traveling. A wailing cry from the babe aroused Annah from her bitter thoughts. She looked down and caught the tender glance of her sister. The blood rushed to her face, she asked herself not wherefore? For a moment she was bewildered; so deeply had memory been stirred, her glancing eye seemed to ask what is this, and how came I hither?

CHAPTER XIII.

SHELTERED.



ANNAH accused herself of selfishness in so long having forgotten, in her dreams, those around her. Now thoroughly aroused, she said :

“Bettie, I really think that we had better attempt to reach Dr. Yerbie’s as soon as possible. If our house has been really attacked, that of our kind physician is the best place for us; on the other hand, should this prove to be a false alarm, it will appear much more dignified and proper for us to return home to-morrow morning in good Dr. Yerbie’s carriage, than to promenade Indian file and *en dishabille* out of this forest.

Betty perceived that it would be unreasonable to demur, and forthwith they took up their march toward the residence of the physician. Not without fear of the before-mentioned dogs did they approach the house; Bettie, especially, trembled with terror.

“Remain here, with Rebecca,” said Annah, with kind consideration, “while I go on to reconnoiter.”

Bettie refused, declaring that she would share the danger, if danger there was ; but Annah was firm, and the young mother sat down to rest her weary limbs. Cautiously Annah approached the house ; all seemed wrapped in profound stillness ; the very spirit of silence seemed there to have taken up its abode. Step by step, Annah advanced, expecting every moment to hear the bark and rush of the dogs. To her extreme surprise, she neither heard nor saw them. Looking up intently, to perceive if there were any lights in the windows, she nearly fell over something in her pathway. Recovering her equilibrium, she recoiled several steps, as she perceived that she had stumbled over the dead body of a dog.

“ This is very extraordinary ! ” she murmured. Several moments elapsed before she gathered courage to proceed. By degrees, she timidly approached the kitchen door ; sounds of deep breathing within served to convince her that here, at least, they felt no alarm. Cautiously raising the latch, she entered. A dark form lay extended before the kitchen fireplace. By the aid of a ray of light that fell through a shutterless window, Annah perceived the prostrate figure to be that of a woman, and a closer look enabled her to distinguish the sable features of good old Judy, the cook. The woman was well known to Annah, who had formerly been enabled to extend

to Judy many favors. Leaning over the sleeping woman, Annah endeavored to arouse her. At that moment the mysterious cry again sounded in her ears, long drawn out, and rising preternaturally upon the midnight air.

“Aunt Judy! Judy! for heaven’s sake, awake! arouse yourself, and summon your master!”

The woman turned and groaned heavily in her sleep. One who undertakes to hastily awaken a sleeping African enters upon no easy task. Again that cry, and the agonized Annah bethought her of Bettie and the child left in the outskirts of the woods.

“Judy! Judy!” she cried, “oh! awake, awake!”

The half-roused woman opened her eyes and raised herself on one arm.

“Who calls Judy?” she asked; for, although her name was Jenny, yet she was generally called Judy. “Who calls Judy? ’Taint time to get up yet, ’pears like.”

Then she beheld the white-robed figure of Annah, who had lost her shawl in her flight, and who had left home protected by no more substantial costume than a muslin wrapper. Of all human beings a negro is the most superstitious, firmly believing in the most unaccountable spiritual visitations. Judy shrank up into as small a space as her vast proportions

would allow; her teeth chattered, and Annah could perceive the trembling of her form.

"Lord, is de Yankees come?" she cried.

"Judy!" said Annah, gently advancing a step.

Just then a long, wailing, fearful sound floated on the air, and an instant after another white figure rushed into the dim kitchen. The horror-stricken Judy at length found her voice, and she made the apartment ring with her shrieks. The new-comer was Bettie, whom that cry had frightened from the woods. Annah heard the inmates of the house rousing themselves, and while she was endeavoring to pacify the terrified cook, the doctor entered, with a lighted candle in his hand.

"God bless my soul!" he ejaculated, as he caught sight of the white-robed invaders, and nearly dropped the luminary, "whom have we here? What in heaven's name has happened? Are you all dead, or dying?"

"Not quite dead, Doctor," replied Annah, faintly smiling; "but some of us very nearly so. If you will now kindly take us in and do for us, as you are fond of saying, we will enlighten you as to the reason of our extraordinary advent at this hour."

"I thought the army of the Potomac had arrived," said the Doctor. He had scarcely ceased speaking

when again the mysterious cry arose. The Doctor started; he looked piercingly at the cook, who, with distended, incredulous eyes, rolling from Annah to her sister, seemed still unable to believe the evidence of her senses. The physician went to the door—it still wanted some hours to daylight.

“It is strange that the dogs are all so silent, did none of them bark as you approached?” he asked.

“I have heard no sounds excepting that cry, and Jennie’s shrieks,” replied Annah, significantly.

The Doctor reflected deeply for a moment; then he said:

“But come, I forget myself strangely! You both look exhausted, and so ghostly that I do not wonder Judy was frightened out of her wits. Come into the house, ladies.”

They followed the Doctor into the parlor, where they found Mrs. Yerbie and her daughters were up and already dressed. Refreshments were offered, and Annah, after taking a glass of wine, briefly explained the occurrences of the night. The Doctor’s sons were absent from home in another portion of the State, but the brave old man ordered plenty of lights to be shown, and declared that as his fire-arms were in capital order in case of attack, he meant to arm the ladies. Meanwhile Judy had

sufficiently recovered as to feel enabled to carefully lock and bolt all of the doors.

“The circumstances you relate, ladies,” said the Doctor, “are very suspicious—” here he was interrupted by Bettie, who had swooned upon the sofa. Fright and over-exertion had been too much for her feeble frame. That night, upon retiring, she had taken a hot drink, and was in a profuse perspiration when terror had driven her from the house, and now she had fainted from the effects of reaction! It was some time before she recovered and could be got comfortably to bed.

Annah, whom fatigue forced to recline upon a sofa, and yet who could not sleep, was still conversing with the Doctor, when one of the young ladies came in to say that she feared Mrs. Hope, Bettie, was very ill. Annah flew to the bedside of her sister, followed by the physician. Poor Bettie was found to be in a burning fever.

“Was Mr. Morgan at home when you left?” suddenly inquired the Doctor of Annah, who hung anxiously over her sister.

“He was not,” she answered.

“When did he leave home?”

“Immediately after an early tea—”

“And has not since returned?”

“No, Doctor.”

"That is very strange ; he was here about eight o'clock last evening. We invited him to remain longer with us ; but he declined, saying that he must return, as Bettie and yourself were at home alone."

Annah's beautiful lip curled, but she simply remarked :

"Had he been at home, we would have had courage to remain there."

Bettie's fever increased so rapidly, and she appeared so very ill, that in Annah's mind the sense of every other danger was absorbed. She scarcely heard the announcement wrathfully made by the Doctor, that his fine and valuable dogs had all been poisoned.

Bettie became delirious—and what of mental suffering does not delirium reveal ?

"My dear," said the kind wife of the physician to Annah, "you must now go and lie down ; you absolutely require rest. I will take care of your sister."

"My dear friend," replied Annah, taking her hands in her own, "look at me ; do I appear weary ? I am strong, I am well ; I could not sleep were I to go to bed. I *cannot* leave my sister. See, here is a comfortable lounge ; on it I will recline, so that I can both watch and rest. You go and

sleep, and afterward I promise you, I will take my turn. It would be impossible for me to slumber now."

Mrs. Yerbie looked at the flushed face and luminous eyes of Annah Morgan, and saw that she was, indeed, still too much excited to sleep, so she herself retired to obtain some repose, necessary in order to enable her to take her turn in the sick-room.

Left to herself, Annah breathed a sigh of relief. She went to the bedside and leaned over the young widow, whose delirium had, however, somewhat abated. The patient breathed quick and heavy, but toward daylight fell into an uneasy slumber. Annah watched, listened, and reflected.

Had they flown only from a fancied danger, or had there been real cause of alarm? At any rate, they were safer here than in an unprotected house.

"What a world of shifting scenes is this!" pondered Annah. "Little thought I, as last eve I watched the early moon, that this morning's dawn would behold such a scene of suffering! Beloved sister! Poor little innocent!" she said aloud, as she looked upon the sleeping babe, "God alone knows what is in store for thee!"

Rising, she again moistened the lips of the sufferer, whose slumber was becoming more tranquil, and then approached the window; the sight that met

her eyes wrapped her poetic soul in adoration. Day was just breaking in the golden east, and the deep obscurity which precedes the dawn had begun to yield to the returning light.

Will the reader permit us to quote at large from our immortal novelist?

“If any earthly scene could be presented to the senses of man that might soothe his passions and temper his ferocity, it was that which grew upon the eyes of the beholders as the advancing hours changed night into morning. There were the usual soft tints of the sky, in which neither the gloom of darkness nor the brilliancy of the sun prevails, and under which objects appear more unearthly, and, we might add, holy, than at any other portion of the twenty-four hours. The beautiful and soothing calm of eventide has been extolled by a thousand poets, and yet it does not bring with it the far-reaching and sublime thoughts of the half-hour that precedes the rising sun. In the one case the panorama is gradually hid from the sight, while in the other its objects start out from the unfolding picture, first dim and misty, then marked in, in solemn background; next seen in the witchery of an *increasing*, a thing as different as possible from the *decreasing* twilight, and, finally, mellow, distinct, and luminous as the rays of the great center of light diffuse themselves in the

atmosphere. The hymns of birds, too, have no novel counterpart in the retreat to the roost, or the flight to the nest; and these invariably accompany the advent of the day until the appearance of the sun itself

‘Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.’”

As the day grew upon her vision, the sense of security which almost always accompanies returning light after a night of fear, stole into the heart of Annah. As objects became more distinct in the increasing light, it was strange that they seemed to fade and dim before the eyes of the unconsciously weary watcher. She turned her languid eyes toward the bed; the rest of the patient appeared unbroken; she glanced at the quiet infant, she turned again to the window. Ah! sleep overpowered her senses, gradually her heavy head sank down, as a flower over-freighted with dew, and thought, feeling, sight became “steeped in oblivion.”

When Annah awoke, the bright day was in full career. At first she knew not where she was—could not recall what had happened. Some kind hand had placed a pillow under her head, and thrown a shawl around her. From the sounds that reached her ear she concluded that the household were at breakfast. She attempted to rise, but sank back, feeling that her limbs ached. Another attempt en-

abled her to regain her feet. Her eyes sought the bed; the figure extended there was no unsubstantial vision. Annah approached; the sufferer appeared to sleep profoundly. The babe had been removed from the room, Annah well knew by whose kind care.

Mrs. Morgan, after a refreshing ablution, sought the breakfast-room, where she found the whole family assembled, all of whom vied with each other in kind attentions to their favorite, Annah. The good Doctor signalized the occasion by teasing Mrs. Morgan about her oft-boasted bravery, telling her that she made but a sorry heroine after all. As they arose from the breakfast-table, Judy came in to state that Mr. Morgan had been over to inquire if his wife was there, and upon being answered in the affirmative had "swore quite obstroperous."

"He g'wine sen for yer dis morning, Miss Annah," added Judy, dropping a courtesy as she spoke; "but he done say dat de berry nex time yer turn fool an run 'way in de night, you kin git home de bes way yer kin; he say dat de Yankees aint nowhar near him, and if dey war, dat Stone-Wall Jackson can whip de warld, and de Yankees too."

Shortly after breakfast a one-horse cart was driven up to the gate, and the driver inquired for Mrs. Morgan. This was the equipage sent by Mar-

cellus to convey to her home his alarmed wife ! The indignant physician offered his carriage ; but Annah, affecting to view the conduct of her husband in the light of a joke, declared that she would accept of no conveyance but that so courteously provided for her.

“ The rascal ! ” muttered the irate physician to himself. “ To think that he would dare to ill-use such a woman ! ”

Bettie, of course, was not sufficiently recovered to be removed, and Annah took her leave, saying that, after explaining the reason of their flight to Mr. Morgan, she would return to assist in the care of her sister. As she drove up to the door of her home, Morgan was crossing the garden, but he did not deign to notice her. When, some time after, he entered the room, he said in a sarcastic tone,

“ How did you enjoy a drive in the cart ? ”

“ Oh, very well, indeed, ” she replied, cheerfully. “ It certainly had the advantage of novelty. ”

“ I will bring your pride low before I have done with you, Madam, ” he said, with a tremendous oath.

Mr. Morgan had more reasons than one for being unusually unsociable that morning. It seemed that the fears and flight of his wife were not without cause. Their fowl-houses had been robbed in the

night, the thieves having had their own way. But this was not the cause of the strange noise and mournful cries that had frightened Annah and Rebecca. They emanated from two of Morgan's colored women who had gone into the dark swamp to collect light wood, had lost their road, been benighted, and were unable to find their way out of the forest until daylight aided them.

Morgan had been on a visit to one of his female friends that night, and he had forgotten the dangers that menaced his household in this time of war while basking in the smiles of his inamorata. Had he been at home, as it was his duty to be, the disaster might have been avoided; but it did not please him to feel that the loss was his own fault. Annah shuddered when she heard that another house had been entered, and that a woman who gave the alarm and resisted the robbers had been most brutally maltreated.

The marauders belonged to the Northern army; a band of them had forcibly entered the house, and an officer had ransacked the bureau drawers and appropriated the bridal trousseau of a young lady, while his men made free with whatever edibles and drinkables they could lay their lawless hands on.

There was an amusing incident connected with

this robbery. The officer, after despoiling the wardrobe of the affianced girl, sought to extend his depredations to her mother's effects; but the old lady seized a broomstick and so belabored the cowardly cur, that he was only too glad to seek refuge in flight, followed by the jeers of his insubordinate men.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.



WHEN, after a few days, her sister returned to her house, Annah was shocked to perceive the sad alteration in her appearance. And, indeed, the decay of Bettie's health might be dated from that night of fear and exposure. Her cold developed into a cough that nothing could assuage. Marcellus Morgan was, of course, accessory to her illness. But Annah saw no signs of amendment or remorse in Marcellus. He was like the Rev. Pilate Patter, who had married Mrs. Mary Foy, and who wanted a long cloak with which to cover his conduct. Patter and Morgan were warm friends—if one could call friendship any sentiment existing between two such unprincipled hearts.

The young widow, feeling unwilling to remain longer in Morgan's house, wrote to the reverend gentleman, her stepmother's husband, that she was ill and desired to return home. In a few days Mr. Patter arrived. Bettie had some money, and Pat-

ter thought best to humor her when it did not too much inconvenience himself. He arrived, bringing his long coat, white cravat, and standing collar as stiff with starch as the owner was with sin. Could one have looked into his heart, he would have beheld there a host of peacocks, toads, and other loathsome objects. The peacock is said to denote pride, the toad pomposity ; and if ever there was a pompous egotist with a cloven foot, it was the Rev Pilate Patter.

Annah accompanied her sister home, and remained with her a few days. While crossing the Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Patter conversed with Annah about her father's will. This will ordained, that, if Andrew, Annah's brother, died before arriving at the age of twenty-one his portion of the property was to be equally divided among the other heirs. The other gentleman pretended to believe that the health of the youth was too delicate to admit of a hope of his arriving at manhood ; but Annah saw his drift and did not encourage the conversation.

"Well," said the mercenary parson at last, "I am afraid the slaves will soon be freed altogether, so I shall endeavor to sell Andrew's as soon as possible."

But he was foiled in his attempt to get possession of his step-son's dollars, for the judge to whom he applied for permission to take this step, peremptorily

refused to grant his application, far seeing that the wily minister meditated defrauding the infant heir.

Bettie could not conceal from her sister that she was glad—very glad, to return home; nor could Annah blame any one for disliking to dwell beneath the same roof as Marcellus Morgan.

Mrs. Morgan returned with her sister, passed a few days in the country, then taking leave, a tearful leave, of her sister, and the little blue-eyed Mollie, started once more for the Rappahannock, to dwell in a dungeon at Oak Lawn—a palace would a prison prove, were it poisoned with the presence of Marcellus.

He did not, would not, go with the army, but stayed at home, and blew a bellows.

There are few, we trust very few, whose own experience enables them to comprehend the miseries endured by Annah during the twelve years that she was the wife of Marcellus Morgan. She had made up her mind to bear as bravely as she could the conduct of her husband, for alas! she could perceive no hope of a reformation. Bettie had been a source of great comfort to Annah during the few weeks she had resided with her, and it was a severe trial to part with her and the baby. But she engaged in the domestic affairs, and endeavored to be ever cheerful.

A short time after her return home she was invited to a wedding-party. While making preparations to attend the festivities, what fantastic thoughts engaged the brain of our heroine!

“Josephine was happy on the Island of Martinique,” thought she, “but did greatness enhance her happiness? Her husband truly loved her, and yet he left her for another. Mine loves me not, and yet, and yet. Ah!” with a deep-drawn sigh—“there must be wisdom in all the mysterious afflictions that are showered upon mortals.”

The day arrived, and when the wife of Marcellus was duly adorned for the occasion, she looked herself like a beautiful bride. Her luxuriant hair was allowed to flow in natural ringlets, in which was entwined a delicate spray of orange-flowers. Scarcely whiter than her neck were the orient pearls by which it was encircled; perfect in every particular was her elegant costume; to quote a well-known thought—

“Her garments were rich, and she wore them most gracefully.”

When she descended to the room where Marcellus awaited her, he could not help starting at the vision of loveliness.

“Do I suit you, Mr. Morgan?” she gently asked, observing that he was regarding her attentively.

"Yes! you look very well this evening. Come, the carriage is waiting," he replied.

After a long silent drive they reached the palatial residence of Colonel Carter, Fleet's Bay.

The grounds were filled with carriages. As Morgan's dashing equipage drove up, all eyes were attracted to the new arrival. When Annah alighted a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. She heard her name repeated more than once, and encomiums pronounced upon her beauty. She felt somewhat confused, this being the first time that she had ever visited Northumberland County. In that direction, of course, she met many strangers.

They were ushered into a dark room, but, almost instantaneously, at least two dozen wax candles, that were in silver brackets on the walls, were lighted, and a very pretty effect was caused by the rich jewels in the *coiffures* of fair ladies scintillating in the mellow irradiance that they shed around.

The intended bride, Miss Alice Carter, was a very lovely creature, with soft blue eyes, dazzlingly fair skin, and a beautiful mouth. The smile on her lip and the expression of her mild eyes immediately prepossessed Annah in her favor. The bridegroom-elect, Mr. William K——, was one of the wealthiest men in the country.

As Annah saw the fair girl yield her hand to the man who in a few moments was to be made the arbiter of her destiny, a chill ran through her heart. Her own bridal-day rushed upon her memory. The bowing willow, the bursting billow, and the wide-spread green lawn all appeared before her like a scene of yesterday. "God grant, sweet creature!" thought Annah, "that you may never, never have cause to regret leaving your father's house. May you never learn how fickle, how inconstant is man!"

The ceremony was over, and the happy couple were receiving congratulations. As Annah turned away, after having offered hers, she could not help overhearing some compliments paid her by the bride. The groom was intimately acquainted with Morgan's family; indeed, his property was situated in the same neighborhood. Annah received a great deal of attention during the evening, and more than once overheard the remark:

"How in the world came she to marry that man? Why, I never saw so unequal a match. The dove and the crow! The jackdaw and the bird-of-paradise! She is certainly exceedingly intelligent, and is said to be very amiable. I am sure she looks so."

"Yes," said a young physician, "the people on the other side of the Chesapeake must view faces

very differently from us. She is lovely, and he is a real ape."

Annah's cheeks burned to hear the man she was compelled to recognize as her husband pronounced an ape; yet she could not blame people for so thinking. "The Golden Ladder! the Golden Ladder! Ah! why did my avaricious aunt require me to scale it?" she murmured.

The evening passed off delightfully. All hearts seemed joyous; but involuntarily a sigh would escape Annah's sweet lips; happiness was lost to her, and she was lost to her friends, and lost to society, for some of her relatives had not seen her since she was a child. At length Morgan came to inquire when she intended going home.

"Whenever you please, Mr. Morgan," said Annah, gently.

He looked dark and angry, so she knew that something had occurred to displease his lordship, and went to take leave of the "happy pair." The bridegroom said:

"Mrs. Morgan, to-morrow, at Mars Hill, we have a party; Morgan and yourself must come over. Our invitations are verbal; we have issued no cards for the dinner at my house."

"I shall be very happy to attend," returned Annah, "if Mr. Morgan pleases."

"I shall please to stay at home, K——, I think. I reckon we have had weddings enough now to last for some time," said Morgan.

"Oh!" said Mr. K——, who saw that his guest had imbibed considerable wine, "you must certainly come, Morgan. I wish my wife to become better acquainted with yours; you are our nearest neighbors, recollect."

A few more words of adieu, and they went out to the carriage. Morgan stood like a statue, while his wife entered without assistance. Even after she was seated he did not move, but stood gazing at her savagely.

"Are you not coming, Mr. Morgan?" said Annah, politely, although she could scarcely help laughing at the ridiculous figure he presented.

"Mind your own business," was the elegant reply she received. Then he suddenly made a rush for the door of the carriage, which came near being torn from the hinges by his violence.

"Drive like the devil!" he shouted to the coachman, and the carriage dashed over roots, and down hills, and into gullies, swaying to and fro, in momentary danger of being overturned.

"And you'll know it when you catch me at any more frolics, Madam," he added to his wife.

"Ah," thought Annah, "were the frolic but held

at the house of Kitty Fisher or Joice Powells, Mr. Morgan would be one of the most untiring guests."

"Drive faster!" bawled Morgan to the driver; the horses were then traveling at the top of their speed.

When they arrived at their own gate, and the driver alighted to open it, Morgan caught the reins and jerked them savagely, to the great detriment of the poor horses, who were all in a foam. The gate flew open; Morgan did not wait for the driver to resume the seat, but slashed away at the animals, as though determined to kill something or somebody that night. As soon as they stopped at the door he sprang out and rushed into the house, leaving Annah to take care of herself. When she entered her room Marcellus had already thrown himself on the bed, and he capped the climax, even before she had disrobed, by ordering her, in a loud voice, "to prepare to sleep upon the floor, for into bed she should not enter that night."

Annah made no reply, but was an unusual time in undressing, hoping that Morgan would fall asleep, and that then she could quietly leave the room. But the cruel and artful Bajezet was on the watch, and, as Annah was about to open the door he raised his head and called out:

“Where are you going, you beauty, as you were called this evening? If you do not go back to that chair, and remain there, I’ll ‘beautify’ you, and increase your vast stock of ‘intelligence.’ Sharp as you are, you are not quite sharp enough for Marcellus Morgan.”

“Mr. Morgan,” said Annah, allow me to leave the room. I am fatigued and wish to lie down.”

“Lie on the carpet then. Though you are so perfect, I think I can improve you. I’ll make you altogether independent of creature comforts. Your queenly appearance is quite different now to what it was a few hours ago, when you promenaded Col. Carter’s parlors and every one paid homage to you. The next wedding you attend, my bird-of-paradise, you shall wear a splendid costume of shilling calico. How will you like that, my gentle dove? If you do not lie down this moment upon the carpet, I will find means to make you; do you hear?”

He was becoming so violent, that our heroine thought best to comply, as she well knew that he had no scruples about carrying his threats into execution. So wearied was she, that she actually fell asleep, while Morgan’s ridiculous words and threats still sounded in her ears. It may be imagined that she felt no better next day for having couched upon the hard floor all night.

It appeared, from the language of Marcellus, that he had overheard the eulogies pronounced upon his wife, and consequently the disparaging remarks concerning himself. His love was like vapor, and had long since passed away. The idea that others should consider her lovable was obnoxious. He was jealous—jealousy without love; strange anomaly!

The day which was appointed for the party to be held at Mars Hill arrived, and Morgan was the first to propose to attend. Well he knew that after all she had passed through she did not feel like entering into gay society, and hence he was determined that she should attend. He assumed his blandest manner as he, with “killing courtesy,” informed her that they were to appear at the dinner given at Mr. K——’s. They went, and never was seen in a country place a more splendid entertainment. Even while there, surrounded by attentive acquaintances and gay companions, Annah often found herself sinking into deep and bitter reveries. Her mind seemed to soar above the trifles of time; alas! too deeply had the iron entered into her soul. The fickleness, the brutality to which she was subjected, was greater than she had conceived could exist in the heart of man. She, who had been the Jewel of Fabian Foy’s mansion, could date another era in

her existence from the time of the wedding-party at Mars Hill, for, from that period, Marcellus became trebly estranged. Once, when he called for her at the house of a neighbor she was visiting, he obliged her to return home with him, making her walk and run by the side of his horse for hours, through briers and thorns, and over freshly-plowed ground.

On a frosty New Year's day he locked up his house, telling his domestics that they might all take a holiday. Mrs. Morgan was locked into a cold room, without fire, or fuel to kindle one, everything of the kind having been removed. There she remained benumbed with cold, expecting to be frozen to death; but there was no redress as yet. Could mortal be hidden in a more wretched place? She often wished that the Yankees would pass that way. She feared them not half so much as she did Morgan.

On one fine Sabbath morning in October, Mr. Morgan attended his wife to church. Salem was a Baptist church, in Lancaster county, and the Rev. Addison Hall, of Virginia, was the pastor; on this particular Sabbath he had selected these words for his text: "*O thou afflicted, tossed about and not comforted, the Lord is thy husband.*" As he uttered this sentence the tears gushed from the eyes of Mrs.

Morgan,—every word of the speaker sank into her inmost heart. She felt that she was tossed upon beaten rocks and nearly shattered to pieces. The storm was ceaseless and long-continued, and, her breaking heart cried aloud for compassion. She listened to this pious man, while the tears flowed down her cheeks. She had confidence in his doctrine; he taught the Gospel of St. James. He was not a Pilate Patter, who had neither faith nor real piety, being a sanctimonious humbug who made a parade of his goodness on the Sabbath, but who occupied himself during the week grinding down every poor soul at whom he could get a grip.

The Rev. Mr. Hall was a good man, and his ministry was blessed with thousands of converts. But even this able and eloquent man failed to make an impression upon Morgan, whose heart seemed to be hard as adamant and callous as sin could make it. When the good man had concluded his remarks, Colonel Cameron offered up a prayer, and it appeared that even his words were especially intended to touch Annah. She returned home feeling that she had derived great special consolation and instruction; her faith was increased, hope revived in her drooping heart, prospects looked less dark; she began to believe that she would not be left to dwell forever under Morgan's baneful influence; that a

power of some quickening kind would come and pluck her out of his hand.

Oh! ye daughters of this Eastern continent, ye fair virgins of America! think for one moment, weigh well in the balance the troubles that this unfortunate woman has already passed through. And yet, only an infinitesimal part of the suffering she endured, the bitter anguish always at her heart, the ceaseless contumely with which she was treated, the brutal violence to which she was subjected during the years, the long weary years, which so slowly dragged away their length while she was Morgan's wife, have we mentioned. Were all the fiendish acts of barbarity that this human Satyr perpetrated upon this gentle, fragile woman, whom he had sworn to love and honor, related, the heart of the reader would sicken with disgust, a thrill of horror would chill the warm blood in his veins, and he would pause to consider whether it was possible that such a demon could exist on this fair earth, or whether the character was a mere creation of the narrator's brain. Poor unhappy Annah! Well might she exclaim, in the language of Job: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let

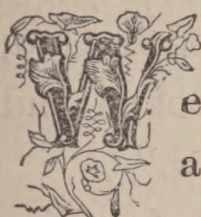
darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it."

But by Him who guided the children of Israel with a cloud during the day and a pillar of fire by night was our heroine guided. Her frail bark was tossed to and fro on a surging sea, which threatened to overwhelm it; but she trusted in God, the great ameliorator of all woes, and looked and prayed unto Him for "surcease of sorrow."

It was wonderful that Annah's mental faculties did not become impaired, many have gone down to the grave, bereft of reason, without experiencing one tithe of the suffering that was the miserable wife's portion; but He who ordains all things did not so will it; instead, He gave her strength to bear the cross that He had laid upon her; and Hope, that beacon that always brightly burns for the world-worn and world-weary, aided her, for, far in the dim vista of the future, a glimmering ray of light struggled through the dense cloud-banks which ever shadowed her life, and gave promise of rest and peace in after years.

CHAPTER XV.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

 "HAT a wretchedly dull day is this!" exclaimed Morgan, as he entered an apartment at Oak Lawn.

"Indeed!" said Annah, who sat beside a cheerful fire, engaged with her embroidery. She had fallen into the habit of saying just as little as was politely possible in reply to Morgan's remarks, finding that the best manner in which to preserve a semblance of peace.

Mr. Morgan yawned, and stretched himself in his easy chair; then he sauntered to the window with his hands in his pockets, and "whistling as he went for want of thought." Finding the prospect from the window uninteresting to his intellectual mind, he lolled for a while upon the sofa. Then he paced for some time up and down the room; finally he exclaimed, with a loud oath, and bringing his hand hard down upon a table that he happened to be near:

"By ——, I have hit it! just the right thing! I

will sell out here and go to Norfolk. I am weary of this place, and I have sisters residing there."

"I am willing to go," exclaimed Annah, involuntarily. Her poor heart bounded at the prospect of a change, trusting that it would surely be one for the better.

"Willing to go!" echoed Morgan. "Of course you are willing to go. You will have nothing to do but dress and flaunt the streets, like all other lazy vixens, and make the acquaintance of the blue-coats, who, like that arch rogue Ben. Butler, have a mania for misappropriation, and, when they get 'spoons' on a man's wife, find but little difficulty in carrying her off."

This stung Annah to the quick, and she could not help uttering the retort that sprang to her lips :

"Your sisters, Mr. Morgan, you say, reside in Norfolk. I do not suppose that I shall appear in the streets oftener than they do, and whatever any members of your family do is always correct. I presume the Northern troops are there, and perhaps we may be better protected by *your family* being there."

"Do not be sarcastic, Madam ; it don't suit you—you have mistaken the style ; and one thing I can tell, had I a wife who traveled the streets as does Caleb Savage's wife, my sister Ellen, I should very

promptly put a stop to it. If I remove to Norfolk, I shall tell Nicholson to keep Eliza in the house, for all those women do is to make up fine clothes and flirt around Portsmouth and old Point Comfort, in order to admire the fine-looking Yankee officers," he added sneeringly.

"Mr. Morgan, would it be wise to meddle in your sisters' affairs? It might give them a distaste for your society," suggested Annah.

"Do you suppose I care for that? I am my own master, and shall do as I please. Never have I been governed by a petticoat since I cut my mother's apron-strings, and all the Nicholsons and wild savages of Algiers cannot conquer me," and out he strode, with a countenance as amiable as that of a gorilla.

As the daylight died away and twilight deepened, Annah's mind strayed far away from Marcellus, out into the fields of imagination. The room was dimly illuminated by the weird light an old-fashioned wood-fire that burned upon the brass andirons shed around.

All was silent. Annah had to mourn over her troubles in solitude and loneliness. She had no offspring; once this had been to her a source of acute regret, now, on the contrary, she was fain to rejoice in her heart that no child of hers called Marcellus father. At last a domestic opened the door, and

inquired whether she wanted tea or coffee to be served for supper.

“Coffee, by all means,” replied Annah, who recalled an insane attack made upon her once by Morgan because she had forgotten to see some commands executed about his lordship’s coffee. The servant withdrew, but her presence had recalled Annah from dreams to stern reality.

“And now we are to leave this beautiful place,” thought Annah, “when my garden is looking so exquisitely beautiful and my shrubs are coming on so finely. The grape-vines that I have taken so much pleasure in attending under the new method, my favorite young orchard, just in its prime! Well, such is life—change, change, perpetual change! I wonder if Marcellus was, or ever will be, contented. Ah!” a sudden light breaking in upon her mind, “yes, it must be so; I can guess the cause of his sudden caprice, his wish to go to Norfolk. He is aware that his conduct has become the subject of universal remark, and hence his sudden desire to leave Lancaster. He pretends to fear his houses will be destroyed; that’s all nonsense, he has some other project on hand. Poor man! victim of his own bad passions, he has none to pity him; all unite in meting out to him just retribution for his multifarious sins.

Annah truly pitied the man who had inflicted so many injuries upon her, and she knew not by what contrariety of impression she found herself repeating these lines :

“Time’s somber touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease ;
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And breathes a pensive languor in the soul.”

Here supper was announced ; Mrs. Morgan hastened to obey the summons. Marcellus was already seated at the table, and, with his usual courtesy, had helped himself without waiting for his wife. Annah was seized with a desire to know how Marcellus was progressing with his studies, particularly geography. He had made, in his ignorance, some most ridiculous mistakes when there were strangers present.

“How about the savages of Algiers, Mr. Morgan, to whom you alluded this afternoon?” she asked.

“Well, so I did. I heard a man yesterday read from a paper something about savages in Algiers, and, of course, he meant Caleb’s family. But I thought he was making a mistake, because all the savages I ever heard of lived in Northumberland and Accomac.”

“Did you really think, Mr. Morgan, that the man who was reading meant Savages by name?”

“Yes, of course he did; what else could he mean? I suppose there is some place named Algiers in Northumberland or Accomac.”

“Oh! no, no, Mr. Morgan! Algiers is a country in the northern extremity of Africa, and the natives of those barbarous states are called savages because they are not civilized.”

“Well, I swear, Annah, you are becoming a bigger fool every day you live. To tell me such a thing as that! Do you suppose I believe such a lie? To say that there are wild people in the world! Well, I have sometimes thought that you were going crazy, sitting here talking of ‘stremities, as though you could fill my eyes with sand. I do not care anything about your extremes or ‘stremities; I *know* that the man meant some of Caleb’s family, or Littleton’s. You know Littleton, who used sometimes to accompany me when I was ‘a sparkin’ you?”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Morgan, unable to repress a smile.

“What are you laughing at, Madam? You make fun enough of me, and I’ll not have it. I will make you laugh on the other side of your ‘pretty lips;’ as Dr. Bernett was so fond of calling them at the wedding of K——.”

“I was not ‘making fun,’ Mr. Morgan, because I

smiled. But what I tell you about the savages is true."

"Mrs. Morgan, you have lolled in your easy-chair, and dawdled over your embroidery, and muddled your brain over old books, until you have lost your mind. You had some sense when I married you and took you to Poplar Hill; but since you have come to Oak Lawn, you have turned fool. I'd burn up the whole library if I were intending to remain here; but it will be just as well, and more profitable, to sell it off; and trust me, Madam, when I reach Norfolk you will 'lead another sort of life,' as your great friends, the poets, have it."

Our heroine refrained from reply. When the meal was over, Morgan, for a wonder, took a seat beside the fire.

"When are you going to be in readiness to remove to Norfolk?" he inquired of his wife, just as though he had been in the habit of allowing her a choice in *res angusta domi*.

"Whenever you are ready, I suppose, Mr. Morgan."

"Well, two weeks from this day I shall sail for that city. Next Monday I shall sell, and I wish everything to look its best in order to bring a good price. I am tired of this place. The people are all too smart here, and you are as big a fool as any one

else." With which parting benediction he left the room.

Annah thought in her heart, that of all the consummate blockheads she had ever met, she would award the palm to the man the law recognized as her husband.

"How I have been sacrificed!" thought "the little Jewel" of Fabian Foy. "What was the use of my father going to the expense of educating me? what has education done for me, but to render me miserable? Had my mind remained as uncultivated as that of Mr. Morgan, then, perhaps, I should suit him better; then, perhaps, he would love me. If I speak to him in regard to his ignorance, and endeavor to teach him, he retorts that I am making fun of him. Heaven knows I never thought of such a thing. Oh! how miserable am I!"

The household was soon all in confusion, making preparations for the sale and subsequent removal to the city. Each day brought forward some new excitement. Annah was both glad and grieved to leave the place. She regretted bidding adieu to her church and to her kind neighbors, but rejoiced to have Marcellus removed from his degraded associates. She hoped that when he got among his relatives, pride, if not principle, would induce him to avoid women and wine; but we

shall see presently how Marcellus got along in the city.

Mrs. Morgan often sought the meadow that she and Bettie had crossed on the memorable night when the latter fell into a brier-bush. Beneath a large oak, whose shade was refreshing to her weariness, Annah passed many meditative hours. She now sought it for the last time before her departure from Lancaster. Night was fast approaching, the moon had risen and shed her silvery light over the dew-spangled earth; stars twinkled in the heavens, while the bird that is said to denote death uttered its mournful cry, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" resounded over her head. Even the croaking of the frogs seemed to convey an intimation of that sad word, "farewell!" Annah fixed her eyes upon the "spangled firmament;" her thoughts soared above and beyond things terrestrial to that land where "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace," where birds warble their notes of praise to the great Creator, where the air is impregnated with the perfumes of flowers, and "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

A feeling of unwonted beatitude entered Annah's heart. She felt that at some future day she would enter the glorious realm above, and that even in this

world her oppression would be modified. When the heavy dew warned her to hasten homeward, she bore with her an increase of courage and fortitude.

In a few days the sale took place. There were a great many who expressed regret that Mrs. Morgan was about to leave the country. Why did they wish to break up and part with that beautiful plantation? was often asked. No one could account for Morgan's strange freak.

A Mrs. Crittenden, the widow of Lawyer Crittenden, was a great favorite of our heroine's. Annah had not a large circle of female acquaintances. Having had some experience of the treachery of women, she stood aloof from the masses; but this lady was a good woman, and Annah and she were warm friends and regular visitors.

As soon as Mary Crittenden heard that Mrs. Morgan was about to remove from the county, she put on her bonnet and started off on foot to discover if it were really true. When she approached the house and gazed upon it and all its beautiful surroundings, she said to herself:

"It is not possible that they who own this elegant place, and have here all that heart could wish, are going to give it up and remove to a bustling city."

But, alas! it was too true. As Mrs. Crittenden

entered the gate, Annah ran out, kissed her, and smiled as though she was happy.

"Oh," said Mrs. Crittenden, "I have heard that you are going to leave us, but I cannot believe it, Annah."

"But such is the fact," replied the planter's wife. "We shall depart in a few days."

"Why, if I may ask, do you leave this splendid house and property?"

"Marcellus pretends that there will soon be a battle fought on Carter's Creek, and his house will be burnt. Therefore it is his desire to dispose of it, and you know it is my duty to comply."

Tears ran down the cheeks of her friend.

"Oh, Mrs. Morgan, I have always loved you so much! Indeed, so sincere and ardent has been my affection for you that I have even ventured to expostulate with Mr. Morgan regarding his unkindness and cruelty toward you. I heard the other day that he had— Oh, heavens! I will not say it—it cannot be true!"

"Too true—too true," said Annah, guessing what her friend had heard.

"Oh," continued the excited woman, "were a man to treat me in that manner I do believe that I should kill him; and yet I hope that I am a Christian. But God never made a woman to be treated so

cruelly as, to my certain knowledge, you have been."

Mrs. Crittenden wept as she spoke. Annah was also in tears ; she could not help saying :

"My dear friend, if what you have heard was the worst I could bear it, but—" And here, almost overpowered by her emotion, she could say no more. Bitter, bitter memories were in her mind, and her poor heart was almost bursting. She knew that the good woman had heard nothing, comparatively speaking ; but to reveal it would do no good, therefore she said but little.

"Now," said Mrs. Crittenden, "I am going to ask you a question, Annah Morgan, and I wish you to tell me the truth ; did Marcellus Morgan ever— Oh, I cannot speak it !"

"I comprehend you," said Annah, "and I can answer you and say yes, that it is true."

And Annah wept more bitterly when the lady referred to an inhuman act of her husband's, which she had just cause to remember.

"Annah Morgan," continued her friend, persistently, "is that indeed so ? My God ! I have a child, yes, children, and the man who would dare to treat one of my daughters in such a manner I would bring at once to condign punishment. No woman deserves or ought to submit to such treatment. I have

often, often noticed your sad countenance, and knew that you were wrestling with some secret trouble. Tell me, why did not Mr. Dunaway's family visit you, as you expected?"

"When we were at their Union meeting some weeks ago, Mr. Dunaway's family promised to spend their time with us during our meeting. On Friday morning I arose very early, in order to attend to all of my duties before the hour for church. There are many things that Mr. Morgan compels me to do, although you see what a number of domestics we keep. While I was making my toilette, Marcellus came in—

"‘Where are you going?’ he asked.

"‘To church, of course, Mr. Morgan.’

"‘How are you going?’

"‘In the carriage,’ I replied.

"‘Well,’ said my husband, ‘if you go to Salem to-day, you will have to foot it, neither my horses, or carriage, or servants shall go until to-morrow afternoon.’

"‘Why do you say that, Mr. Morgan. Do you not know that the Dunaway family are coming here—that you yourself cordially invited them?’

"‘I care not for the Dunaways or the Dunowhos, I am not going to church.’

"I then said, ‘Why, Marcellus, that will be too

mean a trick to be guilty of—to invite people to accompany you home from church, and then not make your appearance. We are not ill, we have no excuse to offer, and it will be most shockingly rude.'

" 'I am not going.'

" 'Well, Mr. Morgan, if we do not go to-day, I do not wish to go at all; because not to make our appearance there before Saturday afternoon would look as though we were trying to avoid receiving company. Those persons were so kind to us at their meeting, that I feel disposed to return their hospitality.'

" 'There is no use in talking, I will not go; and if you do so, you can walk, the distance is about four miles—a nice little promenade for you, my lady.'

"I saw that the case was hopeless. When Mr. Morgan left the room, I could not avoid weeping; but tears were of no avail, so I dried my eyes and endeavored to busy myself, in order to distract my sad thoughts. In the afternoon Mr. Morgan ordered his horse to be put to the single carriage, dressed himself, and drove off. I could not conceal from myself that the friends whom we had invited to our house would consider us, and rightly too, the meanest of people. Marcellus returned home at

dusk, and—and—oh! Mrs. Crittenden, I cannot tell you the rest, you have heard—”

“Yes, I have heard; I understand it all, Annah, and I tell you candidly, that no woman ought to submit to corporeal chastisement from her husband. I may never see you again, but if you were my own sister I would give you the advice I now offer. Leave your husband, and apply for a divorce. He is unworthy of the consideration of any woman. Money can never supply the place of principle.”

“Ah!” thought Annah, “this is the Golden Ladder my aunt bade me ascend! He swears that he will follow me to the end of the earth, and murder me if I leave him,” she added aloud, wringing her hands. “I should be happier living on bread and water, if free from Morgan, than faring sumptuously in a palace and compelled to endure his presence.”

The friends separated after an affectionate and tearful adieu; the last and most fervent wish expressed by Mrs. Crittenden being that Annah should make the effort to release herself from bondage to a husband whose animal propensities were so strong.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORGAN'S MACHINATIONS.



AT the appointed time the sale took place. Annah could not restrain her tears, as one by one she beheld her favorite articles of *vertu* pass into the hands of strangers.

“This,” thought she, “will sever the slender cord that binds Marcellus and I together. After all this property is sold, and Morgan obtains its value in cash, he will become even more licentious than ever; then there will be no bounds to his depravity and tyranny.”

It was necessarily very painful to Mrs. Morgan to see her Lares and Penates knocked down to strangers, and every cry of the auctioneer entered her heart.

Well she knew that most of the costly furniture that was then being sold had been purchased with her money, yet she feared that she would never receive much benefit from the disposal of it, and, in her morbid state of mind, she thought—“The day may come when I shall not have a place to lay my head. I feel that this day will prove an epoch in

my wretched life. Whether the change, which I instinctively feel is about to take place, will be for the better or worse, I know not. If I have still to suffer, my life will not be of long duration, and for this I am thankful, as death, and the glory that it will bring with it, will be in every way preferable to a miserable existence in this world of care."

In two days the sale was over. Large sums of money were collected from purchasers; some of whom, however, only paid in part, and gave bonds, payable in six months, for the remainder of the amounts they owed.

When Mrs. Morgan was packing her trunks, subsequent to the auction, she opened her jewel-case for the purpose of ascertaining if all her ornaments were within it. She at once missed her diamond ring—the sparkling, brilliant *gage d'amour* that Adrian had placed upon her taper finger in years gone by, in happy days when she reveled in his love, and little anticipated the dreadful future that was in store for her. A further scrutiny revealed the fact that a treasured relic, a breast-pin containing a lock of her mother's hair, the only memento of her sainted parent that she possessed, had also disappeared; and the poor creature, when she fully realized the loss she had sustained, sank upon a couch and sobbed aloud in the agony of her grief, while great

pearly tears welled to her violet eyes, glittered awhile on their sweeping fringes, then fell, bright opals, on her heaving breast.

"Gone! gone! Would I had passed away ere, Adrian, I forgot my love for thee, and linked my life to wretchedness and woe," she gasped, in a paroxysm of despair.

That evening Mrs. Morgan was taken seriously ill; over-excitement and distress of mind had done its work, and thrown her into a fever. She was under the necessity of retiring to her room, leaving Marcellus sitting by the fire in company with an old lady who was in the habit of staying with them.

Mrs. Morgan had been in bed about an hour, when she was startled by her husband, who burst into the room, exclaiming, angrily:

"Annah, what have you done with my bonds?"

"Your bonds! Mr. Morgan; I have not seen your bonds. I know nothing about them," replied the exhausted and suffering woman, not even able to open her eyes.

"You do know; you are uttering a falsehood," said he, furiously. "You have stolen and hidden them away, and if you do not speedily produce them I will kill you."

"Good heavens! Marcellus, I am so ill that I can scarcely hold up my head, and I repeat that I know

nothing whatever about your bonds. Cannot that satisfy you? Oh! my head aches intolerably."

Her face was flushed with fever, and her eyes glared with incipient delirium; but the heartless husband cared not for her sufferings. He still swore that she had hidden the bonds, and that he would institute a thorough search. Annah had seen the bonds in his possession, and had accidentally heard him mention the amount, that was the extent of her information in regard to them; but Morgan continued to abuse her so furiously that she attempted to rise from her couch of pain in order to assist in the search for them; however, she sank back with pain while making the effort.

The old lady, Mrs. Edmonds, who had told Morgan of the loss his wife had sustained, entered the room at the moment. She looked with astonishment at Mrs. Morgan.

"What is the matter with you, Annah Morgan? Are you crazy? Do you intend to gratify your husband by rising from a sick bed to search for bonds which he is very well aware you know nothing about? He only wishes to torment you, and induce you to keep quiet about the loss of your ring. Don't mind him, but be still."

"No," said Annah; "I must endeavor to assist in the search, or he may do something terrible.

There are no bounds to Mr. Morgan's temper; his wife, his domestics, his dependants, and even his horses and dogs live in continual dread of him."

Then Mrs. Morgan made another attempt to rise, and succeeded in getting out of bed. She wandered around the room, with one hand pressed upon her throbbing brow, looking in every place where she thought it likely a bundle of papers could have been hidden by accident or design.

"You poor, silly woman," exclaimed the visitor, "why don't you go to bed?"

"No! no!" said Mrs. Morgan, nervously, "I must try to find these bonds, or else my husband will kill me. He has misplaced them himself, I know; but he pretends to think that I have them."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds, involuntarily, "you would be better dead than tied to such a fiend."

After Annah had searched unavailingly in every direction, she crept along toward the bed and was about to lie down, trusting to the mercy of God to protect her from her furious husband, when Morgan again entered.

"Here they are," he said. "I put them into the money-bag, and had forgotten the circumstance."

"Oh! you villain!" said the old lady to herself, "if the devil don't get you, he will be cheated for

once. Now, did I not tell you that he had not lost them at all? He is only afraid that you will accuse him of stealing your ring," she added, aloud.

"I am glad that he has found them," said Annah. "Now, I trust he will permit me to rest awhile. My head and heart ache to bursting; my sorrows will soon be hidden in the tomb."

"Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Edmonds. "You will outlive Morgan, and, even if you do not, you will be clear of him at an early day, and then you will be able to accomplish some great good in the world. But, as long as you are with him, so long you will be kept down; he is to you an incubus."

The indignant old lady then bade Mrs. Morgan good-night, and retired to her room. Annah closed her weary eyes, and eventually succeeded in falling asleep; but her slumbers were uneasy, and her dreams were troubled visions. Even in her sleep, Marcellus, with his tyrannical cruelties, haunted her. When morning came she found herself but little refreshed. Appropriate to her condition are the following lines:

"Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps which misery treads
Approaching comfort view.
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastened by sabler tints of woe,
And blended, forms with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life."

The next day was that appointed for their departure, and Annah roused herself to bid adieu to all around her. Several carriages, filled with friends, arrived to escort them to the vessel which was to convey them to their destination. Among the number of regretful friends was old Mrs. Edmonds. With a full heart she had come to see the last of Annah Morgan, whom she looked upon and loved as her own child. She had visited Annah constantly for seven long years, and, indeed, had passed a great portion of her time beneath Annah's roof, for her own son, the betrothed of Miss Alice Carter, dwelt but a mile away. Mr. and Mrs. K——, with their little son Rolly were also at the boat.

At parting the ladies wept and kissed, of course, in true Virginian style. As the vessel left her moorings the assembled company on shore sang that beautiful old melody, "Good-by! Good-by!" and white handkerchiefs waved as long as the friends remained in view of each other. The beautiful *Powhattan* hoisted her white sails, and made her way out of the river. The sun had just appeared from behind the eastern hills, the sky was clear, and a fair wind filled the snowy canvas of the gallant craft.

Mrs. Morgan retired to her state-room and wept. She felt that each day in her existence was to ac-

comply with something new. Reality and romance abounded in her life. Weariness at length weighed down her eyelids, and she slept for several hours. When she awoke they were some distance out at sea. The wind had freshened, and half a gale was blowing, but Annah was not frightened. After nightfall the wind lulled, and the captain invited Mrs. Morgan to visit the deck. She went above. Oh, what a sight was there! the ocean by moonlight! Annah had watched the stars by the sea-side, but never had she beheld them from the deck of a vessel far out on the ocean.

"Ah," thought the Virginian Jewel, "would I were only in that bright world above, where beauty is perfect and where holiness reigns supreme!"

She gazed around with unbounded admiration. Every passing craft attracted her notice, especially the steamship *Roanoke*, which came rushing by like a storm.

There is something sublime in the power of steam, and Annah's mind paid a passing tribute to Watt.

In due course of time they arrived at Norfolk. The white sails were furled, the anchor cast, and the din and bustle of the ancient city saluted their ears. Annah thought it was a pleasant place, but not so fascinating as her imagination had pictured it.

Morgan's sister, Mrs. Savage, came down to the vessel and invited them to proceed to her residence, and they readily accepted the invitation. After having remained there some days, Annah said to Morgan :

“ When do you intend looking for a house ? It is certainly time that we located somewhere.”

It then transpired that Mr. and Mrs. Savage had offered Morgan a portion of their house ; but Annah would not consent to live with his relatives, so Morgan was under the necessity of renting one to himself.

This residence was large and airy, and with any one else would have been pleasant. Annah exerted herself to make it comfortable, and put it in the neatest order. She had two servants at her command, and she endeavored to make this, as far as feasible, a happy and attractive home.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUND AT LAST.



WHEN this ill-assorted couple had dwelt a few months in Norfolk, Marcellus resumed his old habit of frequently absenting himself from home.

“What is on the *tâpis* now?” wondered Annah. She feared her troubles were about to recommence.

One Sunday morning Annah, as usual, inquired of Morgan if he intended attending church.

“No,” he answered, rudely; “go alone, if you wish. I shall not accompany you.”

Mrs. Morgan made a merit of necessity, and set out unaccompanied. She started quite early, thinking she would take a stroll down toward the river.

As she walked on she met a very pretty mulatto girl, nicely dressed, and, as our heroine glanced at her, she thought she had seen her face before. While trying to place the stranger in her mind, the girl stood still for a moment and gazed intently into her face. In another instant the yellow girl sprang forward, caught Mrs. Morgan in her arms, and exclaimed :

"Oh, heavens! Miss Annah! Miss Annah! is this you?"

Mrs. Morgan, struggling to extricate herself from the strange girl, said:

"My name is Annah! who are you?"

"Don't you know your 'Zura?'" and, bursting into a flood of tears, the girl clung to her former mistress.

Mrs. Morgan gazed into the face of the girl, as if to scan her features.

"Yes, Missouri, I now recognize you. I am glad to meet you, for I never expected to see your face again."

"Master Griffin told me you were in this city; but he did not know where you lived, or I should have come to you on your arrival."

Annah also wept to meet the little slave, whom she had raised and so dearly loved.

Zura was now quite a woman, and was the exact image of Morgan's sister Ellen, who then lived in Norfolk.

"Where do you live, Miss Annah?" inquired Missouri.

"Just here, around the corner, on Main Street," replied Annah.

"Why, you are near by us," said the slave. "We live in Bermuda Street, and I am so glad I have

found you, Miss Annah. I was only going to the pump to get some water when I saw you, and, in an instant, I recognized you, although you do not look as well as you used to when I lived home on the old plantation."

"Well, my health is not very good, Missouri, although I am better than I was when your master brought you to the city to see your mother. How was it you got lost then?"

"Lost, Miss Annah! I did not get lost."

"Why, Mr. Morgan told me when he came back that you strayed away from the hotel just as he was about to take you to see your mother, and he supposed you were wandering around the streets; but it was on the morning that he was to return home, and, as he supposed that you would be found, and that the gentleman who owned your mother would take care of you, he returned alone."

"No, no! Miss Annah, that is not so. Master Marcellus sold me to the highest bidder; and when I was knocked off to Mr. Griffin, who is the master I've got now, and found I could not go home to you again, I thought I should die. Young master never carried me to see Aunt Adah, and I don't know where she lives now."

"Is it possible, Missouri, that you have not seen your mother?" said Annah.

"It is a fact that I have not, Madam," replied the girl, and she stood trembling all the while she spoke.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Morgan, "you shall see your mother. I know the man who bought her and where he lives."

As they turned to walk toward the house, a colored woman, one of Mrs. Morgan's servants, came tripping quickly down the street, and on seeing her talking to a stranger, stopped for a moment, then called her and said :

"Miss Annah, are you going home now?"

"Well, no, Rebecca, I am not going home just this moment. Why do you ask me that question?"

"Because, Madam, there is a strange colored woman in the kitchen who says she wants to see you very much; and as I saw you standing here, I told her I would run and tell you."

So Annah directed her footsteps homeward.

"I wonder who it can be," said Mrs. Morgan. "Perhaps, Missouri, it is your mother; she may have just heard that we have removed to the city."

"I hope so," said the girl, still weeping.

It is strange that some people cry for joy, yet it is often the case.

"Hush! hush!" said Annah, "don't cry so, Missouri, you make me feel sad."

“Oh! I cannot help it,” said the girl, “for I am so glad you have come to Norfolk to live. Oh! I wish I could reside with you again, Miss Annah.”

“Are your master and mistress kind to you, Missouri?”

“Yes, Ma’am—I have a good home—they treat me well. I am one of the chambermaids. I do not work hard, but they cannot feel to me like you, Miss Annah, because you raised me, and I always loved you so dearly.”

By this time Mrs. Morgan and the girl had reached the home of the former. On entering the kitchen Annah beheld, sure enough, Missouri’s mother—her old slave Adah.

“Lod! Lod! Miss Annah!” cried the negress, springing from her seat and catching her mistress around the waist, “I’s e so glad dat you is come to Norfolk. God knows, I nebber ’spected to see your face again. An here’s my own little Zura! Zura! Zura! Zura! is dis you, my own little chile?” Then clasping her offspring in her arms, she pressed her to her breast.

“Oh! oh!” said Missouri, “this is Aunt Adah, my own dear mother!” They wept in unison.

Adah sobbed, and said:

“My little lost Zura! I went all de way down to

de old plantation to see yer an' then came back without speakin' to yer."

"What is that?" said Mrs. Morgan. "You went down to the old plantation?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Adah, still weeping—"I run'd away an' went down to de warf. I heard Cap'en Flowers was here, an' I went down an' told him I want to see yer and dis here chile. So he tole me ter jump on de vessel quick, fur she was jus' a startin', an' I sprung on quicker dan lightnin.' We was only two days g'wine down, an' when I got dar, I went up home, an' I went to de spring whar I node Zura wud go fur water, an' I sot dar for long time dat day; but Zura didn't come, an' I was so 'fraid ob young master, feared he would pass by an' ketch me, dat I lef' de spring an' went de cross meadow; dar I sot in de broiling sun almos' two days; an' on de las' day Zura come to de spring, an' Lod, Miss Annah, my heart jump up in my mouth when I saw my little chile; but, jus' as she was g'wine to dip de water, she look up, an' den she drop de pail and she run like de debbil was after her, an' I didn't know what ailed her. Dar I stood cryin' under de tree, right opposite de spring, watchin' fur hur. By'm-by, I look up, Miss Annah, an' I see you comin' down to de spring, wid Zura; but even den my heart fail me, altho' I want to see yer so bad; but

I was 'fraid yer wud tell young master, so I run 'way, an' yer an' Zura stan' an' look after me. Den I didn't go no more; but I go down to de boat, and come back to Norfolk and nebber speak to my chile."

"Whom else did you see when you were in Lancaster, Adah," asked Annah.

"O! I see a great many ob de colored people in de ney'brood, but was 'fraid ob g'wine to yer quarters fur fear de niggers wud tell Mas'r Marcellus; den he might rite down ter Norfolk an' tell dis here marster, an' he wud sell me agin or flog me."

"You don't get whipped now, Adah, do you?"

"No! no! Ma'am; when I come home I go right back to dis marster an' tell him de truth, dat I'd bin down de Northern Neck ter see my chile, an' he nebber struck me a lick, but tell me go on an' mine my work." Then pushing up the sleeve of her dress, she added: "We don't furget dese here marks soon, Miss Annah; you remember dis, don't yer?" and she extended her arm toward Annah, showing her the scars of the wounds inflicted by Morgan before she left the old plantation.

"Has not your arm got well yet?" asked Annah.

"Oh yes, Ma'am! it's well, but it's weak from dat beatin'."

"You are much better off now, Adah, than you were with us?" remarked Annah.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am! I nebber wud lib wid him agin; but I wud like be with yer, Missus."

"Well, Adah," said Mrs. Morgan, "you and your child have met, and I hope that you will be happy in the future."

"I feels 'fraid even now, Miss Annah, dat young marster 'll come home 'fore I get 'way," replied the slave.

"Don't be afraid, Adah; he would not trouble you now." Then Annah, turning to leave, added: "You know where we live—come and see us whenever you please." But, stopping again, she continued: "I suppose you are aware, Adah, that you are all going to be free?"

"De Yankees tell us so, but dey fights a long wile, and God knows I don't like dem anyhow, if dey do set us free. I hab seen 'neugh of dem in dis here city already. Dey remind me of young Marster Cellus. He was nebber satisfied wid de nigger's work, an' all de wile licking us for nothin', so de Yankees, when dey get us in dere power will be hard 'neugh, I know."

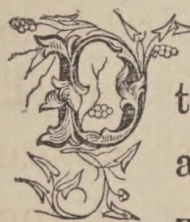
"Ah!" said her young mistress, "you will soon be free, and then the law will not allow any one to lash you."

“Sure ’neugh, Ma’am!”

Mrs. Morgan then bade the slaves adieu, and hurried off to church, leaving Missouri and her mother to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* after a separation of many years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.



URING the summer Morgan determined to spend a few weeks at Old Point Comfort, at that time one of the most fashionable watering-places in Virginia, and, much to Annah's surprise, expressed a wish that his wife should accompany him thither. However, she was only too glad to accede to his proposition, for she thought that he would probably be kinder to her if away from the baneful influence of his relations, who had always cherished a secret dislike for his unhappy wife.

The beauties of Point Comfort are not easily described, for the scenery is enchantingly lovely. Some of the houses are very elegant, the grounds and gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the walks nicely graveled. The town itself is very romantically situated on the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, and cool breezes animate the residents therein. Annah loved to be surrounded by the beauties of nature, and Morgan, who, for a wonder, behaved courteously and kindly to her, often accompanied her on a nocturnal ramble. One glorious starlit

night they promenaded the grounds and then seated themselves upon a grassy mound, and listened to the music of the moaning sea and the gentle whisperings of the wind as it soughed and rustled through the virent leafage above them. All was enchanting! all was ravishingly beautiful! and, for the first time in many long weary years, Annah felt contented. Her husband sat beside her, and his harsh nature seemed softened by the mystic grandeur of the night. He smiled and asked his wife how she liked the scenery. She replied that she thought a more beautiful spot could not be found on earth, for even the heavens' magnificence seemed eclipsed by the amalgamated splendors of the terrestrial planet.

"Well, my dear, I am glad you like it; I feel pretty good myself; this *dolce farniente* business suits me occasionally, for I like to lie on my back and look at the stars. There's that bright fellow up there twinkles so merrily that one can almost imagine he's winking at the numerous comical scenes he's viewing as he looks down upon this naughty world," said Morgan, jocularly.

"I love the stars, Marcellus. I think their mystic influence has inspired many of our best poets, and sitting here to-night reminds me of a poem written about this very place, that I read the other day," remarked Annah.

“You’ve a good memory, my dear; can you repeat it? I feel in a semi-sentimental mood myself to-night,” said Morgan.

Annah, only too glad to humor her husband while he was in such an affable mood, then repeated the following verses:—

It comforts me yet on Mount Comfort to ponder,
When moonshine is silv’ring its turreted walls,
But ah! of its sweet social dwellings I’m fonder,
Where true hospitality reigns in its halls.
There gorgeous-plumed parrots, with harmonized voices,
Inspire risibility; mocking-birds, too,
The nightingale’s echo—all nature rejoices,
For Hope, crowned with roses, enchanteth the view!

Gay parties from Norfolk Mount Comfort have gladdened,
Where all took their comfort, when sultriness ceased,
While jubilants cheered human hearts that were saddened,
Iced strawberry-creams, our delicate feast.
The Olives of Peace then were flourishing there.
Within that blest circle now Hope sits forlorn;
Dread cannon may thunder, and flowerets fair,
Ensanguined and crushed, of their beauty beshorn.

“Those are what they call *vers de société*, I suppose. I can’t say that I exactly understand their drift, but they sound pretty. Let’s go home now, Annah, for the sea air has made me thirsty, and I do believe I’d like a drink,” said Morgan.

Then they arose and proceeded to their residence, Annah thinking, as she walked beside her husband,

“Oh! if I could only reclaim him! No man is

all bad, and Marcellus has presented his bright side to-night. Now that the gates of his heart are ajar, if I could only slip in, my future life might yet be happy."

But Annah never afterward found Morgan in a compliant humor; he never again walked with her by night, but devoted himself to pursuing his usual reckless course of dissipation, and when they returned to Norfolk, he was as coarse and brutal as ever.

Soon after his return to the city, Marcellus concluded to give up housekeeping; so he took his wife to board at Caleb Savage's. Annah did not like this arrangement, but, of course, she was obliged to submit to the coercion of her husband.

They had not been long in their new quarters when Marcellus was taken seriously ill, and his relatives much commiserated him; but Annah had then been more than twelve years the wife of Marcellus Morgan, and she was not quite so verdant about sick people as the "wild Savages" around him. She knew that her husband's sickness had been brought about by dissipation, though his relations asserted that he was a victim to dyspepsia.

During the illness of Marcellus, which was of several months' duration, the Rev. Robert Foy arrived in Norfolk for the purpose of consulting

physicians in regard to his health. He remained some months with his sister, Mrs. Morgan, who thus had the care of two invalids. But Marcellus became so peevish and so spiteful that he often ordered Annah to leave his room, and she could not repine at the dismissal, for her health was becoming impaired by such constant attendance upon a sick, unthankful, ireful man. Her dear brother was in her house, and after Morgan ("Poor fellow!" as his sister apostrophized him") had ordered Annah out of his room, she concluded it her duty to remain altogether with her brother. For weeks he remained very ill—at the very verge of death. Annah sat up day and night, and watched over and ministered unto him.

Ah! men may deride woman, as is their wont, accusing her of shallowness and frivolity; but when illness and trouble comes, then they are willing to acknowledge her usefulness and supremacy. Sir Walter Scott knew this when he wrote:—

"Oh, woman, who in our hours of ease
Art changeful, coy, and hard to please,
Or variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen-made—
When pain or anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

The members of the church visited him regularly,

and many were the prayers offered up in behalf of the sick man.

Morgan lay ill in the same house, and no one ever came near him, save and except, of course, his brothers and sisters.

Robert Foy had but one relative in Norfolk, namely, Annah. He was a man of unimpeachable character, an exemplary Christian, and an able expounder of the gospel.

When Robert was a boy and once lay ill, his mother, just prior to her departure for the Spirit-land, prayed that her son might be spared, that God would ordain him one of his apostles, to the end that he might be instrumental in saving sinners from the dark spheres of misery. God heard and answered the prayer of that good mother. The child lived to be an excellent man and a good and influential minister; but now his career draws to a close.

Had he been such a man as the Rev. Pilate Patter, the churches of Norfolk would not have offered up prayers to God to spare his life.

Of all the most detestable hypocrites, a false-hearted minister of the gospel is the one to be shunned. He gets up in a pulpit, and pretends to teach people the way to heaven while himself is on the road to the dark spheres.

Who could tolerate such a man? Yet, such an intolerable being was the Rev. Pilate Patter. Many were the secret tears shed by his unhappy wife; none but her God was the witness of her grief.

A Mr. Foster, the pastor of one of the Baptist churches, offered a prayer so affecting that it caused all of his hearers to sob aloud. He prayed that Brother Foy might be raised up from his bed of sickness, and that God would bless his labors abundantly; but if it were His will to call him away, that he might be transferred into the bright realms of glory, and there dwell forever with the pure in heart. He also prayed that his sister, Mrs. Annah Morgan, might be rewarded for her unceasing care and attention toward her dear brother, and that in the future world they might meet on the bright plains of immortality, should God see fit to separate them here below.

Such were the prayers that for many months were offered to God for the recovery of this good man, who became improved in health, and was enabled to return to his family. Then Annah was left without a single friend. While her brother was with her, he gave her advice, and begged her to trust in the power of the Supreme Being. He was fully aware that Marcellus was a perfect fiend, but he saw no means of liberating his sister.

CHAPTER XIX.

"COMING EVENTS."



FEW weeks subsequent to the departure of Robert for his home, Marcellus began to recover his health. He concluded he wanted some new excitement, so when the laundress brought home their clothing, he refused to pay for Annah's portion of the weekly washing. The woman applied to Mrs. Morgan for the money; Annah frankly told her that she had none, and the poor hard-working laundress was obliged to leave without her due. At last, Morgan, pretending he could not afford such heavy expenses, gave up housekeeping, and took board with his sister for himself and wife. Poor Annah felt that this plan was concocted for some subtle purpose, and so it proved. The laundress applied for pay for having washed a dozen of Mrs. Morgan's clothes. He refused to disburse a cent, and used some horrible language. Annah heard these words as they fell from his lips, and the spirit of her father was roused within her; she went to Morgan's chamber-door.

“I think it is a hard case, Mr. Morgan, that you refuse to pay for my washing. You know that it is impossible for me to do so myself. Think of the number of physicians whom you have employed. You laid ill for months, and now heavy bills are constantly coming in. Why, Sir, has all this expense been incurred? For your base conduct, which has caused me a life of misery! Where is the ring that you stole from my jewel-case? stole, probably, dastard that you are, because you thought that when you deserted me, as I feel sure you intend doing, it might afford me the means of subsistence for a brief period,” cried Annah, whose long pent-up wrath now burst from its prison in her breast, and broke upon the head of the scoundrel who had caused it to germinate.

“You lie!” shrieked Morgan, livid with rage, “I never saw your ring since the luckless day that I wedded you. If you call me a thief, I’ll kill you where you stand.”

“I would care but little if you did, for death would be better than life linked to you; but, though you are brave enough to strike a woman, you are far too great a coward to slay her, for you dread the fate that is surely in store for you. Yes, you, fine fellow, as you deemed yourself, will undoubtedly be hanged, and God will *not* have mercy on your

soul," retorted Annah, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks aglow with righteous indignation.

The Savages, hearing the disturbance, at this period arrived upon the scene, and joining issue with Morgan, ordered her to leave the house immediately.

"Give me money to pay my expenses, and I will depart at once!" cried Annah, while

"Disdain and scorn rode sparkling in her eyes."

"No! we will not give you a cent, and you shall quit this house, for you have insulted my brother!" screamed Ellen, who had about as much brains as a plaster of Paris image.

The strife raged high. Annah Morgan had come to the conclusion that good-nature had ceased to be a virtue, and now, for the first time in twelve years, she freely spoke her mind. The consequences were to her not wholly unexpected, although the manner in which they arrived were quite unlooked for.

The next day, the domestic storm having lulled into what Mrs. Morgan supposed a calm, she went out during the afternoon, and did not return until nearly dark. When she arrived at home she found the front door locked; a trial at the basement door proved that to be in the same condition. She went around to the alley gate; that also was fastened. She returned to the front door and repeatedly rang the bell. No one answered it. There she remained

for an hour. The weather was cold, the season November, and it had now become quite dark.

“What shall I do?” thought Annah. Then it flashed across her mind that the Savages had combined to assist Morgan to destroy her. They had cheated many poor souls out of their bread, and, besides, Morgan was assisting them with her money. Again and again she rang. No one came. She then walked off a few blocks. The wind made her shiver.

“Oh, what am I to do!” thought the forsaken woman. She returned to the house—the door was still locked. She could see through a window into the dining-room. Therein sat Marcellus in an easy chair, his feet in another. He was laughing in great glee. A fine coal-fire burning brightly in the grate made the room comfortable, and a hot supper had just been placed upon the table. She distinctly overheard her sister-in-law say, “Come, brother Marcellus, and Caleb, come to supper. I wonder where Lady Morgan is to-night! I reckon she will have a cold berth of it on the street.”

“Yes,” replied Morgan, with a horrid oath, “I care not the d—l where she is; she can go now where she pleases.”

“Oh!” thought Annah, “can that be the same man who said: ‘Welcome home, my Jewel!’ on

that never-to-be-forgotten bridal day? Great God! of what is man made?" She was hungry and cold, and locked out. "Oh! what am I to do? I am a stranger in the city, and without a cent of money."

In the bitterness of her grief, she uttered a wail of despair. Ellen came to the window, and, perceiving Annah in the porch, laughed aloud, exclaiming:

"I guess she will have to stand there all night. She is on the stoop."

"Do not open the door," cried Marcellus, "let her freeze."

Think, gentle reader, upon this moment in Annah's life. Here was the idolized Jewel of Locust Grove, here was the daughter of Fabian Foy, turned on the street by her husband and his savage sister. This was one of the upper rungs of the Golden Ladder which Annah's aunt bade her ascend. This is no fiction, it is a positive fact. There she stood, weeping, trembling with cold and faint from hunger. "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests," but, like her Divine Master, she had "not where to lay her head." Since she had been the wife of Marcellus Morgan, her life's path had been one of prickly thorns, and of late it had been a hornet's nest. Morgan's family were worse than venomous insects, and poor Annah

suffered severely from their stings. For an hour or more she stood upon those cold, inhospitable steps, then, raising her mournful eyes toward the window of the room that had been occupied by her brother, she walked away, praying God that it might please him to spare the life of that dear brother, and that she herself might in some way be liberated from the tyrant Marcellus—that she might be entirely separated from every member of the Morgan family, who were all equally corrupt, as, also, were old Pilate Patter and his daughter, the Mrs. Jacovs who had opened a boarding-house in Baltimore.

Oh! that we could graphically picture the sufferings of the Virginia Jewel! But our pen is inadequate to the task. Think, ye mothers, who have children at your breasts; think, ye fathers, whose offspring is endeared to you by every sacred tie; think to what your children may come after death shall have taken you away; think of this, and never turn a beggar from your door! You may entertain an angel unawares, or the mendicant may be some unfortunate being like Annah Morgan! And, above all, never advise a mercenary marriage, but remember the Golden Ladder, and the sufferings of the orphan girl who attempted to ascend it on the recommendation of her avaricious aunt.

Pause and ponder on Annah's predicament. A young and beautiful woman turned out in a vile and wicked city to pass the night on the streets, exposed to the lowest ruffians of the town. Yes! exposed to such base men as was the one who had ordered the doors closed against his innocent wife! Oh, that the anathemas of heaven may spare that family, for as "conscience makes cowards of us all," they no doubt suffer already for their wicked and malevolent treatment of a guileless and gentle fellow-creature.

After finding that there was no hope of gaining entrance to the house that should have been her home, Annah went to the residence of a Mr. Nottingham and requested permission to remain during the night. Her cordial reception encouraged her to reveal to these kind friends the manner in which she had been treated by her husband and his family. As may be supposed, her listeners were perfectly astounded. Mrs. Morgan was kindly conducted to her room, but to sleep was impossible; her mind wandered all over the world, particularly across the Atlantic.

The reader would scarce think Annah a rational being had she slept tranquilly that night. She thought of Robert, who was far away, and still ill. She thought of Andrew, her little blue-eyed brother,

whom she had not seen for many long years. Nothing seemed to drive the impression of Locust Grove from her mind, although her eyes had never viewed the plantation since that fatal morning when she entered the carriage that bore her to her aunt's abode. These thoughts crowded upon her mind, and at any hour of the night she could have been found awake, weeping.

On the following morning she felt better than many would have felt under the circumstances, because her organ of Hope was large, *very* large. After refreshing ablutions she descended to the breakfast-room, and the delicious meal to which she was invited was very acceptable, for she was exceedingly hungry. With many thanks for the kindness she had received, she paid her adieux and proceeded to the house where she had lived. By some accident the door had been left open, so Annah entered and walked up to Morgan's room, and, bravely confronting him, demanded to know why he had permitted his sister to lock her out.

"Because I wished her to do so," said he, "and if you do not leave instantly she will have you put out by the police."

Annah asked for money to enable her to go to her friends.

"No, Madam; from me you will not obtain one

cent. Get to your friends, whom I hope you may find, in the best manner you can," replied her husband.

While engaged packing up, just prior to the exodus from Oak Lawn, Annah had found by accident, among some old papers of her husband's, a letter from Adrian, addressed to her, written in his old, loving style, breathing devotion in every line, and assuring her that the affection he bore unto her was steadfast. This letter was dated on the same day, month, and year as that which had been the principal cause of inducing her to steel her heart against Adrian Castle and wed the satyr Morgan. The destroyed epistle had been written in a very different strain. It told Annah that the writer, Adrian, had forgotten his affection for her, and was content to remain in India and revel with dusky native houris.

Directly Annah discovered and perused the letter she found in Morgan's secretaire, her perspicacity enabled her to divine that she had been the victim of a gigantic fraud. It was obvious to her acute understanding that Marcellus had by some means intercepted the love-breathing epistle that Adrian had sent her, and, in its place, had substituted a clever forgery for the purpose of inducing her to forget her allegiance to her absent lover, and, actu-

ated by a spirit of revenge, seek consolation by becoming the mistress of Poplar Hill.

Now, in her just indignation, she produced Adrian's letter and boldly presented it to her husband's gaze.

"Marcellus Morgan, Satan himself must have had full possession of your heart when you so basely deceived me into wedding you. A liar, a coward, and a brute I knew you were long since; but not until we were about to leave Oak Lawn did I discover that you were a forger, did not suspect that you were vile enough to wreck two innocent lives simply to please your passing fancy. That a terrible retribution for this crime awaits you, I am convinced. I spurn you, and leave it in the hands of others to mete out to you the just award of your misdeeds," she cried, passionately. Then, gathering up her ample skirts, so that they should not be contaminated by contact with her husband, upon whom she threw a withering glance of disdain and scorn, she swept proudly from the room, leaving Morgan pale and trembling and foaming with impotent rage.

She packed her clothes, and quitted the house, trusting that Providence would send her means wherewith to reach her relatives. On the wharf, she met a friend of her brother's who kindly loaned her sufficient funds to enable her to cross the Bay.

After a few days Annah found herself at the house of her sister Bettie. She was, as she thought, forever separated from Morgan ; and yet there was a gloom upon her countenance. In a few months Annah received the doleful news of the death of her brother. Oh ! what a terrible blow this was to her ! she was almost alone now, her two other brothers having been absent for many years.

She suffered all the anguish that the true heart of a sister can feel at such an untimely bereavement. She remembered all of his kind advice when she had hung over his almost dying pillow ; she thought of his solicitude for his dear little children, who were now dependent upon a cold and heartless world—all, all dwelt in Annah's mind, and her surcharged feelings found relief in verse.

MONODY.

Oh ! my brother, dearest brother,
 Thou hast left us here below !
 Thou art in a realm of glory
 Where the souls of angels glow !

Thou didst linger, long afflicted,
 On the awful verge of death ;
 No complaining sigh was echoed
 By my brother's dying breath !

Now thy form, once grand in beauty,
 Shrouded lies within the tomb,
 But thy spirit hath re-blossomed,
 Like the amaranth in bloom !

Oh ! how oft I've heard thee murmur :

“ Children, sister, I must leave,
My confidence is in Jehovah,
He will Love's own garland weave.”

Thou wast often heard to utter

Prayers for those who felt dismay—
While thou languished thou wouldst whisper :
“ Soon my soul must pass away !”

Ne'er can I forget thee, brother :

Profiting by thy advice,
For thy words to me were ever
Precious pearls of highest price !

Thou wast glowing with devotion,

Holy, holy everywhere !
When no longer at the altar,
Sickness could not stop thy prayer.

That green spot where thou art lying

Ever, ever will be dear ;
Tho' in foreign lands I wander
I'm beneath thy spirit's sphere.

Now farewell, my dearest brother,

Tho' on earth alone I roam,
Kindred spirits will in heaven
Find an everlasting home !

CHAPTER XX.

THE STORM BURSTS.



ANNAH deeply mourned her brother, but

“Time, the adorer of the mind,
The bosom’s comforter,”

brought its usual healing qualities on its wings. When several months had elapsed, lo and behold! Morgan arrived from Norfolk, with recovered health and a very penitent heart. He had come with the hope of inducing his wife to return with him; but to this she was strongly opposed. The Rev. Pilate Patter had deeply wounded her feelings by asserting that she was indolent and did not care to soil her lily fingers by the necessary attention to household duties. Her sister Bettie had married the brother of the reverend gentleman, but Bettie’s husband was a good man, very different from the minister. After much persuasion, and upon Morgan solemnly promising to be kind to her, despite the recollection of what she had suffered at his hands, Annah went to live with him on a plantation known as Sea Breeze, and here for a while they lived happily. She remained with Mar-

cellus a year or more ; but, like the hyena, he was untamable and soon resumed his old habits of tyranny. The patient sufferer, unwilling to annoy others with her domestic miseries, remained quiescent. The year had nearly expired, when Mrs. Morgan became convinced of her unsafety with her husband, as she had discovered that Lucretia L——, his old flame, was residing in the neighborhood, and that he was in the habit of visiting her. Annah determined to again quit her home, for she would not sink her dignity so far as to share her husband's affection with another woman. She wrote to her brother Arthur, who resided in Philadelphia, asking him to come and take her away ; but Morgan intercepted the negro who was bearing her letter to the post-office, and, on ascertaining that Annah meditated leaving him, was madly incensed. He abused her terribly and vowed that he would poison her rather than allow her to depart.

Mrs. Morgan, however, was steadfastly determined to adhere to her resolution of separating herself from the man who treated her so badly ; therefore she dispatched a verbal message to her sister Bettie, who lived at Modest Town, asking her for assistance, and stating that Morgan had threatened to take her life. Bettie, too well convinced of her brother-in-law's tyranny, resolved to extricate his victim. She

acted cautiously, by sending her two children, Joseph and Molly, with Celia, her most faithful servant, to make observations. They resembled scouts sent into an enemy's quarters by a skillful general. The children stealthily communicated with Annah through a window, placing her in possession of intelligence that too well corroborated the apprehensions of the panic-stricken wife ; for Morgan's slave, Christy, who was courting Celia, had seen his master covertly load a pistol, and then conceal the deadly weapon in his bosom. Aware of his mistress's intention to emancipate herself, the trusty slave was ever vigilant in watching his master's movements. Annah felt convinced of the absolute necessity of using promptitude. The weather was exceedingly hot. Morgan had been his rounds to vent his spleen upon several servants, who had presumed to exhibit symptoms of weariness after extra toil at noon. Being over-fatigued, Marcellus threw himself upon a lounge, and fell asleep. His wife seized upon the moment. In company with her friends, and in a short time, crouching as they progressed, the fugitives passed through the green corn and tall pea-vines. For hours they wandered about like scared fawns, every now and then alarmed by some sound ; a rustling in the corn, however slight, was sufficient to occasion dread. Then the moon rose, and still the wanderers,

stricken with terror, bewildered and faint, frequently retracing their steps, retrograding so that their efforts were sadly impeded—for they dared not expose themselves above the leaves which shielded them from view. At length the whole party neared the village in safety; they were in front of a fence, and hoped soon to reach a wood in the suburbs. All was serene; the soft radiance of lunar and astral lights silvered every drooping flower and leaf begemmed with dew. Crystal rivulets meandered through the illuminated landscape, scintillating with reflections of the starry host. All around was so calm, so sweetly silent, that once again a smile played around the pale features of Annah. Tranquillity reigned in every bosom, and they forgot that there was such a thing as a Union soldier on the peninsula. Thus, often, at sea, a dead calm precedes a raging tempest.

Christy stopped suddenly; not far distant he heard distinctly a plunging and struggling beneath the corn. Breathlessly they all listened, until they fancied that even the beatings of their own hearts might be heard. The noise was not repeated, and supposing it might have been caused by an eagle or a straggling fox, the scared little crowd, after a while, continued their onward career. Again, within ear-shot, the cause of alarm was repeated, and,

almost instantaneously, Morgan appeared, habited in his sleeping-clothes, running at full speed toward them. In the pale, liquid light that the silvery moon shed around, the trembling fugitives beheld him, recognized his face, which was contorted by the concentrated anger raging within him. Onward he came, bounding through the corn, beating and bearing it down as a famished tiger in pursuit of prey breaks and parts the quivering canes of the tropic jungle.

Almost paralyzed with fright, the pursued fled in various directions. Suddenly a vivid flash illumined the scene, and a loud, ringing report, that echoed far and near, plainly indicated that Morgan had discharged the contents of a firearm at the unhappy people, who were fleeing before him as flies the meek gazelle before the beast of prey. The children shrieked, and Christy involuntarily exclaimed :

“O God ! it is Massa Morgan ! He has done shot Miss Annah. Oh, Miss Annah, you is dead !”

The panic-stricken servants instinctively hurried to Bettie's cottage, taking the children and leaving Annah at the mercy of her ruthless husband, who dragged her across the road and through the mud, her skin being frightfully lacerated on the angular pebbles.

Almost insensible, Mrs. Morgan was re-incarce-

rated, while her inhuman tormentor stood as a sentinel over her, with horrid oaths pouring from his lips.

Christy ran to Bettie's dwelling-house so soon as he recovered from his fright, and, bursting into an apartment where the widow was seated, gave a confused account of his master's attack upon Annah.

"Dere him stood, Missus, like a big bar, reddy to eat us all up. We run—poor darkey shot dead, me tink! Oh, Molly! dat angel nebber more open her eyes. Oh, Missey Annah! she gone to Hebben. Run after dem, Missey Bettie, an nebber stop till yer git dere," he cried.

Christy did not mean to suggest that Bettie should start for the world of spirits, but he was anxious that Morgan should be followed. His wishes, to a small extent, were soon gratified. Bettie boldly ventured forth, although it was nearly midnight, and she never stopped until she found herself in front of Morgan's mansion. She then thundered at the door, filling the air with piteous lamentations, which had never ceased from the moment of Christy's heart-rending announcement.

"Oh, my child!" she cried, "thou art wounded even unto death. The fright will kill dear little Mary. Oh, my beloved sister, thy fate is sealed;

the assassin has paralyzed thy precious heart!" Then, addressing Morgan, she added: "Come forth, thou ensanguined monster! Where is the body of my murdered sister? Come down, thou cowardly miscreant, and brave, if thou darest, the vengeance of a desperate mother and sister."

Bettie hammered upon the door with frantic violence, until Morgan, pale from bodily fear, looked out from an upper window and spoke in a subdued voice:

"My dear Madam, what, in heaven's name, is the matter? We have retired to rest, as you perceive. Is the house on fire?"

"Cold-hearted miscreant!" cried Bettie, "where is the corpse of my sister? You have planted a bullet in her bosom, and you have frightened my darling daughter into convulsions, and her death, too, is imminent."

At that moment the colored help came rushing out to their mistress with the intelligence that Joseph had received no injury, and that little Molly was all right—a regular pine-knot.

Bettie, thus partially pacified, renewed the conference with Marcellus, who stood coolly at the window, with folded arms, viewing his nocturnal visitor with a frigid smile of contempt.

"Your friends should keep you under restraint,

Madam, for you are surely insane," he calmly remarked.

"Villain! you would entomb me as you have done your unhappy wife? Monster, where is her body, I ask?"

"You had better inquire of the poor *soul* herself; she knows more about her *body* than I do," replied Morgan.

"Where are my sister's remains? She could not escape the snares of the fowler; but now the snare is broken, and she is delivered. Where are your wife's remains?"

"Here we are!" cried Morgan, with a ghastly grin. "Here we are! If my better half is really shot, you see in me all that remains of her; so, if you want my wife's remains, I say again, here we are!"

"Oh, you mocking destroyer of domestic peace! I will raise the whole community, and have you lynched before your own door. Give me a rational answer. Where is the lifeless body of my sister? Deliver up that sacred relic, and I will even keep silent respecting the hideous crime, and leave you to that Omnipotent Judge to whom you will have to render an account of your misdeeds when you stand before Him at the judgment-day."

Bettie's utterance became choked, and a shower of tears flowed spontaneously.

Morgan, who discerned in the distance figures approaching, began to feel agitated; he changed his tune, and addressed Bettie with more urbanity.

“Your sister is here, free from a wound; she can answer for herself. My character is so well established that I defy calumny. My pious friend, the Rev. Pilate Patter, will vouch for the morality and kind-heartedness of Marcellus Morgan. Speak, Mrs. Morgan, and convince your sister of my veracity!”

“Mrs. Morgan, who under the circumstances felt that discretion was the better part of valor, cried in a melancholy tone :

“Dear sister, I am still alive.”

“Then,” replied Bettie, “at once throw off your natural timidity, and leave that Golgotha. No longer submit to the brutality of a petty tyrant, but set him at naught. *I* fear him not. Come down, Annah; as Daniel came safely from the lion’s den, so shalt thou from thy dungeon-home. I will convey thee to a sanctuary where thy tormentor durst not show his face.”

Marcellus was so daunted by this manifestation of Bettie’s intrepidity, and having recently tortured a servant, he became conscience-stricken. He feared judicial scrutiny, and, absorbed in thought, noticed not that Annah had responded to the solicitations of her sister. Mrs. Morgan, although cruelly punc-

tured by fragments of stone, and dreadfully bruised on the arms where Marcellus had grasped her so tightly, contrived to reach the outer door, which she managed to unlock; in an instant more she had reached her sister and friends, and they hastened together to Bettie's homestead. They were soon joined by Mrs. L——'s good neighbors, Mary and Robert Williams; but, ere the persecuted wife was borne away in triumph, she gave vent to her long-restrained anguish.

“Oh! my sister, have you come at last, like an angel of light, to remove me from an abode of darkness, where my spirit has been crushed by an incarnate fiend, and my best feelings trodden down—where scarce a day elapsed without my life being in jeopardy! Oh! I have suffered a thousand deaths. I fear that my poor senses will give way; but no, Annah is not to be subdued. My frame is now fevered with pain, and my mind convulsed with visions of terror. Like the Indian martyr who triumphed over the stake, so will Annah to the last defy her tormentors by scorning to complain.”

Then Mrs. Morgan recounted a portion of the poem on the heroic death of Secono.

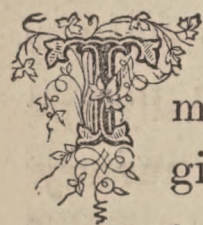
“Pierce on, ye tormentors, I spurn ye in pain,
Ye never, O never, shall hear me complain,
Ye may tear, ye may torture; no pity I crave,
For ye never can conquer Orlando, the brave!

“Ye may cut, ye may carve, ye can’t conquer my soul—
The will of Orlando ye cannot control!
With fagots of fire ye may burn to the brain,
But the son of Secono will never complain.”

Annah had long submissively kissed the rod of affliction; but, although she attempted not to contend with a foe who was her superior, so far as physical force was concerned, yet she fully felt the consciousness of her own supremacy in mental power. Morgan was destitute of sentiment; his animal propensities predominated. Two beings more opposite to each other in every taste and feeling were never yoked together. But, oh! the mercenary old Aunt Betsie was the cause of all of Annah’s sufferings. That GOLDEN LADDER ever gleamed before our heroine until the very sound of wealth, power, and position became disgusting to her finer feelings, and she often wished herself in the spiritual world where dollars and pomp are no more thought of.

CHAPTER XXI.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.



THE question will arise in the reader's mind respecting the character of the Virginia planter, whether he had ever felt even a Platonic affection for our heroine. As far as such a being *could* love, Marcellus had loved Annah for a season. Novelty was charming to one so capricious. Soon after the honey-moon, however, his former passion for Lucretia returned, and then the transient infatuation of the bridegroom for his bride passed away forever. Eventually his hatred toward her became most inveterate; the purity of her spirit, contrasted with his, degraded him so deeply, even in his own estimation, that, instead of abhorring himself, he hated her. His malignity was augmented by the baneful influence of a heartless courtesan. Cruelty and cowardice always go together. Annah was naturally too passive; she inherited the extreme points of her Christianity from her mother; if smitten upon the right cheek she would have presented the left for chastisement. There are limits to Christian for-

bearance. When we come in contact with those who cannot appreciate its principles, then we must draw the dividing line, and deal with them in a manner that they can understand.

When married people cannot agree there is but one method left for them to adopt: let them—remembering *how great a matter a little fire kindleth*—let them dissolve the union at once. Equally applicable to the contentious couple are the nursery rhymes of Dr. Watts:—

“Hard names, at first, and threat’ning words,
Which are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder—and to death.”

The sophistry of those very nice people, who would rather leave a victim to languish than risk any family exposure, gives to such as Morgan an unlimited latitude for the perpetration of villainous acts. Mrs. Mary Patter possessed many noble qualities, and she avoided any interference between married people; so the lamentable position in which Annah was placed remained unknown even to her brother Andrew.

This sort of lukewarm indifference is too prevalent. In political circles a similar squeamishness is displayed by those psuedo-patriots who decline going to the ballot-box because so many rowdies

and policy-dealers usurp the posts of honest citizens, so that, if there is really any integrity in these voluntary absentees, they render their virtues negative, because they are too genteel to form a majority over rogues by coming into juxtaposition with them. Consequently rascality rides rough-shod over the passive community, and any number of "white-washers" are to be found, who, for money, are always prepared to swear that black is white.

Our heroine had reason to be contented with her paternity; hers was, indeed, a goodly heritage. The memory of Secono was not more revered by Orlando than was that of Fabian Foy by Annah.

As contrast gives effect to everything, Morgan's father once lost a high position in consequence of having been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods. Yet this was the noble family Annah's aunt so much favored. Annah's inheritance consisted of the cardinal virtues, practical Christianity, and that necessary adjunct, wealth. Now she was, for the time being, safe from persecution, being under the roof of her sister Betsie.

Soon after the breaking out of the war, Andrew Foy entered the Southern army, and was away from home until shortly after he gained his lieutenancy, when he obtained leave of absence, and at once repaired to the house of his mother. Mrs.

Mary Patter rejoiced exceedingly when her brave boy—now a tall, stalwart soldier, handsome as the Apollo Belvidere—caught her in his arms and kissed her pallid brow. It was a blissful reunion of two loving hearts, and the mother, from the very lowermost depths of her own pure one, fervently thanked the Great Spirit whose shielding arm had preserved her son from the dread shafts of Azrael.

“Mother, I have long been anxious to learn more concerning our family, for, though you told me much about it when I was a child, I feel there must necessarily be a considerable amount more to relate,” said Andrew, one morning, as he sat with his parent in a pretty flower-embossed arbor that fronted the sheeny velvet-smooth lawn.

“Well, my son, I shall be very happy to do so, especially as now I can tell you many things which I should have found difficult to explain to you in your more juvenile days,” replied the gentle mother, anxious, as usual, to indulge her garrulity. “Robert, your eldest brother was a sickly child; he was languishing when the first Mrs. Foy expired. When placed at a store, at fourteen years of age, his employer hinted at the policy of *talking over customers*. The youth could not deviate from what accorded with the strict rules of integrity; he preferred the loss of his situation. Under the auspices

of Mr. Gillot, a Baptist minister of Philadelphia, he entered college as a theological student. Ultimately, he became a distinguished divine, after having passed through Madison University, New York. His labors, for six years, were confined to Gloucester and York, in Virginia, where his popularity was fully established. The first church he superintended was poorly supported; his zeal was superior to his physical powers, for Robert preached not for gain, and he was obliged to open an academy. The result of preaching three times a week, and giving diurnal instructions to his scholars, was to weaken still more his delicate constitution. Becoming enamored of a young lady, despite his contracted means, he married. Two interesting children were the result of this union, and proud, indeed, was the good pastor of his little ones; but God saw fit to take him from this earth, and now his soul is in those ethereal realms that those who lead righteous lives below inherit when the spirit leaves the frail tenement of the body, and soars away beyond the azure skies.

“Your sister Bettie was delicate, like her brother. She went to live with her Aunt Betsie, after whom she was named. She was sent to school to receive an ordinary education, the aunt designing her for servile employment; in fact, to wait upon the old-

maiden cousins, who were as caustic and sour-tempered as though they had lived always upon crab-apples. The two daughters of Aunt Bettie, Leah and Pauline, piqued themselves upon their historical knowledge. Pauline was named in honor of Napoleon's sister, that amiable creature who offered to share her brother's exile in Elba. Napoleon's sister was an old maid of the true type. I was just thinking that if those starched-up old frumps, Leah and Pauline, had lived in the days of King Ahasuerus, he would never have presented his golden scepter to either of them. Bettie was fortunately transferred to a more desirable guardian, who consulted her happiness, dressed her elegantly, and introduced her into the best society; as every young lady should be when budding into womanhood. Bettie, in fact, soon married, but a sad fatality attended her directly after a child was born, Molly, of whom you shall hear more anon. Its father died. Bettie married again; in course of time she became the mother of three more children—then *their* father shuffled off this mortal coil. At the expiration of several years Bettie ventured upon a third husband, who, a short time subsequently, was numbered with the dead. Leah and Pauline, who deprecated matrimony, maliciously enjoyed the untoward fate of their relative, for to

them the grapes were sour. Queen Elizabeth, in her old age, was a great enemy to her own sex, although in her younger days she fancied herself in love. Pope, the poet, was not only hump-backed, but, from an accident in infancy, was denied marital relations. He railed bitterly at Hymen!"

"King Ahasuerus, Queen Elizabeth, and Pope!" exclaimed Andrew. "Well, mother, you had better introduce Pope Joan next!"

The reader may think strangely of Mrs. Foy's talking to her son in this manner, and giving him a full description of all his family. The reason was, because he wished to know these particulars, for he had been absent for years, and knew but little of his domestic history.

"I will introduce whom I please," said the mother, smiling. "I say again, in some cases it may be better to avoid the net of Hymen; nevertheless, I do dislike all backbiting old maids."

Here Andrew placed a silver dish of raisins and burnt almonds upon the table; after partaking of a little of the fruit, his mother recommenced in a new strain.

"Andrew, I was just thinking of that noble woman, Lady Harriet Ackland, who followed her husband to battle, as heroic as she was delicate and refined. Oh! she possessed a courageous heart. But she

was not equal to Jane of Flanders. Would that our Annah possessed Jane's positive powers! But, alas! the power of our Jewel is of a negative quality. Nevertheless, Andrew, one may display as much heroism in *endurance* or *forbearance* as in *opposition*. However, such questions I am contented to leave to philosophers. You must now listen to an old English ballad, which exhibits the magnanimous spirit of Jane in all its glory," said Mrs. Patter. Then she spoke the following piece:

JANE OF FLANDERS.

"When Edward the Third, of England, made war
On France—the king's nephew was Prince Charles de Blois,
Who fain John de Mountfort would scorn!
Then fair Jane of Flanders beam'd forth like a star,
From the mist of a hot summer's morn!
She fought for the freedom of Brittany!—Are
Such heroines living who'd think that a scar
Of glory their charms would adorn?
The people of Henebon well might be vain
Of brave John de Mountfort's immortalized Jane."

"There is much more of it, but that is sufficient to prove the spirit of Jane and the holiness of her cause. Now, with regard to the family to whom I at first referred, there was nothing of a martial character to recommend them!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, Mother, why were Lady Harriet Ackland and Jane of Flanders introduced into the programme?" cried Andrew.

“To please my fancy, my son,” replied his mother, with a comical smile. “’Tis true that Bettie had no military man to deal with, consequently she had no battles to brave. Yet, for all that, on one occasion she acted like a field-marshal, when she assisted in extricating from a dungeon home

‘A Jewel of purest ray serene.’

Jewels, you know, are found in the bowels of the earth.”

“No one possessing bowels of compassion would place them there—at least such jewels as you refer to, Mother. Is this a land of liberty, where incarnate fiends may with impunity incarcerate their fellow-creatures? Has a Spanish cloud been wafted hither, enshrouding the minions of a sanguinary inquisition, to torture the holy spirit of Freedom? Have the fiery specters of Philip and Mary risen up against us? Is Independence extinct?

‘Awake! arise! or be forever fallen.’

Let me fly instantly to succor the afflicted. Knight-errantry must be restored! Like a Perseus, I must slay the hideous monster who has bound our fair Andromache.”

“My dear Son,” said Mrs. Patter, quietly, “restrain your ardor for a season. There are few women like Mandane, the mother of Cyrus, who

‘——— rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot.’

The mother of Alfred the Great would have shunned our shores ; the maternal monitor of our magnanimous patriarch would have exiled herself could she have witnessed the ignominy of modern society. External show is preferred to intrinsic worth ; European gewgaws purchased in preference to native productions ; Parisian fashions and vices prevail ; old-fashioned rectitude and domestic love are ridiculed ; the boasted

‘ Land of the free, and home of the brave,’
we can sing now, may be compared to the silver dolphin constructed by a half-witted courtier for the amusement of Queen Bess, when in her dotage ; the gorgeous model contained a band of musicians—empty sound, and merely outside show !”

“ Mother !” cried the excited and amused Andrew, “ I am not one of those degenerate natives who can rest supinely and luxuriate on the fruits of independence inherited from hierarchs who shed their heart’s blood for future generations. Inform me of the real name of that persecuted wife, denominated the Jewel, that I may at once seek to avenge her cause.”

“ My brave boy,” answered the mother, “ I glory in a dauntless spirit like that which inspired Put-

nam to plunge down a precipice from among a host of armed Indians. Yea, Bettie was a Judith. I only wish that Morgan could share the fate of Holofernes."

"Morgan! who is this wretched cur Morgan? and who in God's name is his victim?" interrupted Andrew.

"Your own unsullied sister, Annah Foy!"

Andrew almost gasped with horror. Until that moment he had supposed the lady of whom his mother often spoke to be some distant relative, as Mrs. Morgan's destiny had been kept a secret from him. Her marriage took place during his absence. From youth he had been immersed in commercial pursuits abroad, and knew but little of his antecedents. Now that he learned the truth, he immediately ordered the carriage, and started for the residence of Bettie, which was at a considerable distance from town. To amuse him on the way Mrs. Patter gave her son a treasured relic, long garnered up, and much admired by Annah, entitled *The Music of Nature*. Passing a brook beneath the mountain, they listened to the lowing of cattle, the tinkling of a wether-sheep's bell, and pastoral pipes; the murmuring of the tidal waves echoed in the valley and marine grottoes. A bugle-horn sent forth its melody. On grassy mounds flowers abun-

dantly bloomed and blossomed. In an old churchyard the birds were warbling their notes of praise, and bees were humming as the carriage entered an odoriferous grove, where tall stately trees interlaced their branches over the roadway.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

“Each melody of nature is a spell!

The gurgling brook beneath the mountain side
The lowing herd, the wether-sheep's soft bell,
The shepherd's pipe, the booming of the tide,
Those echoes sweet in vale or sparry cave,
The dulcet horn 'neath vocal arched alcove,
A bird's melodious anthem o'er a grave,
The hum of bees wherever pilgrims rove,
Fond nature's minstrelsy is heard as in a grave.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SECRET DISCLOSED.

NDREW, do you remember, many years ago, my telling you a story about a Mr. A——, who—?”

“Yes, Mother, of course I do!” interrupted the young man. “He was the person who was so kind to everybody, especially to a poor fellow who could not obtain an employment, and who eventually died and was buried with peculiar ceremony. Ah! mater mei, many a time, when I have been far away from you, when I have felt sad and lonely, longing to gaze into your dear eyes and hide my head in your breast as I did in childhood, I have thought of that story; have wondered who that mysterious Mr. A—— was, and taxed my brain to the utmost in my endeavors to arrive at some definite conclusion as to why you so persistently preserved his incognito. You will tell me now, will you not? I am a child no longer, and things which then you doubtless had good reason to conceal from me, should be revealed now,” he added, imploringly.

“Ah! my child, it was not my fault that this has been kept from you; it was the request of your dying father that I should not tell you until you were twenty-one years of age. It would not have done you any good to have known it before you arrived at man’s estate, and, now that you are old enough to understand it, I will tell you. There have been many changes in the family, both good and bad, and some things, perhaps, you should know, and others it is as well you should not hear.”

“Is it good, Mother?” said Andrew, smiling and biting his lips to keep from laughing, seeing that his mother looked sad. He no doubt expected to hear something that might benefit him pecuniarily, as he had caught the contagion for money-making; to be a successful merchant was the height of his aspirations.

“Why do you ask me that question?” inquired Mrs. Patter, “whether the secret be good or bad. Were it bad, and your dear father had requested me to unfold it to you, I would do so most assuredly; we are not to expect all the good things of this life, and none of the evil ones; therefore, it is the duty of all to take life as it comes, and trust in the Providence of that All-seeing Eye which watches over his creatures. I have told you many things, Andrew, about your father, as you were only

three years old when he died, and, of course, had no recollection of him, and the most important part of his life is as yet an enigma to you."

"His kindness to that Mr. Gowin is certainly an enigma to me, and one I should like solved for my edification, as my knowledge of the world tells me very plainly that few impecunious strangers are received with open arms into the households of the rich and treated with the kindness and consideration Mr. A—— bestowed upon the mysterious stranger, who eventually died in his house. I guess most all poverty-stricken people get but a cold reception at the doors of wealthy folks, and, as a rule, they are glad to find a home in some alms-house, or a pauper's grave in the bleak, barren waste of Pottersfield," said Andrew.

"No! no! my son, not if they wear the keystone, having on it the cabalistic letters H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S. in a circle."

"Well, Mother!" said Andrew, "in heaven's name, what does that mean? Cabalistic letters H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S. in a circle? As people grow old their ideas become strangely erratic."

"Well, my boy, you know that I have often told you that I always have a meaning for what I say."

She glanced at Andrew, and noticed that he looked

grave, and, seemingly, he was trying to fathom the meaning of the mysterious letters.

Mrs. Patter sat for a few minutes watching his fine eyes and admiring his noble brow ; but she saw that he was puzzled, and could not comprehend her meaning. She gazed wistfully into his face, and, in a few moments, drew forth from her pocket a small case, and, on opening it, placed it in his hand.

“That **Mr. A**——, my son, was an assumed name. The planter was no other than your own dear father, Fabian Foy !”

Andrew started and cried : “Why, Mother ! is that so ?”

“Yes, my son ; and here is the document that he requested me to place in your hands when you attained your twenty-first year. This paper unfolds all. Your father belonged to that most ancient and mystic fraternity, the ‘Order of Freemasons.’ Bound together by an indissoluble tie, the members of this order, which holds place among all nations and in every corner of the known world, assist their brethren in every possible way that lies in their power. In the midst of deadly strife, in the van of battles, where foes of different nationalities and speaking diverse tongues have lost all sense of aught save the impulse to hack and hew and slay,

a simple sign has stayed many a sword from drinking the life's blood of a prostrate foe. In scenes less fierce than these, but still as sad; in the sorrow-stricken household and by the hearth made blank and desolate by a parent's death, the beauties of Freemasonry oft-times show themselves. The solemn link that binds brother to brother through life does not break utterly asunder when 'the silver cord is loosened;' the 'widow and the fatherless' are not permitted to suffer privation or distress, but are consoled in their bereavement by the sympathy and aid of this noble fraternity. Andrew, it was your dying father's wish that, when you arrived at a proper age, you should become a Mason. The order—though the ignorant may sneer at it—has nothing bad about it. How could it have, when its basis is true religion and brotherly love? It inculcates the holiest of principles, and instills into men's hearts the purest code of morality that can reign therein; therefore, I ask you, my son, to fulfill your father's last request, and become a member of the fraternity."

"A Freemason!" exclaimed Andrew. "What am I to learn from this scrap of paper?"

"That is a certificate, my son, from the Lodge, signed by the officers in Philadelphia."

She then presented to him the keystone. This

little jewel had inscribed on it, in a circle, the mysterious letters which she had before mentioned.

“These precious relics were placed in my hand by your dear father a few days previous to his death, and he abjured me, by all that was sacred, to keep them, and when you were twenty-one years old to reveal the secret which I have just told you. Yes, my child, he belonged to this glorious order; he was a Knight Templar, and a man of the highest honors—one who carried out the teachings of St. James, ‘Who did unto all men as he would they should do unto him.’ He was a good husband, a devoted father, and a kind master. I would to God there were more such men in this age!”

“Did he belong to the Church, Mother?” said Andrew, holding the relics in his hand and gazing at them intently.

“No, my son, he did not belong to the *Church* in the light that you might look at it; or rather, he was not a member. He went occasionally with his family, but he belonged to the great *Church*, the church that practices what it preaches. His labors consisted in daily and hourly seeking out the poor and relieving the sufferings of humanity, without seeking for himself name or distinction; he was a true Mason, in every sense of the word, and when a man is a true Mason, he is a good Christian.”

"Well, Mother," said Andrew, "this is a secret worth keeping, and, more so, worth revealing. I will keep this jewel and this document as long as I live."

"This glorious fraternity, Andrew, never tries to make proselytes, yet I know from the earnestness your father displayed when he spoke upon the subject, that he wished you and his other sons to become Freemasons. There is much good done by this order; a good Mason is no whitened sepulcher."

"What do they do, Mother?" asked Andrew, becoming more and more interested in his mother's conversation, for she spoke with deep interest.

"Well, my boy, they do a thousand things; as citizens they are loyal to their government, and obedient to its laws; prompt in the duties they owe to society, and patterns of fidelity in all social and domestic relations. The anchor and ark are emblematical of that divine ark that bears them over this tempestuous sea of troubles, and the anchor that shall safely moor them in a peaceful harbor, where no doubt your father already is. All good Masons visit the widow and orphan, and keep themselves unspotted from the world. Now I have told you all in regard to your father, and I do hope that you will remember and treasure your father's dying request."

"I will do so, Mother; and I can say as King Agrippa said to Paul, 'You have almost persuaded me to be a Christian,' and a Freemason."

Then, folding the paper and placing it in the case with the keystone, the little jewel he put into his vest pocket. He remained thoughtful for awhile, as though pondering upon what his mother had been telling him; after musing about five minutes he looked up perplexedly.

"I have often heard Masonry spoken of, Mother, and, almost invariably, have afterward wondered why members of the order should so jealously guard their secrets, especially from women. Indeed, I have often heard it averred that the order has moral depravity for its basis, and, like the monks of Medenham, in Byron's time, that is the reason they wish to conceal their mysteries from the public gaze," he remarked, at length.

"Andrew, no person or society that has for its aim a holy purpose is without deriders and detractors; women are connected with Masonry by ties far more intimate and tender than you are aware of, or than I can even inform you of. The widow and orphan daughter of a Master Mason takes the place of the husband and father in the affections and good deeds of the Lodge. If their character is unjustly assailed, the brethren are in duty bound to

defend them. If they are in want, distressed for the necessities of life, the brethren will divide their means with them. If, traveling at a distance from home, they find themselves sick and in want among strangers, they have but to make themselves known as the widow and orphan daughter of a worthy Master Mason, and lo, the hand of relief is stretched out toward them. The kind voice of sympathy is heard to cheer them. They are no longer strangers, but friends, dear friends, and thus they are constrained to bless the society whose kind deeds are not confined to the narrow limits of home."

"But, Mother, any woman who found herself in difficulties, or, indeed, any female impostor, could represent herself as the near relative of a member of the brotherhood, and so fraudulently receive assistance," argued Andrew.

"You are right, and it was partly for the purpose of defeating schemes and protecting Masons that the order of the Eastern Star was established. Women, as you rightly observe, cannot be Freemasons, in the true sense of the term; that is, they cannot be initiated into the secret mysteries of the society. This offspring of the ancient parent has signs and passwords connected with it, by the rendering of which a Mason is readily enabled to distinguish a 'sister' of the order. It has for its

basis the Holy Writings, and five female characters prominent in them are selected for the purpose of illustrating the Masonic virtues. The badge of the order is a star, each of the five points of which is dedicated to one of the chosen virtues. The first point and degree is entitled 'Jephthali's daughter,' and illustrates *respect to the binding force of a vow*; the second, Ruth, *devotion to religious principles*; the third, Esther, *fidelity to kindred and friends*; the fourth, Martha, *undeviating faith in the hour of trial*; and the fifth, Electa, *patience and submission under wrongs*. It is only those who are nearly allied by consanguinity to Master Masons of good repute that can belong to this holy order, and they are required to promise, *upon their sacred honor as women*, that they will never divulge the secrets of the sisterhood. It is an order that has religion and Christian charity as its primary basis, and, as such, it is naturally in every way estimable. Your sister, Annah Foy, has expressed her determination to enroll herself as a member of the 'Eastern Star,' and I sincerely hope she will carry out her project."

"I hope she will, Mother, for, from what you have told me, I am sure that the symbol of the order confers distinction upon the wearer," replied Andrew, fervently.

Mrs. Patter then repeated to her son the following verses :

ODE TO FREEMASONRY.

Eternal Archangel above !
 From Bethlehem's star in the form of a dove
 Descending to those who are shod
 With sandals of holy salvation. O Love !
 Inspire every soul
 With thy blissful control,
 And the sweet, tender mercies of God !

Hail ! Prince of Jerusalem, hail !
 Beloved of Melchisedech—hallow the gale—
 The peace of God breathe from above,
 That souls upon earth may no longer bewail !
 Our Temple shall stand,
 Never built on the sand,
 The *sanctum sanctorum* of Love !

Disciples of Solomon ! blest—
 Whose feet our Redeemer baptized with the rest
 Of those who are chosen above,
 All people to cheer the oppressed :
 All—saving the son
 Of perdition—have won
 The glory of God, who is Love !

Hail, Goddess ! fond sister of Hope !
 And glorious Faith—ye have given full scope
 To Masons mankind to reform
 With Wisdom and Mercy ; that mortals may grope
 No longer in gloom,
 But to blossom and bloom
 Like Sharon's sweet Rose in the storm !

Pure Charity ! Goddess adored
 By ev'ry accepted Freemason ! the sword

Was sheath'd by thy spirit. The dove
Of Peace her green olives for healing were stored
In that mystical ark,
Once containing a spark
Of the *Spirit of God*, which was Love !

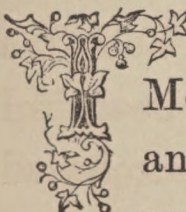
Yea, peace and good-will upon earth !
Freemasons in freedom no longer dread dearth.
Like Joseph, no Masons inquire
Of brethren adopted the place of their birth :
As sons who must call
On the Father of all,
Their spirits are flames of one fire !

The Sophist, so learned of yore,
And Jesuit, boasting of classical lore,
Of wisdom would cease to profess
If *secrets Masonic* they had to explore :
Minerva environs
All Solomon's scions—
The *wisdom of God* to possess !

Hail, *Triangle, Compass, and Square* !
Hail, *true equalizer, the Level*—prepare
The proud for Death's Lodge 'neath the sod !
To prove all men equal as brethren, then share
The grace that is given
Which ne'er can be riven,
While the *Architect Love* is our *God* !

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANNAH'S PROBATION.

N due course of time they arrived at Modest Lawn. The meeting, the greeting, and the "interminable talks" which supervened can, as the reporters say, be better imagined than described.

Andrew's young, indignant heart burned to be revenged upon Morgan. Urgent were the pleadings of his mother before he could be prevailed upon to defer wreaking summary punishment upon the head of the cowardly scoundrel who had so maltreated his charming sister.

The good Mrs. Patter piously declared that she felt a faith, daily increasing in strength, that Annah, at some future day, would be entirely liberated from Morgan.

"Yes, when she is dead!" said Andrew, bluntly. "I do not suppose that angels and fiends continue to consort in 'kingdom come,' whatever they may be compelled to submit to in this world."

His mother was obliged to use all her powers of persuasion before she could quell the roused spirit

of her son. Little did the brave boy dream of the extent to which his sister had suffered previous to taking her from Morgan. Andrew was also as ignorant of his mother's trials with Pilate Patter, as, until recently, he had been in reference to the tribulations of the gentle Annah.

At that time the reverend gentleman held the deed belonging to Andrew's mother, of a beautiful house and lot which Mrs. Patter had purchased from him during his wife's lifetime, and out of the money she obtained from Fabian Foy's estate. This property she had bought expressly for Andrew, and had paid for it, and had also paid the fee to have the deed recorded; but Mr. Patter appropriated the money to his own purposes. Time passed on, and as Mrs. Foy was a member of his church, she thought that it was all right, she forgot to ask him for the deed, thinking it was all right; and in some months Mrs. Sally Patter died; the minister then wooed and won the handsome widow, Mrs. Mary Foy, and after she became Mrs. Patter, on conversing with her husband, she learned to her utter astonishment that he never had the deed recorded, therefore he owned the property still, which she had paid for, and felt sure that it belonged to her son Andrew. The consequence was that this deception practiced was always a thorn piercing

the heart of Mrs. Patter; she felt from that time that her husband was not what she supposed him to be; therefore, when she knew that he had deceived her, as a natural consequence, her love was on the wane. He, however, promised that he would will it to Andrew Foy at his death; so Mrs. Patter believing that he would do so, tried to rest quiet on the subject. Some years afterward the reverend gentleman died, leaving a will, but had given the property to his own children. Now that he had changed his mortal and took on his spiritual body, and whether he occupies the higher or lower sphere we leave to the imagination of the reader, as we have portrayed his character.

What is something very mysterious is that when people gain property dishonestly and leave their children rich, it generally takes wings and flies away.

This seems to have been the case with the Patter family. Mrs. Jacov, the minister's daughter, kept a boarding-house in a large city; but although her father left her a small fortune, she soon failed and absconded, leaving her landlord, grocers, and butchers groaning over their heavy bills unpaid; and the last heard of the boarding-house madam was that she was living, couched with her four children, on a little pea-patched farm, with scarcely food enough to

have fed Elijah's ravens. It seems that her husband, Mr. W. J——, had previously held a position as postmaster in a modest little town in Virginia; but it appears that during his stay there were many letters went astray, and a very fine-looking black-eyed doctor, who was a special friend of the postmaster's wife, declared that he would not post another letter in the office, especially with money enclosed in them, while he was postmaster.

It is an undeniable fact, that money dishonestly gained rarely ever does people much good. Not only had Mr. and Mrs. Jacov become poor, but the minister's fortune was squandered by his children faster than he had gathered it together. This is the way the world goes, but the end is not yet.

Mrs. Jacov, Mrs. Phips, and Mrs. Pitt, a little red-haired, insignificant woman, were warm friends, and whenever they met they never forgot to rehearse the misfortunes of Annah Morgan. Although our heroine had already endured everything except death, yet these slanderous creatures continued to gossip. However, the tongue of such nonentities never injure a pure person. Such a character as the wife of Marcellus Morgan could not be suppressed by those who were so far her inferiors.

After Mrs. Morgan had been released from durance vile by her sister, her trials became aug-

mented rather than mitigated. Bettie, on going to church one Sunday, saw Lucretia, the woman who had caused Annah so much pain, with the sparkling ring upon her finger which had been given to our heroine by Adrian. This information was imparted to Mrs. Morgan by her sister, and, when she heard the story of her husband's thorough baseness, Annah gasped for breath; she could only utter the plaintive wail:

“Oh, Marcellus Morgan, how could you take from me that precious treasure, and give it to your mistress?”

In course of time Andrew's business necessitated his leaving Virginia for awhile, and immediately afterward incessant annoyances were occasioned by the ghost-like visitations of Morgan during the night. He actually provided himself with a ladder, but it was not a golden one, as his wealthy days were over, and poverty would seemingly be his portion, for the purpose of gaining the roof, which feat he eventually effected. He then attempted to force the window of the chamber in which Mrs. Morgan slept, but this maneuver failed, however, for every door and casement had been doubly secured. Believing that the intentions of Morgan were bent on murder, Annah became paralyzed with fear; fluttering like a timid dove, she crouched

in a dark corner of the room. Her sister and the children were equally terrified at the slightest breath of wind, or rustling of leaves ; every instant they expected that an entrance would be made by the midnight marauder, who would not hesitate to destroy Annah, even within the precincts of her sister's sanctuary—for he had sworn to recapture his wife, either dead or alive.

Prostrated in body and mind from the effects of over excitement, she rushed forth, bewildered with vague apprehensions. Our heroine felt that she could not, by any possibility, escape from her tyrannical husband, and that her days were numbered—self-destruction no longer appeared a crime, but instead resolved itself into a heroic virtue. In order to escape from torture the commission of suicide seemed no sin. The broken-hearted wife hurried onward toward her native home. She yearned in spirit to behold, for the last time, those familiar scenes that first enhanced her soul in childhood ; to retrace the hallowed footsteps of parents, brothers, and sisters, and then “go hence, to be no more seen in this vale of tears,” when, like a lamb destined for sacrifice, destruction was inevitable.

In this state of mind Annah wandered from Bettie's abode one dark evening, in the direction of a plantation formerly possessed by her father.

Every dark object that loomed up before the panic-stricken fugitive assumed the shape of Morgan, armed with a whip of scorpions, like a demon of discord. Ever and anon these visionary terrors appalled her, causing her to falter; her progress, therefore, was slow; after walking three miles only, Annah felt a painful sensation of weariness. On reaching a little village located midway between Bettie's house and Locust Grove, Annah entered a drug-store, with cool indifference, and purchased a vial of laudanum—the warning "*Poison*" was mechanically pasted on by the druggist, but no questions were asked—a criminal apathy is too commonly exhibited by the retailers of deadly narcotics.

The night was unusually serene. A mysterious beauty from the star-light above illumined the drooping, dew-spangled flowers, as a dense black cloud

"Threw her silver lining to the moon."

No zephyr stirred a single leaf, a portentuous silence universally reigned, even the clouds hung motionless 'twixt earth and sky, and perfect peace prevailed. The soft music of nature at length soothed the wanderer's soul. The tinkling sounds from gurgling rivulets in the forest, the twittering of birds startled from their slumbers, and the

wailing cry of the "whip-poor-will," were sadly ominous. Even the sheep-bell jarred on her ears, yet her mind was calm, free from the pangs of guilt, and she mentally offered up a prayer to the Creator that angels might waft her afflicted soul into that bright world where spirits dwell.

Feebly the mourner pursued her way through devious woods and valleys, over sand and pebbles, until, from sheer exhaustion, she sank down upon the door-sill of a cottage inhabited by an old man who had worked for Morgan several years before. Hearing Annah's moans, the wife of the cottager called her husband to assist the poor lady who had so suddenly made her appearance among them. At first Mrs. Prescott took Annah to be a supernatural being, so ghostly and pallid was her appearance. The old couple had often communed together concerning the sufferings of that "amiable and talented woman, Mrs. Morgan." They attributed all Annah's misery to Marcellus, and, old as they were, they still had sufficient acumen to perceive that the culminating point of her misery was near at hand. They had never fully learned how much the once beautiful girl had been tried, but the barbaric character of Morgan was too well known to leave any doubt on their minds as to the cause of Annah's metamorphosis from a joyous girl to a

melancholy matron. Mrs. Morgan was accommodated with a bed, and refreshed with tea and some home-made bread. A sweet sleep alleviated her sufferings—until morning she continued in repose, although the imagery presented by Somnus was of the same extraordinary character as usual.

Morgan had often threatened to send his wife to a private lunatic asylum. When sinking into slumber that recollection haunted Annah's imagination, producing the fantastic dreams of the *Retreat*, with all its mysterious *dramatis personæ*. The main features of that visionary den of purgatory our heroine knew, from the experience of a friend, to be singularly correct.

Although revived and exhilarated with coffee, Annah did not relinquish her determination to court the sweet sleep of death. Cleopatra was not more desirous to secrete an asp for her destruction than was the broken-hearted wife who concealed in her bosom a phial of poison, although with an air of cheerfulness she thanked her old friends when bidding them farewell. Mr. Prescott exchanged a troubled glance with his wife, and respectfully inquired whither Mrs. Morgan was wending her way.

"Oh," replied Annah, "it matters little where a bruised reed is drifted. A spirit that watched me in infancy is guiding me to that green spot where

my happiest days were passed. There will I visit the graves of my beloved parents, and pray that our souls will be henceforth reunited."

"You are ill able to bear fatigue, Madam," replied the old man. "It is, I reckon, three miles to Locust Grove from this spot. Ah! to be sure, I remember you well—a little cherub, with light curly hair and blue eyes. And your dear good father too—ah! folks lost their best friend when he died. I know nothing about the craft of Freemasons, but I knew your father, and always heard that he was one, and his charity will be remembered for ages to come."

"That's so!" cried Mrs. Prescott. Fabian Foy was the negro's godfather, as one might say, and a brother to all mankind. Well, of course, your step-mother is one person, and I am another, but if my old man had died years ago, I could no more have married again, than you, Mrs. Morgan, would have gotten your neck into a halter, had you known but half as much as you do now."

"Hush! hush!" muttered Prescott, "that's no business of ours. We are poor folks, but I do verily believe the poorer folks are the more natural affection they feel toward each other. I often think when I see gay foreign flowers transplanted from the green-house of fashion, blooming for mere show apart from each other in proud parterres, I often

think they don't look half so beautiful as the simple buttercups and daisies that flourish side by side, and perish together in fields and meadows. Yes, blessed are the poor, after all."

"Blessed, indeed," responded the old woman, instinctively placing her arm within that of Peter's. "Still I can't help saying that Mrs. Foy made a bad choice of a name when she consented to become Mrs. Patter; I do not care if he is a minister and I a member of his church; his faults are not hidden from me; no, indeed!"

"She thought, no doubt," said Prescott, "that a Baptist minister was a man worth having; but—" Here the old woman shook her sides with laughter; the conversation was reduced to whispers.

Absorbed in sorrowful thought, Annah had departed while the old couple were chattering and gazing at each other, as they conversed, as is the custom with those who "have lived and loved together for many a changing year." The bird had flown, so the antique pair folded their arms and sank off into a comfortable doze on a sofa that stood within the entry.

What more pitiable scene can be depicted than that of a young and beautiful woman driven to desperation by an inhuman, gross-minded man? All her best feelings trampled upon; rivalled by

the most degraded beings ; her fair skin discolored with bruises from him who vowed at the altar to love and protect her. Alas ! there is a secret yet to be unfolded. Was there no deception, no intrigue sought and made use of in the marriage between Morgan and Annah ? This is yet to be seen.

As she journeyed toward Locust Grove, Jehovah hallowed the inner temple of her bosom with light, for her heart glowed with the light of life, and gasped for eternity. The world, with all its rank weeds, seemed passing away beneath her. Her pure spirit already soared far above the sphere of such fulsome parasites of sin as Marcellus. The blissful reminiscences of first love charmed her soul, while her trembling lips murmured the name of Adrian, as she drew near and trod the sacred dust near the graves of her parents. She felt willing then to leave the world ; her troubles were so acute that human nature could endure no more.

Drummond Town, with all its allurements, never awakened such heartfelt joy in Annah as did the antique home of her childhood. There every blade of grass seemed to have been consecrated by paternal love. The old-fashioned portals, half worm-eaten ; the stone steps of the stoop, crumbling to decay ; the green-stained shingles ; the dilapidated

fences ; all, all those moss-mantled relics of time were more precious in the eyes of our heroine than “much-refined gold, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.” Here, in meadows where she had gathered cowslips with her little brothers and sisters ; there, between two lofty cedars, a loving father had assisted her to swing to and fro under the glaucous foliage. One old rustic bench still retained our heroine’s maiden name, carved by Adrian, and beside it was cut that of the youth she had loved in the olden time, she herself the engraver. That bench was an enchanted landmark of love. After the expiration of fifteen years, the forlorn wife gazed upon the humble resting-place with feelings of rapture, mingled with intense agony, as she mentally reviewed the past and present. Annah sank upon her knees, and kissed with devoted fondness every knotted plank. There was a mysterious melancholy in the countenance of the devotee ; she looked like a holy martyr gazing up into heaven with resignation and triumphant exultation as from her bosom she plucked the fatal phial, and swiftly and silently moved on through the grove toward the grave of her father.

Bewildered with grief, Mrs. Morgan became almost skeptical as to the wisdom and justice of Providence



ANNAH KNEELING AT THE TOMB OF HER FATHER.

W. ROBERTS SC. NY.

in ordaining that an innocent being should be sacrificed to a fiend. But, like a spiritual echo, sounded in her ears the words :

"I will direct thy footsteps, saith the Lord."

"Oh," meditated Annah, "what good can result from my destruction? Will God direct the footsteps of a suicide?"

She burst into a flood of tears, and hastened to hide among the tombstones, lest an intruder should deter her from her purpose. As in a camera obscura, Mrs. Morgan beheld again and again that well-known building, the former residence of her father and mother, the home of her childhood, which she had never seen since that fatal day when she had been sent to her aunt. In imagination, all her kindred smiled upon her. The disc of memory became dim—another retrospective view was revealed. She beheld a funeral procession, and saw the remains of her deceased parents lowered into the cold, cold earth. She fancied she saw the cedars fall on the lid of her father's coffin, and heard the Masons' song. But, ah! she began to think that the craft did not tolerate suicide. She trembled. She imagined that she heard the clods of clay fall upon the coffins, producing mysterious hollow sounds, so grating to human hearts, with that hideous creaking of the cords used for balancing the

coffin. She saw the black tassels thrown across the lid.

The old pear-tree still reared its blackened branches over the tombs—a faithful sentinel, which seemed to mark the degrees between Time and Eternity. It was a strange reflection to make, that immortal beings should crumble into dust while an old pear-tree was destined to flourish from age to age; that a human jewel should be crushed to atoms, while senseless stones were, through many generations, preserved with the greatest care. Annah sobbed aloud, and the sound of her own voice roused her to a state of consciousness. A sudden gust of wind smote the locust-trees that grew in a row in front of the ocean.

“Emblems of affection beyond the grave, I come!” whispered Annah to the voice of the wind among the trees. “The breeze that hath given motion to your leaves, is the breath of those who loved me on earth, and will love me forever. Oh, father, mother, sainted parents, descend to me now!”

Closing her eyes, the weeping wife reclined upon a grassy, turf-covered mound. Her little blue-eyed brother, Andrew, frolicked before her, as was his wont, when they in childhood sported together in some creek adorned by Nature with shells and seaweed.

Annah was startled from her reverie by the shrill cries of the sea-gulls and sedge-hens. The graveyard reminded her of that holy place where Moses communed with his Maker, and was commanded to loosen his sandals. She reverently knelt at the head of her father's resting-place, and, after giving vent to a flood of tears, she raised her eyes to Heaven, and, in a soft, dulcet murmur, repeated the following stanzas :

TO MY FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Father, father, sainted father !

 You are in the heavenly land,
Where the cherubim are singing,
 Circled in a happy band.

I saw thy hard, expiring gasp,
 And view'd that last-drawn breath—
And I knew thy soul had fled away,
 And was at peace in death !

An orphan left when very young—
 Not sixteen summers was I—
One sweet little sister by my side,
 When we saw our father die ;
There were three brothers weeping 'round,
 And gazing on the silent dead—
Oh, how I trembled as I wept,
 And pray'd that I could there be laid !

The Mason's chart, it was thy guide
 While in this dreary world below—
Thy brothers' songs did bear thee on
 To that bright world where thou didst go.

I heard the cold clod as it fell
Upon my father's silent tomb,
And the Mason's tokens were strewn around,
With all their green and rich perfume.

Th' acacias fell both thick and fast
In upon the coffin lid,
The emblem of the living soul
Which had flown where God had bid.
Now, dearest father, my faith is strong,
I know death hath not destroy'd thy love,
For a shadowy form hath often come
And flitted 'round me like a dove.

An angel from the world of light,
From the seraphs' blissful dome,
Hath come unto thy darling child,
And view'd her in a quiet home.
Sweet peace and comfort have been brought
To her from realms of light,
And cheer'd her in a gloomy hour,
And in the dreary, silent night.

Father, father, sainted father !
Stay not from me far away—
Now fortune's changed and friends have fail'd,
Oh, leave me not a single day !
The shipwreck'd bark hath long been toss'd
Upon Time's rolling billows free,
But teach me now what rock to shun,
That in Heaven I may dwell with thee.

Now thou art changed to another sphere,
And view us now with other eyes—
For thy bright soul hath been borne away
Far from earth, and above the skies.
But, oh ! when life's sad hour is ended,
And thy dear child's hard struggle's o'er,
May thy loved form to her descending
Bear her on to that brighter shore !

CHAPTER XXIV.

SEEKING SOLACE.

A decorative initial letter 'A' in a stylized, gothic font, featuring intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. It is positioned at the start of the first paragraph, partially overlapping the word 'AFTER'.

AFTER repeating these lines Annah's conscience, which had remained dormant, awoke suddenly. Like a flaming arrow, a conviction is established, and an individual becomes impressed with new ideas of right and wrong, of good and evil. Is such a change wrought by external or internal influences? Here we see through a glass dimly; but *there*, beyond our terrestrial sphere, *we shall see even as we are seen*. We are expressly told, by the holy apostle St. James, that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise them up. What does that prove? Why, that those who are sick at heart from the effects of sorrow, never yet prayed in vain. The power of sympathy between the Creator and his creatures is maintained through the spiritual medium of fervent devotion.

Feeling herself utterly forsaken, that she could not elude the vigilance of Morgan, and that, consequently, her death was certain, Annah considered it no sin to anticipate the executioner. She forgot

that faith is only shown by those who firmly rely on God for preservation *when all* hope appears at an end. She should have remembered the world-worn, world-tainted, world-weary-grown man who, in his bitterest affliction, cried :

“Gone the glad hope in a dawn of to-morrow,
Faded, forgotten, the noon of to-day,
Night closing o’er me, in sadness and sorrow,
Gloom in the valley, and ghosts on the way.
All the bright hours of the past I can reckon,
Memories of anguish they bring unto me;
Man cannot guide me, nor angel can beckon,
God of the hopeless! whom have I but thee?”

The despair-stricken wife arose, uncorked the phial which contained the deadly narcotic she had procured, and raised it to her lips.

“O God!” she cried, “convince me whether I am about to do right or wrong!”

As she uttered these words, trembling with emotion, she sank down upon the mossy ground, her hands flew apart, and the phial fell upon the tombstone and was shattered into fragments; the poison leaked away, and Annah lay fainting on the ground. When she recovered, she felt conscious that A Voice was secretly consoling her, Whose language might be thus interpreted :

“Lo! I am thy God, and will overthrow thine enemies. Put thy trust in ME, and I will bring it

to pass. Fret not thyself because of the ungodly, for they shall be cut down as the grass, and be withered even as the green herb.

“Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good; dwell in the land, and, verily, thou shalt be fed.

“Delight thou in the Lord, and he shall give thee thy heart’s desire.

“Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.

“He shall make thy righteousness and thy just-dealing as the noon-day.”

From this time the sufferer ceased to mourn.

With an unwavering faith in the protection of the Eternal Father of all, and believing that her spirit father, mother, and brother were ever near, and that eventually she would be rescued from her brutal husband, Annah arose and moved slowly away, mentally murmuring: “Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner!” New hopes dawned within her, as dawns the light over the untraveled waves of the boundless, boisterous sea.

She fancied that Adrian and herself would yet be happy together—that her first lover was still living. An undefined “warning dream” arose in her mind. Morgan stood before her, when the earth suddenly opened between them; Adrian smiled, when Mar-

cellus disappeared in the crevasse. Annah was spiritually happy ever after.

As our heroine arose from her father's grave, in all the seraphic majesty of divine faith, a lady, who had been watching her movements, came forward.

"My dear Madam," said the stranger, "from my window I first noticed you; so mysterious were your gesticulations, so pallid your complexion, that my mind was for some time impressed with the idea that I beheld a supernatural being. I feel convinced that no common affliction has weighed down your spirits. I know how to sympathize with a sorrowing heart; come to my home; I am too well acquainted with grief not to know how to entertain the unhappy."

This unexpected welcome was as an angel's visit to Mrs. Morgan; she gratefully grasped the stranger's extended hand, and thankfully accepted the cordial invitation. A luncheon, consisting of palatable viands and chocolate, produced a salutary change in the mourner, who ingenuously confided the cause of her misery to one who appeared more like a sister than an unknown person.

Mrs. Toliver had not been persecuted by a husband; but a near relative of her own had recently divorced a man who was a demi-god in comparison

with Morgan. The sympathetic lady thus commented on the subject.

“I have been blessed with a kind, good partner, thank God, and I now know how to value him; but, had it been otherwise, I should have acted very decidedly. No half measures for me; the first act of infidelity would have been the last, and so with every premonitory symptom of barbarity. I now recognize you as the Virginia Jewel, for by that name your father called you in your childhood, and as the belle of the county, fifteen years ago. Alas! your charms have been sadly defaced. Cheer up, though; there is hope for all who have faith in their guardian angel.”

As the lady ceased speaking, a knocking was heard without. Instinctively dreading a surprise from that trapper, Morgan, Annah retreated to a dark parlor. A stranger entered the hall, and Annah heard him earnestly inquire for Mrs. Morgan. The voice of the inquirer was familiar. With involuntary joy the poor fugitive advanced from her hiding-place; in another moment she was fondly embraced by her affectionate brother Andrew.

The mutual congratulations of Andrew and his sister afforded heartfelt gratification to Mrs. Toliver, who fully appreciated the spirit of indignation

evinced by Andrew toward an infamous brother-in-law. His determination to bring the culprit to a strict account, was highly applauded by the lady. And not only by her; several neighbors dropped in, who, whilome, had all loved Annah in childhood; they were enthusiastically disposed to give Morgan a *warm reception*. Annah's altered appearance produced a painful impression upon all who beheld her. It had been universally believed that the marriage of Mrs. Morgan was a propitious one, and her husband a perfect saint—this, according to the reports of the Rev. Pilate Patter. Of course this amiable Christian represented Mrs. Morgan as a Xantippe, and, accordingly, poor Mr. Morgan was Socrates personified. Natural reserve, and a too great share of forbearance, caused Annah to submit. A delicate tenacity of concealing domestic troubles was insisted upon, even by her sister Bettie, who knew that the world, in regard to matrimonial difficulties, always arrives at one conclusion—namely, that there are faults on both sides. Mrs. Patter, ci-devant Mrs. Foy, implored Annah not to make her domestic troubles public.

“Morgan will in time see his errors,” she would argue, “and it was a wife's duty to abide the time of God's conversion. How knowest thou, oh woman! but that thou mayest save his soul alive!” exclaimed

Mrs. Patter, whose mind, from associations, had become tinctured with the cant of the Baptist minister, although his expressions, when uttered by Annah's step-mother, were sincere. She was a good-hearted, loving woman, but most credulous, otherwise she would never have been cajoled into uniting herself to so despicable a man as the Pharisæic pulpit-orator of Modest-Town, who rivalled Satan in appearing as an angel of light to those who sat in darkness.

There was a peculiar taciturnity observed by Andrew, which gave evidence to Annah of her brother's determination to execute some project already matured. His lips were compressed, and his bright blue eyes seemed to flash whenever the name of Morgan was uttered. Annah timidly intimated the policy of acting with discretion, so as to avoid any *exposé* of domestic affairs.

"You need not dread the exposure," said Mrs. Toliver; "all of this false delicacy only gives your calumniators a wider latitude; decision of character is absolutely necessary. It only requires manly or womanly resolution to annihilate a host of backbiters. Prove yourself an adept in biting sarcasm, and you will resemble a fruit-tree well protected with quicklime, for the total destruction of blight, and the curculio, and God knows those

insidious parasitical pests are not greater curses to green leaves, blossoms, and fruits, than the electrical tongue of that species of the semi-human gymnotus, termed a slanderer. The shocks given by that monster to a sensitive mind seems to benumb every energy, so that the victim becomes an easy prey. A cold-blooded assassin, who indirectly destroys an innocent wife, should be spotted as a wife-poisoner, for a woman's peace and happiness must indeed have been saturated with poisons to induce her to meditate upon self-destruction.

"Aha!" ejaculated Andrew, "'tis as I suspected—that broken phial beside my father's grave—"

"Was wrested from my hand by the spirit of my sainted father," added Annah, gently.

Andrew drew a heavy sigh—he was not a believer in the supernatural—then caught the hand of his sister within his own, bade a graceful adieu to Mrs. Toliver, assisted Annah into his carriage, and drove away in the direction of Modest-Town. In a short time the affectionate relations were reunited. Bettie sobbed like a child, and for once in her life vowed that if Andrew Foy did not do something in this case, she would take the law into her own hands.

A generous, warm heart, when glowing with indignation, assumes a volcanic character, requiring an eruption to prevent it from exploding.

CHAPTER XXV.

A HOSTILE MEETING.



ATOMKIN BEACH was certainly raised by some good-natured Triton for the especial purpose of accommodating pic-nic parties. Situated within an easy distance of Gargotha Inlet, the enchanted island, crowned with salt-water bushes and long green grass, was a most delightful summer resort. Thither crowds of joyous spirits flitted in row-boats, and many a *Midsummer Night's Dream* was participated in by the merry-hearted Virginians. And a *Caliban* was not lacking to give effect to the luminous scene, whose broad shadow formed a striking contrast to the genius of innocent mirth. Marcellus Morgan played the part of the fiend admirably. Old Jack Smythe, harmless, hen-pecked, and purblind as an owl, was a firm believer in the morality and friendship of Morgan; in short, he frequently made a public boast that Morgan was as chaste as his own wife and daughters. Had Asmodeus been present when the last declaration was made, he would certainly have lost all sense of gravity, and indulged in a hearty cachinnation.

"Ho, Jack!" cried Morgan, "can't go free this morning; must have a drink."

"Well, but cannot a fellow wait until after dinner?" asked Smythe. "You know that I never drink anything but tea, coffee, and water."

"D—e, Jack, don't be a fool; your wife would like you all the better if you had a little more *spirit* in you. Now, then, drink! Here's to old King Alcohol!"

Smythe was a weak-minded man, and could not resist the importunity of any crafty rogue; consequently, he drank until he became disgracefully inebriated. Morgan assisted the stupid ogre, whose body resembled a hogshead, into a lighter, and they rowed the slumberer into a sequestered creek, among a large patch of bulrushes. The maneuverer then returned to Kegotank—then Smythe's plantation—where the *chaste* Marcellus boarded after Annah's departure. He there undertook to give Miss Smythe a waltzing lesson while her mother was dressing to accompany the gay grass-widower to a Matomkin Beach party. The lesson was a strictly private one, for even the doors were closed by the prudent young lady—at least it was so alleged.

During the comfortable nap of Moses among the bulrushes, his immaculate lady and daughter, with the younger branches of the family, set off on their

sylvan excursion. But they first partook of plentiful rations of fat turkey and egg-nogg—the concoction of the latter was an accomplishment of Morgan's.

These congenial spirits prided themselves upon their ancestral antiquity. No doubt they descended from some of the families who followed William the Conqueror to England—the originators of a British peerage. It certainly was something of which to boast, that Morgan and Smythe could trace their pedigrees back to that mercenary gang of the Norman squatter. William was, indubitably, the first representative of squatter sovereignty.

Momus, the god of mirth, waved his magic wand; flashes of merriment combined with music; the laughter of elated children and hilarious glees, transformed the quiet region into an “island of tranquil delights.” To the summit of one of the hills Marcellus escorted Mrs. and Miss Smythe.

“How happy could I be with either!” the grass-widower hummed to himself, alternately pressing the arms of the matronly and youthful ladies.

Morgan was on the point of extending his walk with the fair ones when he was unexpectedly confronted by a MAN—for Andrew Foy possessed all the qualities of his noble father, Fabian. The credulous husband, having slept off the effect of the

drinks which he and Morgan had enjoyed, now rejoined the "happy family," and had taken Morgan's position as the latter slunk out of sight into a ravine.

"Where has that tyrannical miscreant hidden himself?" cried Andrew. "I mean that fiend in human shape, Marcellus Morgan. Are you not one of his profligate gang?"

"I am proud to say that I am a friend of Mr. Morgan," replied old Jack Smythe, with pompous emphasis. "Mr. Morgan, who is descended on the paternal side from an ancient branch nearly allied to the mighty Ossian, and on the maternal side he can trace back his genealogy to Oscar and Mabrina—"

"To the first king that ever sat upon an earthly throne; it is easy to trace the descent of so worthy a gentleman as Marcellus," interrupted Andrew.

"Ah!" eagerly said Smythe, "I see that you are a scholar, and understand heraldry. I was little aware of Mr. Morgan's real origin. Who was that first king, Sir?"

"His Satanic Majesty—he who fell like lightning from heaven—"

"The devil!" exclaimed fat Jack, starting back.

"Ex-act-ly-, the devil himself, Sir; your quickness of comprehension is charming."

"Whom have we here?" demanded Mrs. Smythe, assuming a threatening attitude.

"Oh! Mrs. Smythe! Mrs. Smythe!" expostulated her husband. Then, turning a little to spell from a card handed him by Andrew, he added, "Andrew, Fabian Foy. By Jove! he's a first-rate gentleman. A chip of the old block. His father was Fabian Foy, Esq., one of the crack planters of Virginia, who lived at Locust Grove. There is no doubt that he came from one of the noblest families that the world ever produced, 'a chip of the old block.'"

"A chip of the old block indeed, indeed! and a blockhead at that," wrathfully began the excited lady of Smythe; but she was interrupted by Andrew, who coldly said:

"My business here is neither with you, Madam, nor with this gentleman, who, from his manner, I take to be your 'liege lord.'" Andrew's blue eyes twinkled for a moment; but his sternness of manner immediately returned as he added: "I came to seek one Marcellus Morgan; he whom you are 'happy to call friend,' but whom I here pronounce the greatest villain unhung. Where is he, the tyrannical miscreant?"

"Mr. Smythe—Mr. Smythe!" cried the enraged wife, poking at fat Jack with her parasol, by way of stirring up his valor, "are you going to suffer this

man to revile our friend Morgan, and to cast a slur upon my unimpeachable character?"

"The Carthaginian general, Hannibal," said Smythe, whose brain was yet muddled from his unwonted libations, "the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, with two such heroes as Fabian Foy and Andrew Fabian, would not only have dissolved the Alps with vinegar, but would have whipped the Romans and all creation. I only wish Andrew Foy was in old Bob Lee's place, he'd soon whip the d—d Yankees off our territory."

"I am not here," said Andrew, "to discuss the war question. I only wish that this man I am seeking was in the hottest battle, so that I might be saved the trouble of wasting powder on such a villain."

"Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan," sobbed the neglected lady, "come to our protection, c-o-m-e!"

"Have you any business with me?" said Morgan, suddenly emerging from ambush, and addressing Andrew.

"Business that shall quickly be settled," was the brief reply, accompanied by a look that made Morgan's heart quail within him.

"Sharp work for the eyes," he muttered, as he put his hands into his pockets, with a braggadocio air.

Andrew grasped the arm of the planter:

"Dastardly assassin, you would fain attempt to scare me as you have done my sister; but such animals as you are to be tamed by men like me."

Saying these words, and shaking the poltroon with the strength of a giant, Andrew hurled him down the side of the steep hill.

The women rushed to and fro, while the yet semi-inebriated Mr. Smythe philosophically remarked:

"Nothing but what I expected. The Foy's are a great institution. Must have descended from King Solomon, as Fabian was a Mason."

The two women rushed to the side of the demoralized Morgan, and frantically endeavored to remove the mud-stains from his face with their lace pocket-handkerchiefs.

"D—n it!" whined the discomfited Marcellus, "have done this fuss. That fellow there could whip Yankee Sullivan or Tom Hyer. Don't you see that he has not fooled away his strength like me? He's right enough; I have used his sister badly."

"I could have trampled you beneath my feet," said Andrew, who now stood near the cringing cur; "but this acknowledgment of your barbarity has, as you probably surmised it would when you made it, saved me from crushing out your life, as I would that of a poisonous reptile."

“I know that I have not behaved well, Mr. Foy,” cried Morgan, abjectly ; “but you should thank God for being so much my superior. You are a genuine angel ; and, doubtless, you are aware that when Balaam beheld an angel he fervently wished for a sword ; but a bowie-knife would answer my purpose just as well, and I am an ass to be unprovided with one.”

Morgan remained for some moments in a sort of stupor ; at length he cried aloud :

“The latest American champion ! Mr. Foy, I should exceedingly like to whip you ; but it seems I cannot do it at present.”

“Unfortunately, my mother has, until very recently, concealed the long martyrdom of my sister, or you might ere this have ceased to live. Hear me !—”

“I can hear you where I am,” the strange man replied.

Andrew, with his keen sense of the ridiculous, scarce knew how to keep his countenance ; but the recollection of his pale sister and her sufferings came, and he knit his fine brows while he drew forth a paper. Prepared for every emergency, he likewise presented Morgan with a pen, and unscrewed a portable ink-bottle.

“Marcellus Morgan,” he said, “here is a document which I desire you to sign.”

“You are all right,” said the planter. “There, ‘Marcellus Morgan.’ Poor Annah!”—here the hypocritical wretch attempted a sigh—“I must have been possessed; but those old spiteful spinsters, Leach and Pauline, Annah’s cousins, the Pollards and Haplesses, and your own pious stepfather, Pilate Patter, make them sign this paper. They, as maligners, have far outdone me; and, most especially, I yield the palm in that particular to Mrs. Jacobs, the daughter of Patter, and to her husband, the righteous deacon of the church, at your service. You might give the holy deacon an additional nail for his coffin by reporting his *honorable* conduct when postmaster. You might add to the collection many others—”

“I wish to listen to no more of your remarks. Hear what I have to say. If, directly or indirectly, you ever presume to molest my sister before a divorce is obtained, I swear I will kill you. A divorce will soon emancipate my dear sister. Until that deliverance is effected, Mrs. Morgan will remain under my protection, and woe to any who molests her privacy!”

“Ha! ha! so you are going to sue for a divorce. Foy, if you are smarter than I am, go ahead; I have the money.”

“Damn your money!” said Andrew, clenching his

fist. "I will pay all for her, and she shall not be *Annah Morgan* one year longer. During the present interview I have studiously avoided the use of any weapons but those with which nature has provided me. Should we ever meet again our encounter shall be brief and decided. Look to it, dastard!"

Andrew, with a gesture of utter scorn, withdrew.

Colonel Clinton, *Annah's* uncle, who was returning from a day's shooting, slapped Andrew on his shoulder, shouting :

"Heigh ho ! Andrew, my lad, I congratulate you on your glorious victory ! A regular War of Independence ! Only wish I was forty years younger ! Ah, boy, what would have become of your father's little 'Jewel' had there been no lapidary to give her a new setting ? She would have remained forever hidden in her dark cave."

The gray-headed veteran marched off down the road to Hopeland, a superb seat on the Atlantic Ocean in the neighborhood of Modest-Town. The Colonel's amiable young wife soon entered with *Annah* and her sister, and the party concluded the eventful day in domestic enjoyment.

Their satisfaction was enhanced by the unexpected arrival of the Rev. John Morton, a worthy minister from Baltimore, whose pure character re-

sembled that of the disciple whom Jesus loved. His fraternal kindness to Annah, and his Christian conversation and consolation, soothed her perturbed mind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GALLANT DEED.

HE next morning Andrew conveyed Annah on board a steamer bound for Baltimore, and taking an affectionate leave of their friends, they were soon under way. Foy was advised by the Governor to take his sister to Maryland, where, in defiance of Morgan, a divorce could be obtained. After a few hours' sail, Annah and her brother arrived at the beautiful monumental city, saved from Gen. Ross, the British officer, by the heroic Macomases. Annah was placed in a pleasant boarding-house, and in a few months she began to recover somewhat from the frightful dreams and visions which had haunted her for years. She had been called a sleep-walker; so she was, a perfect somnambulist; and it was Morgan's treatment that had caused her to fall into that melancholy state.

Our heroine's natural timidity had been the principal cause of her matrimonial sorrow. Had the Masons been aware that the daughter of an

esteemed brother had been victimized by such a base man as Marcellus Morgan, they might have interfered in her behalf; but she was loth to publish her troubles to the world. Her father had carried out to the fullest extent the pure principles of Freemasonry. During his lifetime his house was open to every wayfarer; his interest was never solicited in vain. It was most unfortunate for Annah that she had not married a Mason. However, the "Jewel," though tried in the furnace of affliction, came out unscathed. The halcyon days of youthful bliss had been overclouded; still, like the solar orb, the soul of Annah remained unchanged in its *vital* affections and *warmth* of friendship, imbued with that inherent intelligence which is really the *light of light*—for without it the world would all roll on in a region of chaotic darkness.

Like the hallowed mantle of Elijah, a holy heritage descended upon her from a benevolent, enlightened parent, the boon companion of Solomon's most intellectual sons, over them the ever watchful eye of Providence is beaming. It never ceases to beam upon those who, struggling across the sands of the desert of sorrow, confidently appeal to the disinterested friends of the widow and orphan. The only true goddess, Charity, beautifies the veiled temples of Masonry.

An incident that once occurred at sea was never forgotten by Mrs. Morgan. Her deliverer, if living, will be grateful to feel that his manly conduct created an indelible impression upon Annah's memory. Marcellus Morgan occasionally indulged in marine excursions, and sometimes during the first few years subsequent to his marriage, took his wife on board—not by the arm; she was left to follow. Upon one of these occasions a sudden storm arose, which agitated the erstwhile smiling sea, transforming the ripples to mountainous billows and breakers. Like flying fiery serpents, flames of electric fluid leaped from the sable clouds, and rived in twain the pliant spars of the schooner, which groaned and quivered as the waves lifted her high on their frothy crests, and then receding, bowed her down in the dark valley of waters, while the billows burst and broke over her in cataracts, as though mocking her misery, thirsting for her annihilation. The rain fell in torrents and the tempest-driven spray flew in blinding sheets across the slippery decks of the dismasted hulk, as the mountainous rollers bore her swiftly along toward land and destruction. A long, low, sandy beach, upon which the surf broke with a hoarse, deafening roar, lay on their lee, and slowly, but steadily, the unmanagable craft was drifting toward it. The skipper, a stanch, weather-beaten old

tar, lashed to the helm, endeavored to keep the *Alice* head to sea ; but, as not a cloth could be set, his efforts were futile and the waves made a clean breach over the deck.

“Clear away the long-boat, my lads ; it will be our only chance now,” he shouted through his speaking trumpet ; and as his voice rang high above the din of the warring elements, the seamen severed the boat’s-gripes and prepared to launch her bodily over the side. But ere they could accomplish their purpose, a giant billow burst aboard, and, crushing the boat to fragments, carried it and four brave fellows overboard. A wild cry broke from all on that hapless craft as they saw their shipmates driven to their death, and an echoing cry from the lips of some “strong swimmer in his agony” sounded a mournful requiem.

The *Alice* was now only a few cable lengths from the beach, and the captain no longer endeavored to conceal from the passengers the dread peril that menaced them.

“She will go to pieces directly she touches. Life-preservers are in the cabin ; our only chance is to trust to them,” he cried.

Morgan no sooner heard this than he dived down into the cabin with the utmost alacrity, and heeding not the anxious inquiries of his terror-stricken wife,

who was praying therein, soon reappeared with one of the life-preservers encircling his waist.

"Is there not a lady below, Sir?" inquired a man, addressing Morgan, to whom he was a perfect stranger.

"I believe so, I don't know," replied the trembling craven.

The stranger's lips curled scornfully, as, without deigning to utter the anathema at his heart, he sprang down the companion-way into the cabin.

"Come, Madam! we have not a moment to lose; the vessel will soon be ashore, and our only chance is to trust in Providence and the mercy of the waves." Then, without any further circumlocution, he seized her in his stalwart arms and bore her upon deck.

Scarcely had they gained it ere the schooner struck with such violence that all on board were prostrated, and before they could regain their footing, huge billows leaped aboard and washed them clear of the dismantled wreck. Had not the stranger been at hand, Annah's woes would have forever ceased. He never loosed his hold of the fair woman he had carried from the cabin, but drew her head upon his shoulder, and, with her fleece of locks fanning his face and her warm breath upon his cheek, struck boldly out for the shore. It was not

far distant, but the surf ran high, and broke ever and anon with irresistible fury. The stranger was a strong swimmer, however, and his brave heart, filled with desire to save his beauteous burden, gave him additional power with which to combat the angry, foam-capped waves. At length one billow higher than the rest flung high its human jetsam on the pebbly strand, and, ere ocean could redraw him to its hoary bosom, the stranger, though battered and bruised by the force with which the life-giving wave had hurled him ashore, sprang to his feet and bore the unconscious Annah beyond the reach and rage of Neptune.

While he was endeavoring to restore the inanimate lady, he noticed a little Masonic badge—the square and compass—which had formerly belonged to her father, and which she used sometimes to wear as a brooch, glittering on her bosom.

“I have additional reason to be thankful that I saved her; some of her friends probably belong to our holy order, and I have rendered a brother good service,” he murmured.

By the time Annah’s senses returned, Morgan and the rest of the crew, whose life-belts had saved them, approached.

“My husband, Sir,” said Mrs. Morgan, faintly, in answer to the look of inquiry the stranger gave her

upon seeing Marcellus approaching her with his usual rude familiarity.

"Had you been a Freemason, Sir," observed the stranger, "I should have been deprived of the pleasure of performing the most pleasant duty ever imposed upon me—that of saving the life of your amiable wife."

Morgan, looking vacantly at the speaker, replied :

"Stranger, I've no doubt you are a fine fellow—though rather green about women, I guess. You are a Mason, eh?"

"I am proud to be able to reply in the affirmative," was the rejoinder.

"Well, that's all right as far as it goes," said Marcellus, "but Masonry is all bosh. I am an enemy to secret societies. I wonder the surf did not make us all members of a *very* secret society. So you saved my rib, did you? That is as much as to say, you have given me a bone to pick. He, he, ha! Well, good deeds reward themselves, you know; though I guess if you'd known Annah there was a married woman, you would not have been so anxious to bring her along through the briny."

"I am a married man, Sir," proudly replied the Mason. "My wife is as dear to me as the apple of my eye."

"Marriage is only an old-fashioned ceremony,"

said Morgan, coolly. "'Tis quite out of date in the present utilitarian state of society."

The Mason started in disgust. Turning to Annah, he impressively exclaimed :

"'Cast not pearls before swine, lest they turn and rend thee.'"

Morgan was too much occupied wringing his saturated garments to notice the stranger's caustic remark. When the storm abated somewhat they proceeded inland, and found temporary shelter in a cottage. Annah's preserver, however, became so annoyed at the ill-timed levity of Marcellus, who, having just escaped from death, might have at least been decorous, that he abruptly departed, and Mrs. Morgan, to her regret, never again beheld the gallant fellow who had rescued her from a watery grave.

Oh, that the holy order of Freemasonry might be established in every family throughout creation—then there would be no more penury! The rich would then pay genius, talent, and industry according to their deserts, and those unable to work would be provided for.

What Brother Mason, while fondling an innocent daughter upon his knee, can prevent the degradation to which the child may be exposed in after-life if, like our heroine, she should be linked to such an individual as Morgan?

AN ALLEGORY.

When Angels no longer wooed the daughters of men, and the holy flower-seeds of Eden had ceased to hallow the earth with celestial blossoms, an ancient man went forth, with his staff, in search of two GUARDIAN ANGELS who had once followed the footsteps of Adam. Those sacred hierarchs, like Moses after his descent from Mount Sinai, were veiled, commemorative of the fall of man. They were seldom visible ; when they were, with luminous colossal forms they diffused refulgent halos, causing human hearts to glow with joy ! The ancient man walked onward for many days, but no such divine beings as those he sought could anywhere be found. A voice was heard to cry : “ An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.” And wherever that war-whoop resounded, Adam’s Guardian Angels were unknown.

The children of Israel rebuked the venerable sage, saying :

“ Lo ! thou art seeking for the cherubim enshrined within the mystic arc, the HOLY OF HOLIES !”

“ Nay,” answered the wanderer ; “ I seek for the Guardian Angels of man, and, sooth, I feel that they are not far distant.”

The patriarch beheld a battle-field not far off. The air was darkened by showers of arrows. Pon-

derous stones, launched from slings, cleft the atmosphere on high. Hosts of armed men, maddened with fury, rushed upon each other. Two combatants with swords and shields, more vengeful than their fellows, battled apart, until within bow-shot of the ancient wanderer. At length one gained the vantage ground; his brave opponent faltered; but, ere he fell, that vanquished warrior *made a sign*. The weapons of the victor were cast aside. Antagonists no more, the twain locked each other in a *brotherly* embrace! Smiling above them, two gigantic winged forms appeared, descending from the firmament.

Satisfied with the travail of his soul, the good old man rejoiced with exceeding great joy; for in those heavenly sanctities he recognized man's Guardian Angels, who were known unto Adam as *Generosity* and *Gratitude*.

As mother and daughter, they worshipped the supreme *Architect*, Who proclaimeth unto every afflicted spirit, "*The stone which the builder rejected hath become the head stone in the corner.*" Who, after that, can despair? The eternal key-stone of the arc of God in Emmanuel—God with us.

By the wisest of the sons of men were the symbols of benevolence established. A *sign* is sufficient to resuscitate the glowing GENIUS of GENEROSITY.

Whose smiles of love awakeneth sweet GRATITUDE? Those seraphims reign in every *Masonic Lodge*.

A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after A SIGN.

The only true signs are to be found in *Masonry*, whose *free and accepted brethren* visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world. Who, after that, can despair?

CHAPTER XXVII.

FILLED TO THE BRIM.

HE heroine of our tale left Morgan in possession of all her property ; not even obtaining her jewelry and her clothing for the space of two years. Her friends did as much as could be expected ; she had but two brothers and one delicate sister.

Mrs. Morgan, while awaiting her divorce, exerted herself to obtain a school, in which project she succeeded. A certain woman of her acquaintance was in want, and to benefit this person Annah went to board with her, willing to put up with her poverty for the sake of teaching and boarding in the same house. The name of this person was Foose, and Annah had been in the family but a short time when she discovered that she was a disciple of Bacchus, and drank all the spirituous liquors that she could obtain. But then Mrs. Morgan had a very good school ; the weather, moreover, was exceedingly cold, and she thought perhaps it might not be generally known that her landlady drank. Mrs. Foose was a spiritual medium, but she misused the attributes

with which she had been endowed from above—as do many others who apply the power given them for the purpose of diffusing “light to those in darkness,” to meet their own ends of personal aggrandizement. Although there is not a shadow of doubt but that our spiritual friends visit earth, and hold communion with those they love, in order to guide and direct their footsteps through the miry ways of this world, yet we must bear in mind that spirits of evil also enter into mortal frames for opposite purposes; so we should be careful in ascertaining the moral status of mediums ere we patronize them, or attend their *seances*. We would not tolerate for a moment the teachings of any medium who does not live secretly a moral life; and we think such persons should be strictly religious, for this does not come from men, but from the angel-world.

When Mrs. Morgan had been a few weeks in the house of Mrs. Foose, and her school was prospering finely, her landlady was called away by business to Richmond, Virginia. Annah had proposed to leave, and endeavored to obtain another boarding place; but Mrs. Foose insisted that Mrs. Morgan should remain, and attend to her children during her absence. To this Annah, at length, reluctantly consented. Mrs. Foose left Annah in charge, and specially requested her not to allow the children

to waste the provisions and money. Our heroine tried her best to do this, and managed to save all that was possible. But, upon the lady's return, the first salutation Annah received was severe abuse. Mrs. Foose sent her daughter Elizabeth out to obtain some whisky, and drank a quantity between breakfast and dinner-time. When Annah returned from her school duties, this lady again commenced her harangue.

"Mrs. Morgan, since my return home I notice that there has been a great deal wasted or destroyed in some manner during my absence, and the money which I left the children could never have been used in the family,—it has been otherwise expended."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Foose? Do you dare to insinuate that I spent your money?"

"I did not say so; but I do say that *my children* could not have used it all."

"Well," returned Mrs. Morgan, "that is as much as to say that I spent it. The children had it in their own possession; I never interfered at all with them, save to suggest to them not to waste it. Madam, I will leave your house immediately."

Whereupon Mrs. Foose burst into a violent rage; her cheeks became like peonies, and her eyes reminded Annah of Morgan's when that gentleman was engaged in what he called a "frolic."

"Well!" thought Mrs. Morgan, "I am certainly beset. If there is a fiend in woman's shape, here it is. I must break up my school, and again remove. I see that she is intoxicated. Oh! what an awful sight it is to behold a woman under the influence of liquor."

Mrs. Foose ranted and raved like a maniac, even threatening to place Annah's things out upon the street. Mrs. Morgan answered not a word, but put on her hat, and issued out in search of a home. During her ramble she met a lady who had been teaching in the country, and who owned the house where she had taught. She desired Mrs. Morgan to go to this place, to inform the gentleman there by whom she had been sent, and, perhaps, he would permit her to take the room just vacated by the lady herself.

Annah felt encouraged to think that she might obtain a school in the country, about a mile and a half out on the Hookstown road. She left Baltimore after four o'clock, the earliest hour at which she could be released from her pupils. There were no stages or cars running the direction she wished to proceed, and the sky was over-clouded, but Annah hoped that she would be able to complete her little journey before the impending storm broke. She hastened along as fast as possible. When she ar-

rived at her destination, darkness shadowed the earth, and the rain fell in torrents.

Annah repeated to the gentleman in possession what Mrs. Davis had told her in regard to the school; but he was unwilling that any one excepting the landlady should teach.

“Oh! what shall I do?” thought Annah. “Here am I out in the country, in the midst of a storm.”

The rain beat against the windows, and the wind blew furiously. The wife and daughter of the gentleman entered the room, and engaged Annah in conversation. Mrs. Morgan, after awhile, arose from her chair, approached the door, looked out, and said:

“I never in my life saw it rain more furiously. How shall I return to Baltimore? The clay was over my boots when I came.”

She thought that these remarks might induce the people to invite her to remain for the night, but they declined taking the very palpable hint she threw out. Then Annah, knowing that she was not well, ventured to ask if she could not stop all night, for she could see no prospect of a change in the weather. She was denied shelter.

“No! we can accommodate no one,” said the occupant of the dwelling.

"I will pay you," rejoined the poor, weary soul, who had about two shillings in her pocket.

"No!" reiterated the hardened man, "you cannot remain, we have no accommodation."

"Great heavens," thought Annah Morgan, "I have been living on the earth with a race of beings whose hearts are hard as flints, yet I have never once suspected that such a class existed on this beautiful globe."

Here was a test! as the one she had left that same day. The sorrow-stricken woman again arose and went to the door. It was now half-past eight o'clock, and the rain still fell in torrents. Annah looked in every direction; the night was dark as Erebus; but she knew that she had to leave, for they had told her that she could not stay; so she bade the inhospitable people "good-night," and issued into the open air. Every step buried her feet in the mire; the clayey soil adhered to her boots and impeded her progress, while the rain beat violently in her face; but she struggled bravely on until she reached Baltimore. As she entered the city the lamps gave a dim light.

"Ah!" thought the weary creature, "the light of hope is as dim in my heart as these lamps are to my tired eyes. Could my spirit but leave this body, it would be well. Why am I permitted to

live to be buffeted from post to pillar by all classes and degrees of people?"

There were no cars on that dreary route, or she might have rode. After a walk of several hours Annah arrived at the house where she resided. She rapped, and was admitted by Mrs. Foose, who, as soon as Annah entered, exclaimed :

"Why, I thought that you had gone out in order to procure another boarding place."

She saw that the unhappy lady was dripping wet, but little she cared—she was one of Lucifer's darlings. Mrs. Morgan took a seat beside the stove, intending to remain a few moments for the purpose of warming and drying herself; but Mrs. Foose again commenced to talk over what the children had consumed. Then Annah started up stairs with the determination to remain up there all night, and sleep upon the floor—there were no beds excepting down stairs.

Not very long before this event, while her little scholars were learning their tasks, Annah had composed the following verses on the home of her birth; now they recurred to her mind with full force.

REMINISCENCES.

Oh tell me no more of the home of my childhood,

Where sparkling waves surge on the shell-begemmed shore,

Where forest-trees flourish, and willows are weeping

By moonlight—I never shall gaze on them more!

Remind me no more of my once happy birthplace,
Of childhood's enchantment, where giddy and gay,
With kindred and friends, I then dreamed not of strangers
Whose frowns have o'erclouded my young summer's day.

Reveal not to me the cold tomb of my parents ;
Their unburied souls, as the ocean waves surge,
Seem hymning a requiem—the words are melodious—
While flood-gulls and sea-mews seem chanting a dirge.

Like sere yellow leaves, my false friends all keep falling
Away from misfortune and crumble to dust,
While naught doth remain for the mourner to gaze on
But Hope's fleeting shadow producing distrust.

My country and home are now painful to muse on ;
The grass still is green and gay birds charm the grove,
And cedars yet flourish ; but where are those dear ones
As gentle as turtle-doves glowing with love !

Henceforth as a phantom I glide to my birthplace ;
The voices I loved I can never hear more ;
While lonely on earth I continue to linger
The waves seem to mock me still lashing the shore.

Here was sorrow tenfold ! She had escaped from the grasp of Morgan, but here were other troubles yet to be overcome. The wet and weary woman removed her drenched garments, put on others, then took a pillow which was in the corner of the room, placed it under her head, and, with some of her own clothing for covering, lay down upon the bare planks, there being no carpet upon the floor. Her troubled heart ached with every beat.

“ Oh,” sighed the Jewel, “ why has God spared

my life? Why am I permitted to live through all this punishment?"

While shedding the most bitter tears she fell asleep. When she awoke it was with difficulty that she could move; but she dressed herself and went out without having partaken of any breakfast. Seeing a bill in a window, "Apartments to let," she entered the house in order to inquire if she could hire the rooms. The inmates of the house were, evidently, poor, but seemed very respectable. Annah hired the first floor—two parlors—of the domicil, and, as it was in the neighborhood of her former residence, she removed her things that day. She gave her references to her new landlord, who did not seem to doubt her in the least, but said that he was satisfied to have her as a tenant.

After Annah had been settled for a few weeks in her new residence, and had received some new pupils, Mrs. Foose sent word to her landlord that Mrs. Morgan would not pay her rent, and that she had been obliged to turn her out of the house. These people had been very kind to Mrs. Morgan, but after the receipt of this news they treated her with great coolness.

Slander, thou vile and hideous reptile! Thou incarnate fiend of perdition! The hottest place in the darkest spheres is none too severe for such

demons in human shape as this old "Medium," as she called herself, and many others just like her. We hope no intellectual, honorable person will tolerate such people. Who would go to procure communications from such a creature? All vile characters injure the cause of spiritual progress, and will continue to do so until this class of people become more developed, and live pious, Christian lives.

The Morleys did not know Mrs. Morgan, and of course they felt strangely about it. By this time the weather had become bitterly cold; everything was frozen. Annah had to heat her school-room or lose her pupils; the proceeds of the school was all that she had to depend upon. In consequence of the extreme cold weather, which made it necessary to use at that time (people used mostly wood-stoves) a large quantity of wood, she became in arrears for the rent. She requested her landlord, or rather the man Morley, of whom she rented the rooms, to be a little patient, and she would soon pay him. He had no feeling, but insulted her, informing her that if she did not pay her rent at once she must abide by the consequences. She then, on one bitter evening, started out to endeavor to borrow the money, supposing that the parents of some one of her pupils might loan the small amount; but not a cent could

she obtain. She walked about from four o'clock until ten at night. The streets were in a dreadful state; there had been sand put down to prevent accidents by falling; but poor Annah had to travel the slippery pavements in the endeavor to keep a roof over her head. When she returned home her hands were so stiff that she could not feel the key in her fingers. At one time she thought that she must freeze to death on the streets, but she succeeded in reaching home.

"Oh God!" she cried, as she stood on the cold steps, shivering, "will my mercenary old aunt ever be forgiven for her cruelty toward me, and in encouraging me to marry so young?"

At last she succeeded in unlocking the door. She entered her chilly, dreary apartments, and laid down, aching in every limb with cold all night. In the morning she arose early, made a fire, and endeavored to warm herself. During all this time of suffering she continually thought of her Aunt Betsie, the forged letter, and the golden ladder; also of her maiden cousins, Leah and Pauline, now withered and gray, who had always envied their beautiful cousin, therefore they pitied not her sufferings. Her Cousin George, a minister, was the only one of the family who had any sympathy with Annah during these dark hours of life. He was a dear good man.

Annah Morgan, the pet Jewel of Fabian Foy, was now mingling with dark spirits ; yes, demons in human shape, such as this earth is infested with. Morgan and his co-workers had caused it all. He had deprived an innocent woman of her property, and these strangers took advantage of her penniless condition. What a sermon could Annah's aunt have preached her favorite Marcellus. In this singing process she should have warned him to flee the wrath to come. On the following morning Mr. Morley came to her school-room and demanded the money due for rent. Annah told him how she had been disappointed ; but he only swore at her, and declared that she must obtain it before ten o'clock. This she knew to be an impossibility. Mrs. Morgan's landlord was a low-bred man, so she excused his language, yet she was almost crazy with anxiety.

Ah ! was not her guardian angel watching over her in all this dilemma ? Was not the spirit of her beloved father looking down from his heavenly home, witnessing these, her troubles ? Most assuredly. The magnetic cord between father and daughter was touched, and his elevated soul pitied her sufferings, and impelled another human being to search out his darling child and relieve her woes. This is the way our spiritual friends aid us in this sorrowing world. They impress the minds of others

to relieve our sufferings. What a glorious light has burst upon the world in the nineteenth century !

Happily, a lady came that day with two children, and entered them in the school. Annah gained courage to ask for their tuition in advance, and it was paid, otherwise, no one knows what the consequences might have been.

Annah Morgan began to feel that God sat on the throne above, and, although her life's path had been one of thorns, she now hoped that the roses of Sharon would bloom for her; that the roots of the lily-of-the-valley were not dead, and that in the spring-time, perhaps, her troubles might pass away. In April she closed her school, intending to make a visit to her brother, when another difficulty presented itself.

Mrs. Morgan, wishing to obtain board for a short time, called upon a lady, by name Mrs. Ada B——, who "took in" lodgers. This lady was also endeavoring to obtain a divorce from her husband; and, as Annah Morgan was ever ready to pity one in her own situation, she went to board with Mrs. B——. The family of this lady Annah knew to be very respectable people; her father being a medical man, and her sister, Julia, a very excellent young lady. But Mrs. B—— was subtle. A more disagreeable

woman could not be found. Her temper was like fox-fire, flashing at all times.

Mrs. Morgan had lost much of the courage that she once exercised. When a child she killed a black snake one morning on her way to school, when her brother ran from the reptile; but now, seemingly, she could not hurt a worm. Although Mrs. B—— was a strange woman, our heroine was not disposed to believe all she heard; yet she soon noticed some singular actions of her landlady.

She remained some weeks; but, as soon as possible, changed her boarding-house. Annah was once more again with Mrs. Burns, and a kinder and more Christain-like woman never existed. For a long time Mrs. Morgan heard no more of Mrs. B——; but, when she did, the information she received concerning her showed how much the woman was infamous.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"UP IN A BALLOON."

O show to what a degree imagination may carry one, we will introduce a few verses composed by Mrs. Morgan upon the occasion of a balloon ascension in Baltimore. This is one of the most marvelous flights that the mind of our heroine ever took.

In the monumental city there was a place particularly set apart for the ascension of balloons. It was situated in the northern part of the city; and thither, with many others, had Mrs. Morgan resorted on this occasion. A woman was to make the ascent, but the fair creature did not make her appearance. The balloon was ready, but the heart of the female failed. Courage was not so conspicuous a quality in that damsel as in Queen Philippa, when she marched into the battle-field and assisted her troops in war. No one was prepared to take the towering flight above the trees, hills, and valleys. All eyes anxiously awaited the fair æronaut, but she did not appear to fulfill her engagement.

Annah stood gazing at the crowd. Her mind

was filled with thoughts of Adrian, who was then across the deep blue sea; and the reader may suppose that the Jewel thought of that wandering star on the East Indian shore who had been set at naught by Aunt Betty—the tyrannical, aristocratic old lady.

Annah, as may be supposed, was much given to musing. After returning home that evening and partaking of the vesper meal, she went out upon the verandah, and, having comfortably ensconced herself in an easy-chair, gave rein to her fancy.

Perhaps there is no pastime more pleasant to those who are care-worn and heavy-laden with sorrow than that of rearing castles in the air. During the construction of these edifices our troubles, trials, and exigencies are utterly forgotten, and sweet dreams of perfect felicity reign in their stead. But these, like all other earthly joys, are evanescent; a word, a thought, will break the spell—our *chateaux en Espagne* vanish into empty air, and stern reality, with its bitterness and woe, presents itself, in all its hideousness, to our aching eyes.

It was a calm and peaceful night—so calm that scarce a leaflet fluttered in the air. Scintillant stars gemmed the dark azure dome of heaven, and no sound broke the solemn stillness that prevailed, save, at intervals, the sweet, plaintive note of Philo-

mel, the bereaved, who tuned her nocturnal lament to the sleeping flowers.

Fixing her eyes upon that corruscation of bright orbs, the Pleiades, Annah fell into a deep reverie. At first she thought of the mythological story anent "the seven sisters"—how that they were the offspring of Atlas and Pleione, and, being beloved of Jupiter, were by the King of Heaven changed into stars; how that Merope fell from her high estate and dimmed forever her luster by marrying a mortal; and to this unfortunate victim she compared herself. This was the commencement of the summer vacation, and our heroine felt weary of labor and longed for rest; and while gazing and thinking filled her mind with strange ideas, she longed to reach that spirit-land above the stars that smiled sweet invitations unto her, until at length her senses swam, and a dream, wreathed in fair flowers of poesy, brought bliss to her pain-pulsed bosom.

The scene she had that day witnessed had made so strong an impression upon her that it influenced her sleeping thoughts, and she fancied that she herself supplied the place of the delinquent æronaut. As a wonderful flight of fancy, it is well worthy of production; let us call it:

AN ÆRONAUT'S JUBILANT.

The stars are all beaming with faces above me,
 Their smiles in the moonlight are silvering the sea,
 My father and mother, to show how they love me,
 Like jewels from heaven, send meteors to me.
 The spherical music I hear in the zenith,
 My brother is chanting the language of love
 As breath'd by the angels, I know what it meaneth,
 The power of sympathy is reigning above.

What demon is that? Oh! I cannot misconstrue
 Its characteristics, view'd often in sleep;
 A ghastly phosphoric, and dim-eyed sea-monster
 Is watching for Annah below in the deep.
 It mounts to the reflux waves of the ocean,
 Enshrining the soul of Marcellus:—I'll dive
 Down into the depths, to watch every motion,
 And then re-emerge in the air, to revive.

Ah! now in a bay some fond friend hath allured it,
 A fisherman's net hath entangled that shark;
 I know 'tis my Adrian who hath secured it,
 Lock-jaw'd with a stake, it can't reach my bark.
 O Adrian! why is thy star ever cross'd, love,
 With doubt's heavy clouds while my vessel I steer?
 Should I lose that star, truly I should be lost, love,
 Thy spirit reigns in it my spirit to cheer.

To Asia I'll float in the firmament; Annah,
 Thy own guardian angel is reigning in bliss!
 'Tis angels' food now that I sigh for—the manna
 Imbibed from a smile, and enjoy'd in a kiss.
 My dungeon was rent by an earthquake; sulph'rous
 Blue lightning is harmless! A thunderbolt fell
 To crush my tormentor—a tyrant as furious
 As Lucifer. Star of the morning, farewell!

But *my* morning-star hath never yet risen !

Thine eyes, mine own Adrian, those are the stars
Whose light would transform the dark walls of a prison,
Yea, into a mine lit with jewels and spars.

Again I'm descending to float in the moonlight
O'er glittering waves, and, like Psyche, my soul
Is sighing for thine, love, to change into noon night,
That night that hath held me so long in control.

I'll soar in the heights ! There's an eagle beneath me ;
Its claws are of iron to torture my breast !
But heaven's own silvery cloud doth ensheath me—
Marcellus no more shall thy Annah molest.
A comet is flashing ; its radiance so fiery
Appears like a falchion, a symbol of strife,
O'er *Sunderbunds** shining, where waters are miry
Where tigers and poisonous serpents are rife.

Upon a white elephant sits my own lover
He slew the wild savage, the fiend of Bengal.
The head of the serpent he crush'd, and I'll hover
Aloft as in triumph he enters Nepaul.
The comet hath gleam'd o'er the orient regions.
Brave Adrian charges the foe without fear !
His sword is enchanted to slaughter a legion—
His own guardian angel, fond Annah, is near.

My father and mother and brother are crowning
With stars the brave victor ; poor Annah resign'd
To tarry awhile, tho' Marcellus is frowning,
He never can soar upon wings of the wind.

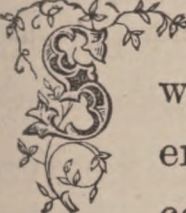
* The Sunderbunds lie at the mouth of the river Hoogly, a tributary of the Ganges, and are wastes and jungles, the only denizens of which are tigers, alligators, and venomous reptiles.

Thy rifle-shots never can reach me, Marcellus—
No maddening strait-jacket my powers restrain—
No wild-horse can rack me: Lucretia be jealous,
The lost Jewel's restored, and is free from a stain!

O God! soothe my senses. Ah, list to a chorus
Of angels—the spherical music is sweet.
The globe may dissolve, but while heaven is o'er us,
The pure in heart ever shall flourish like wheat.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GALE-DRIVEN.

OME little while afterward Mrs. Morgan was residing at her uncle's, determined to endeavor to recuperate her health by proceeding upon a visit to New York, in a schooner belonging to her uncle, Colonel Clinton. She embarked at Gargatha Inlet, on the coast of Accomac. Captain Bloxsum was a hero in miniature, a Lilliputian in size, but a giant in soul. His logic was this, that "unless men could serve each other, the sooner they kicked the bucket the better."

"Why," said he, "I should be ashamed to look my Newfoundland dog in the face if he had saved more people than I. A man's first duty is to learn swimming and diving. I saved many a life before I was twenty, and, actually, like Neptune, found my wife at the bottom of the sea. You may guess how that was. Phoebe was washed overboard by fate, on purpose that I should find a pearl of great price. I saved her from a watery grave, and she, out of gratitude, saved me from being a grave bachelor."

Annah enjoyed to her heart's content the sea-

breeze, and the natty appearance of the sailors, as they ran aloft like monkeys, or chanted in chorus their quaint refrains as they hauled the ropes that set to the zephyrs the snow-white sails.

“How mysteriously silent all nature appears!” exclaimed Annah, whose mind was tranquilized more than it had been for many years. “When the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, ere the green earth emerged from the deep, the heavens would not have shone more gloriously with flame-colored clouds, and liquid gold, and—”

“A rainbow,” suggested Captain Bloxsum, with a comical grimace, “a rainbow,” he added, “in the morning is the sailor’s warning.”

Annah heard in the distance several peals of thunder. A colored girl, the daughter of one of the slaves of Annah’s grandfather, had embarked at the same time as Mrs. Morgan, and now came toward her, saying, respectfully :

“I ’member you now, Miss Annah. Oh ! how you am altered. I no rec’lec you at fust. Oh ! how I prayed dat God would bring you out ob de lion’s den, like He did Massa Daniel.”

The recognition of any kind spirit, no matter in what position of life, is always gratifying to one who has tried the good and evil amongst mankind. Vicissitudes teach us a useful lesson, to appreciate our

fellow-creatures for their natural worth, only without respect to any acquired qualification, and Annah had had so much sorrow that she could fully appreciate kindness, no matter from what source it came.

The thunder rolled immediately over their heads; the entire circle of the horizon blazed with steel-blue gleams, and the firmament became enshrouded with somber clouds. It was evident that a storm was brewing, and, ere long, it burst with full fury over the *Cropper*.

With commendable prudence, the skipper had caused all the light sails to be snugly stowed, and the vessel was dodging along under a close-reefed main-sail and storm-jib, when a sudden gust of terrific violence tore the latter sail from its bolt-ropes and it was borne down to leeward upon the wild wings of the whistling wind. While the crew were busily employed hoisting the reefed fore-sail, in place of the lost jib, another squall broke with such force over the staggering craft that it threw her upon her beam-ends, and there she lay a log, with the foaming billows making a clean breach over her.

Mrs. Morgan was standing at the after door of the main cabin. Suddenly a huge wave burst over the quarter and threw the captain, who was at the helm, over the wheel, hurting him considerably. Annah saw the danger to which the vessel was ex-

posed, and, without hesitancy, she sprang to the wheel and put the helm a-starboard, thereby, in all probability, saving the storm-tossed schooner from destruction.

The gale gradually subsided, and Mrs. Morgan then had an opportunity of remeditating upon the various phases of human nature as portrayed by the unsophisticated groups on board; the terror-stricken passengers, whose anguish was augmented by the sad contrast between home comforts and troubles at sea, and the philosophical indifference of the hardy tars. Nor was the sublime majesty of the captain least conspicuous. His firmness and endurance, his fraternal attention to every one in turn, his sublime expression of countenance when admonishing a feeble-minded fellow-creature, were all beautiful traits of the superior spirit, so sweetly delineated in that charming ballad of *The Pilot*, whose burden is :

“ Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may’st be.”

There is more pure religion among seamen than many people suppose. Among those brawny sons of Neptune are specimens of men upright as God intended them to be, and who in the moment of imminent peril confide in the protection of their Creator.

"The greatest danger is over, I trust," murmured Annah, offering up a secret orison.

"We are never really in danger at any time," the master replied with a smile, "while the Great Captain is aloft to answer our signals of distress. I have been weather-beaten from boyhood, but never struck my colors. I always feel able to walk upon the stormy waves, for the holy hand of Jesus, stretched forth from the black cloud, is ever nigh to bear me up, when all human help has proved utterly vain."

"Ah!" said Annah, "I have experienced the same Divine aid during the stormy days of affliction on shore."

"You have indeed, my dear lady," answered Captain Bloxsum, "and nobly have you braved the fierce blast of tribulation. I should like to see your late governor in a stiff gale. Such men as Morgan make but chicken-hearted heroes. I guess he would soon give up the ship."

"He has, at any rate been under the necessity of resigning command of the '*weaker vessel*,'" replied Annah, referring to the divorce.

"The '*weaker vessel*?' " repeated the skipper. "A genuine strong-minded woman, you mean. I watched you when the winds were blowing great guns, and the hurricane-spirit laid me on my beam-

ends. How and where did you learn seamanship?"

"I acted upon the impulse of the moment," said Mrs. Morgan; "I knew that some one should be at the wheel, and I prayed the Deity to direct me."

"Aye, aye, Madam, without His direction the skill of the navigator would be useless," cried Bloxsum. "Well, I do admire a woman of spirit, whose faith is unwavering. As the lightning shone upon your beautiful but emaciated features—I am no flatterer, my dear Madam—I felt an inclination to worship the divine genius that gave you a degree of animation and imperial grace, revealed only by such heroines as Joan of Arc, or Grace Darling, whose countenances were lit up with enthusiastic inspiration."

"Who has not heard of the Maid of Orleans, and the Darling of Scotland? she who, when no pilot would venture forth, battled with the breakers, and preserved a ship's whole crew, rowing them through a deluge to her father's light-house. *You* would have done the same. This morning, when hardy mariners, with blanched cheeks, gazed despairingly around, as our schooner levelled herself with the ocean, *your* smile of resignation, and your supernatural heroism at that critical moment, renewed confidence and hope."

Bloxsum having resigned, the wheel to the man whose trick at it it was, continued :

“ Ah ! Mrs. Morgan, if you had only sooner slipped your cable from that rock of a husband, how much happier you would have been ! ”

“ Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or clasp the ocean in a span,
I would be measured by my soul,
For that's the standard of a man ! ”

quoted Mrs. Morgan.

Captain Bloxsum appeared to increase in stature. The gallant pigmy on tiptoe promenaded the quarter-deck until nightfall. The light-hearted crew were cheered with a calm sea and gladdening moonbeams.

One youthful passenger betrayed a decided *penchant* toward Mrs. Morgan. The countenance of that boy was radiant with intelligence ; he had only been partly educated, yet he thirsted for the waters of life, welling up from the hidden springs of wisdom. His superior spirit, like Moses, yearned to smite the rock of mental darkness, that streams of knowledge might flow forth. Poor Oscar's ambition to become a learned man was unbounded ; at the same time, his natural suavity was peculiarly pleasing to lady passengers. But Mrs. Morgan engrossed the attention of the lad. He supplied her with

choice oysters, and dished up dainty rations of ham and chicken. He seemed as great an adept in the culinary art as Soyer must have been at sixteen years of age.

Kind attentions are always appreciated by the fair sex. Oscar's amiable anxiety to anticipate the wishes of Annah created a sisterly affection in her warm heart. She was anxious to return the obligation with interest, by expatiating on geographical and historical subjects, commanding breathless attention from her young disciple. At length she struck upon a holy chord, which responded like the Æolian harp of Memnon to Apollo's beam.

"What do you imagine, Oscar, concerning that invisible power within your brain, which urges you to crave for angels' food—true knowledge?"

This question of Annah's caused the youth to pause; he then slowly replied:

"In the beginning the Almighty said, '*Let there be light*, and there was light.' Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; a spark from the eternal Spirit; a spark that gives sight, hearing, taste, feeling, and the faculty of enjoying the fragrance of sweet flowers. A spark that gives perpetual motion to my heart, warmth to my blood, and motion to all this wonderful machinery constructed by God. Yet, beautiful and mysterious though it

be, without that invisible spark the whole becomes sightless, unconscious of harmonious sounds or delightful perfumes. All, all is motionless, cold, *dead*. *Death* is when all thought becomes extinct."

"Socrates himself had not a sublimer idea of the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL than you possess," said the enraptured listener. "Cultivate your mind, my boy, and you will not fail to emerge from obscurity. Your living soul resembles a vine that has sprung up beneath a dark ruin; its branches cannot be buried, they *will* rise and grow green and fruitful in the glory of the heaven's sunshine. You were created to inherit light, for, like a burning-glass, the speculum of reason within you is filled with vital light."

An observer of human nature cannot fail of being convinced that metallic influence actually produces mental blindness. The uncle of Oscar was a wealthy planter, who had one son, the heir to a large fortune, whom he idolized, though the idiot was capable only of eating, drinking, sleeping, and rioting to excess.

Oscar, in his childhood, had been the playmate of this cousin, or, rather, the humble companion, subservient to every capricious whim of his stolid patron, whose neglected library was Minerva's Temple of Refuge to Oscar. An immortal and a mere mortal could not long agree. Independent in soul

the poor relation preferred a subordinate position in life, among strangers, rather than longer partake of the poisoned luxuries of domineering aristocratic ignorami, whose wealth, ten-fold reduplicated, could never purchase Oscar's intellectual treasure.

During their voyage Mrs. Morgan assumed the character of Mentor to a new Telemachus. There is much vain boasting of civilization and enlightenment as the distinguishing characteristics of the nineteenth century, yet how seldom do we meet with people possessing superior minds. What crowds of long-eared nonentities, like Midas, usurp those positions intended solely for *magii* and virtuous beings. Dives' native planet, doubtless, is the earth, and unpatronized genius and merit must patiently wait until they have "shuffled off this mortal coil," to enjoy with Lazarus the heritage of immortality.

The *Cropper* crowded sail, and tacking about, soon made the Jersey coast. Annah was fascinated with a dreamy joy on first beholding the glorious panoramic view of lofty, verdant hills and variegated valleys, intersected with silvery, undulating rivers, the picturesque yellow villas, with slate or thatched roofs, breaking the monotony of the landscape. On passing through the Narrows a most enchanting prospect greeted Annah's sight. On the

right hand, groves exhaled sweet perfumes, which light zephyrs bore on their wings across the sea; above, the cerulean sky, flecked here and there with amber-tinted clouds, resembled a turquoise sea upon which gilt galleys sailed; to the left, "Sunny Staten Island," clothed to its summit with bright verdure, gleamed like an emerald mount; and Long Island, the garden of America, seemed to lay, a broad band of green, between the azure of the sea and sky.

Annah knew that the skipper was fond of poetry, so she went into the cabin and composed the following verses, with which the hearty old mariner expressed himself so delighted, that he declared his intention of having them framed and hung alongside his barometer.

A STORM AT SEA.

Roll on, ye crested billows,
Your waves are dashing high,
But the Hand that made the ocean
Can soon your foam allay.
The sea it rages wildly,
And the storm increases fast—
The mariner he rushes
From the deck high up the mast.

The horizon is darkened,
The rain begins to fall,
The thunder rolls in heaven
As on a mighty wall.

The brave ship reels and rocks,
And dashes to and fro
Upon the foaming billows,
Which are as white as snow.

The captain at the wheel,
He bends his brawny arm
To bear away the ship,
And save her in the storm.
The mariners rush forward,
The chains they rattle loud,
And the sails are quickly furl'd
That reach toward the cloud.

"Hurrah, my boys!" the brave man cries,
"Or we will soon be toss'd
Among the coral beds of the sea;
My brave crew will be lost."
The sea-boys rush from stem to stern—
Aloft they swiftly fly
As the ocean bursts its crested foam
Up toward the lurid sky.

The deck is wet with briny spray,
And her timbers bend and leap,
And the proud ship swells as she bears away
O'er the waves of the briny deep.
Dark, deep, and boundless as thou art,
The Hand that made can lull
Each whirling billow as it foams
And bursts upon the hull.

For all at once the storm is o'er,
The wind is lull'd to sleep,
And the bright moon sheds her silvery rays
O'er land and the foaming deep.
The serene blue sky once more is calm,
And the stars are shining bright;
All nature seems to speak the word
That all God does is right.

The ship once more unfurls her sails,
And the top-sail flies in the breeze,
And the vessel glides o'er the bounding waves,
And 'tis to home, sweet home she flees.
The noble ship sails swiftly o'er
The ocean's foaming tide,
And soon the brave craft anchors close
Down by the river's side.

Captain Bloxsum accompanied Mrs. Morgan to the residence of a merchant, to whom she presented a letter of introduction from Andrew Foy. The commission merchant, having perused the epistle, was nervously assiduous in providing for the comforts of his fair visitor.

Oscar threw off his traveling-garb, and gained Annah's permission to accompany her to the various bazaars and institutions. The magnificence of the worthy merchant could not have been exceeded by an Asiatic potentate. His gorgeous palatial edifice on the Fifth Avenue bespoke the liberal spirit and refined taste of its occupant.

After remaining a few weeks in New York, Annah returned to Virginia, viâ Baltimore, and impatiently awaited the time when the judicial fiat would announce her free from matrimonial thralldom. Andrew Foy, at his own expense, was prosecuting the matter: his chief desire was to see his step-sister freed from the tyrant who had made utterly wretched and miserable a life that ought to have been one of

peace and happiness. Little time had Andrew to attend to things connected with civil law, or family matters—a subaltern in the Confederate army who wished to win name and fame had sterner and more imperative duties to which to attend; but he employed able members of the legal fraternity in Annah's behalf, and generously placed his purse at her disposal.

Oscar, the orphan boy, continued his studies, and the last Annah heard from him, he was getting along finely and would soon be a practitioner at the bar, and no doubt the youth continued to remember the admonitions and kind advice he received from Mrs. Morgan during his voyage to New York.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW THE LADDER WAS REARED.



WE must now turn to one whose name we hope the reader has not forgotten, for he plays a most important part in the concluding chapters of this story. We refer to Adrian Castle, and as only cursory mention has been made of that amiable gentleman, perhaps we had better formally introduce him.

Colonel Castle was by birth an Englishman, and one who had served with distinction in the British army. On his retirement from military service he emigrated to America, and purchased a plantation in Virginia which was in contiguity to Locust Grove, the residence of Fabian Foy. A friendship between the latter and the ex-colonel soon sprang into existence, and the bond of unity was tightened by reason of them both belonging to that grand old craft the Masonic brotherhood. Adrian was a boy only six years of age when his father came to this country, and when he and Annah Foy first met they became fond of each other. Annah was three years old at this time. She was a pretty little blue-eyed girl,

with golden curls, dimpled chin, and rosy cheeks; she was happy and as playful as her tamed gazelle. These children grew up together, and as the families were on the most intimate terms, Annah and Adrian were playmates during infancy; and the period in which they were passing to the next stage in the drama of life, friendship ripened into love. Colonel Castle, like most old military men, had a decided *penchant* toward the army. He was an aristocrat, and being well aware how a young man gains refined feelings and tastes by being placed in an authoritative position, he determined to make use of the influence he possessed in order to obtain for his son an ensigncy in the British army. Colonel Castle was not rich, but in good circumstances, as the Virginians say. Adrian, who had inherited his father's proclivities, when he arrived at the age of seventeen, and his parent first broached the subject to him, readily acceded to his proposition that he should join an English regiment; but he did not consider at the moment he gave his consent how great an effort it would cost him to tear himself away from the girl he so fondly loved; nor did he for a moment conceive that he was sowing seeds from which his darling would reap a harvest of misery in the future. It was pardonable, after all, this fit of boyish enthusiasm for the profession of arms. How many older

and more experienced in the ways of the world than he was, have become fascinated by the glare and panoply displayed by a regiment marching on to strife, and, forgetful of home joys, loves, and associations, have thrown themselves recklessly in the van? He did not think of Annah when he, to his father's extreme gratification, so promptly declared that he longed for "the tented field;" had he done so, he would probably have hesitated; but, his word being given, his decision registered, nothing could have power to induce him to retreat, to declare himself a votary to women's smiles rather than an aspirant to glory.

One sunny dawn the youthful adorers met near Drummond Town; they met to separate, perchance, forever.

"Oh! Annah," murmured the ardent youth, "I feel that when we meet again it will be in yon morning star that is fading from sight in a flood of gold. We have been very happy in the society of each other, darling, but you will think of me sometimes, I am sure; I am sure you will whenever you gaze upon this ring."

The faltering boy drew a signet on Annah's finger, kissed it, and a tear sparkled upon the gem—that tear hallowed the maiden's lips, as she sealed the pledge of affection. Years after, in her

gloomy dungeon home, the dew-drop of love still seemed there, mingling with the rain that trickled from her own dim eyes.

“Adrian,” replied Annah, “I can never forget you. Something tells me that we shall meet again on earth. You will become a great general, crowned with glory; and, when you return, a laurel-wreath, woven by Annah, shall deck your brow.”

Annah presented her lover with a *gage d'amour*, formed of two ruby hearts, upon which their names were engraved. Adrian placed the precious gift within his bosom, near to his heart, then entwining his arms about Annah, he convulsively embraced her. Colonel Castle's carriage was approaching. In tremulous accents the youth whispered:

“Correspond with me continuously, darling; call me your star, and, as the mariner steers his course by some orb of night, so you keep me mentally in sight in all your wanderings. Pure love like ours will preserve us from evil. I shall address my letters to ‘My Jewel,’ in remembrance of that talismanic ring you have received from me. Adieu, my own beloved Annah.”

A long, loving embrace; two throbbing breasts close-pressed; two pair of thirsty lips glued together in one warm, long-drawn, but holy kiss; two deep sobs from two pulsing hearts; then a shower

of pearly tears dripped and dropped scintillant from the dew-dimmed eyes of a girl, fair as the ideal angel of a poet's dream, as pleasure gave place to pain, and the separation of Adrian from Annah was reluctantly consummated.

A few days subsequently Colonel Castle and Adrian were pacing the poop of a stately Atlantic packet-ship, as, with white sails spread to woo the western wind, she gayly bounded over the foam-crested, emerald waves, on her passage toward the "tight little island" that has held, still holds, indeed, a foremost place among nations, and to which this country—though her sons seem to forget it, now that they have so effectually severed the maternal apron-strings—still owes a debt of gratitude for having given it life and nourishment in its infantile years.

The prestige which Colonel Castle had gained while in the British army, and the high esteem in which he was held by those in military authority, rendered the object of his visit one of easy attainment, and, within a month of Adrian's arrival in England, he was gazetted to an ensigncy in a regiment then under orders to proceed to India. The *Himalaya* carried the —th, Adrian's regiment, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and up the lovely Mediterranean, and after crossing the Isthmus of

Suez, he re-embarked on board a P. and O. steamer, that, in the space of a fortnight, landed himself and comrades at Bombay.

To follow the career of the brave boy exactly would be, we opine, to test beyond its utmost limits the patience of our readers ; therefore, we shall merely submit for perusal the first letter that Adrian received from Annah subsequent to his arrival upon "India's coral strand ;" but still, in justice to him, we must not omit to state that he won not only golden opinions from his superiors, on account of the valor he displayed on several different occasions, but became a universal favorite with all those with whom he came in contact, by reason of his urbanity, sagacity, inherent bravery, and the gentleness of his disposition.

"ACCOMAC, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

"Star of my Soul,—I wander alone, now that you are gone, dear Adrian ; but the pleasure of knowing that you will welcome this letter with your lips will cheer me until I can reciprocate by enjoying the same dalliance. Oh ! there is a sacred, modest, guileless kiss. What ecstatic delight the remembrance of one inspires. My soul thrills with rapture while musing on my Adrian. Closing my eyes, I feel as if our spirits were embracing ; spiritually we cannot

be separated. In the visions of the night we roam together. I judge of your fidelity by my own. Although a disconsolate feeling may sometimes oppress the bosom of Annah, yet the star still irradiates the jewel. Like the poor Laplander who beholds the sun sink down beneath the horizon, and solaces his mind through a long season with the hope of seeing the solar orb re-emerge from a frozen sea, so I derive consolation from the reflection that my star will yet shine in Virginia. My father is dead, and I am living with my Aunt Betsie. I am not happy. She wishes me to marry Marcellus Morgan, and I will not do it willingly.

“Hopeful anticipations gladden my imagination, even as the *aurora borealis* illumines a sunless firmament. May Annah’s guardian angel combine with thine to shield thee on the battle-field, and restore thee to her who loves thee dearer than life.

“Anxiously awaiting a reply, I remain, Star of my Soul, thine own unblemished Jewel,

“ANNAH FOY.

“*Postscript.*

“TO ADRIAN.

“When, a year ago, we parted,
My eyes streamed tears like rain,
For thy beaming smile and loving eyes
I may never see again.

“ Another may have won that smile,
And caused thine eye, so bright,
To sparkle with love's hallowed flame
As *she* draws near thy sight.

“ But oh, when night's dark mantle comes,
And the sun has withdrawn his light,
And the pale moon shines in her lofty dome,
While the stars are twinkling bright,

“ Thy face in visions oft appears;
In hours when I'm alone,
I feel thy tender, gentle hand,
Is pressing on my own.

“ I hear thy voice, so silvery sweet,
I feel thy charming kiss,
And start and wonder if 'tis a dream
Or am I in a world of bliss!

“ 'Tis then my heart throbs loud with joy,
And a spirit voice I hear;
It whispers, 'Let not thine eyes be dim,
Thy Adrian's ever near.' ”

To this love-breathing epistle Adrian replied
thus :

“ DELHI.

“ My own precious Jewel,—I fear, dear love, that
you must think I have grown strangely remiss, or
else utterly forgotten any allegiance to you, on
account of my not having written to you since my
arrival in this country. But I have many pleas to
advance in extenuation of my seeming negligence.
On the very same day that we landed from the

steamer that conveyed us from Aden to Bombay, we were dispatched 'up country,' and, since that time, I have scarcely had a moment to call my own until now. I have seen much that was utterly strange to me since my arrival in this country. I have passed through scenes which, in horror, would far eclipse the most frenzied fancies of a maniac. I have seen blood pour forth like water, and trickle in crimson rivulets through the streets; I have heard the piteous wail of strong men, who writhed and twisted in the last agonies of death; I have seen fierce, greedy flames, leap and twine about ruins wherein my fellow-creatures were immured; and I have suffered privations and encountered dangers which, a few months back, I should have considered myself totally unable to contend against. But, amid all the terrors of a protracted siege; on the battle-field; on the long, toilsome march under a broiling sun; over open plains or through deep jungles, where lurked the tiger and serpent, and amid almost impenetrable fastnesses, into whose valleys the enemy hurled ponderous masses of rock from above, I have never, even for an instant, forgotten thee. You have been, still are, I trust, my guardian angel. Like a beacon to the storm-tossed mariner is the knowledge of your love for me; it beckons me on, and gives me hope and comfort, enabling me, by its invigorating influence, to 'suffer and be strong.'

“Ah! Annah, my own bright, blue-eyed darling, what would I not give now to be permitted to clasp you in my arms for one brief moment, to kiss your coral lips, and feel your warm breath upon my cheek as I listened to the sweet cadence of your silvery voice and drank eagerly with my thirsty ears the heart-felt, loving words that it would pour therein.

“This is a magnificent country, my jewel. Nature has been lavish in endowing it, but yet it seems to me a desert, for Annah is not here.

“Men say I have been brave, credit me with doughty deeds, and praise me exceedingly. This adulation is naturally pleasing, but I would dispense with it all, aye, more, I would almost consent to be stigmatized as craven, if for such concession I might be permitted to clasp your dear form to my breast and feel our hearts pulsate once more in unison.

“I was, indeed, very much grieved to hear of the death of my amiable friend, your father, and I most sincerely condole with you in your affliction. It is a terrible bereavement, dear Annah, for one so young as you are to sustain; it is sad to know that he whom you loved and venerated has passed forever from earth; but even in our deepest affliction, God finds some solace to instill into the mourner's heart, and, when you consider the numerous good deeds your estimable father performed while in this

world, no doubt as to his welfare in the spirit-land beyond the skies can agitate your mind. He is at peace now, sweet one, at rest in that glorious kingdom which is reserved for those whose attributes and conduct here below entitles them to a place therein.

“It is, I consider, shamefully wicked for your psuedo-friends to wish you to unite yourself in wedlock to Marcellus Morgan, and your Aunt Betsie’s creed, ‘marry for wealth and position,’ has wrecked more lives and been the cause of more misery than could be accurately estimated. I need not impress this upon you, for I know your own good sense will tell you that what I state is perfectly correct. I need not bid you be true to me, darling, for I know that while I am steadfast in my love for you my affection will be reciprocated. Wherever I may be, dear love, in spirit will you be also. I can never forget, never, even in my dreams, lose sight of the jewel that, like a guiding star, has lighted my path so far through the tortuous and intricate mazes of life, and which will in the future lead me to the haven of rest which I shall find on the bosom of my blushing bride.

“In heart and soul, here on earth, or in the spirit-world,

“Your lover,

“ADRIAN CASTLE.”

This letter arrived at Accomac during Annah's absence, she being upon a visit to her friend Julia Morrison. Aunt Betsie placed the letter upon the mantel-piece, and, when Morgan called, he exhibited his usual curiosity by examining the superscription it bore.

"From India, eh? Then she corresponds with that idiotic youngster, Adrian Castle?" he said.

"I presume so; but I think she is very silly to do so, for the chances are that he will never return to fulfill his boyish promises. The loves of children are very evanescent, Marcellus, and I think that you will not have much difficulty in weaning away her affections from young Castle," replied the old woman, who, with her accustomed reverence for the "Almighty Dollar," wished her niece to sacrifice herself upon the matrimonial altar, to endanger her pure soul by essaying the perilous ascent of the Golden Ladder.

"I am going over to see Annah to-day; shall I carry this letter to her? She will, doubtless, be glad to hear of the welfare of the half-bred Britisher who is her correspondent," said Morgan, with his hateful sneer.

"By all means, Marcellus. I suppose I should not be justified in withholding the epistle from her, or, I confess, I should feel great satisfaction in

burning it before she could peruse the soft nonsense it is sure to contain," answered the worldly-minded, avaricious old woman.

Morgan left the house rejoicing. The enemy's dispatches had fallen into his hands, and he was determined to turn this stroke of luck to good account. He took the letter to his own house, and, though his evil-looking face was rendered more hideous than ever by an angry frown while he was engaged in its perusal, his eyes sparkled with joy when, after a moment's consideration, a bright idea dawned upon him. So thoroughly an unscrupulous man as Morgan was not likely to long hesitate ere he put this suddenly-conceived plan to euchre his opponent into execution. A few hours' practice enabled him—like a mischievous ape, he was an apt imitator—to copy Adrian's caligraphy so nearly that an expert would have had no little difficulty in detecting the difference between the two hand-writings. He then carefully penned the following letter, forged Adrian's signature, and, enclosing it in the envelope which had contained the original epistle, he resealed it and delivered it to Annah.

"ANYWHERE, HINDUSTAN.

"Jewel of my Soul,—Thus in my days of romance I would have addressed you, Annah; but eastern

pomp, and the luxuriant pleasures of the Orient have transformed a mere romantic simpleton into another sort of being, and Asiatic beauties are so fascinating that all of my former puerile ideas of loneliness have vanished like the mirage of the desert. I revel now with houris of Paradise, and would rather be captured by Sepoys than return to the cold, insipid realms of Europe or America. The dusky nymphs of my harem would compel the belles of Virginia to 'hide their diminished heads,'—you among the number. So, my dear girl, as a friend, I advise you to emancipate yourself from the enchanted bondage of delusion. Consider me as dead, slaughtered in battle, if you please; nay, 'cut up into little stars,' as the woman says in Sir Plagiary's Spectacle of the Spanish Armada, 'that you might put into your pocket.'

"I write in an off-hand manner to show you how easy it is to divest one's self of namby-pamby sentimentality, and all that sort o' thing. I now care no more for love-tokens than I do for the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Your amulet, by the by, I gave to a baby to play with, while an elephant was fanning it with a palm-branch to keep off the flies. Elephants make better nurses than half of the mothers in America. Ah! but one must come to the East Indies to see the elephant! I am now going to per-

form in the private theatre of the officers, in the character of 'Wild-love,' in the *Day after the Fair*, which, as far as I am concerned, is exceedingly *apropos*. Do you take the allusion?

"You perceive, Annah Foy, that I am very blunt, although 'as keen and polished as my sword,' as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says. I would fain, like a skillful surgeon, 'cut beyond the wound' to make the cure complete.

"So, Annah, I remain, no longer a wandering star, but plain

"ADRIAN CASTLE."

"P.S.—I do not send you my address, because I object to receiving abusive replies to my letters."

This daring counterfeit had the desired effect, though Morgan did not dare remain to witness the success of his scheme. He would have liked to have done so, but he feared that the girl might accuse him of malfeasance, and he knew that his wicked eyes would droop, his coward spirit quail, and his guilty countenance betray him if she should openly impeach him; therefore directly after he handed her the letter he quitted the apartment. Had he remained, had he witnessed the silent agony that convulsed his victim when she read that her lover was false, even his wicked, stony heart would have ached with pity

for her. For some moments she did not shed one tear nor utter one single word ; she sat like one dazed, her eyes, glassy and dim, fixed with a vacant stare upon the lying letter in her tight-clinched hand. Then from her bosom burst a bitter cry, the dread wail of a woman's misery, the floodgates of her heart sprang open, and, as the mountain torrent sweeps along with its mighty force all obstacles that lie across its path, so the swift current of her grief surged on, saving her reason, but shattering her heart, wrecking it upon the jagged, cruel rocks of unrequited love. In her simplicity, in her guileless innocence, the poor girl had chosen an idol before which to bow down and pour out her soul. She had placed fanatical faith in it, worshiping and praying to it, confidently believing in its supremacy and power. Now the veil which had hitherto half-hidden it parted, and disclosed a vile and loathsome thing in all its naked hideousness. What wonder then that the unfortunate girl should be broken in spirit, careless of what the future should bring forth ? Like a reckless gamester she had hazarded her all, her happiness, upon one single chance. Fate was unpropitious and misery was to be her future portion. For a little while subsequent to the receipt of the forged letter, Annah was seriously ill ; but she possessed a good constitution, and wrestled so bravely

with the sorrow that had come upon her and shadowed her young life, that soon the bloom returned to her fair cheek, though there was a pensive sadness in her countenance that none could fail to observe. Thoroughly careless as to the future, now that he, whom she had so fondly loved, was false to her, urged partly, perhaps, by a desire of retaliation, she did not strenuously oppose allying herself to Marcellus Morgan, in whose interest Aunt Betsie, whose mercenary nature only permitted her to consider the desirability of the union from a monetary point of view, worked most assiduously. We have followed the career of poor Annah so closely since the fatal day of her marriage that it is needless for us to further remark upon the result of the alliance she contracted with the heartless wretch who had wrecked her life by fraud, the hideous satyr, Morgan.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PREPARING FOR COMBAT.



ADRIAN CASTLE was in India at the period the Sepoy soldiers chose for revolting. Through the whole of the terrible struggle that ensued he passed, fighting in many bloody battles, suffering many privations, and being several times slightly wounded ; but his heroic spirit sustained him in every hour of danger and difficulty, and the gallant deeds which he performed, and the prowess he exhibited while lending his aid to quell the mutiny, are still fresh in the minds of hundreds of those who shared his peril, and whose names, with his, are enrolled upon the scroll of fame, to be revered by posterity.

It is probable that, when peace was restored, Adrian would have taken advantage of an offer of leave of absence in order to visit his native land ; but he heard of Annah's marriage, and the news had such an effect upon him that he absolutely disliked to hear America spoken of, and whenever the western continent was being discussed during his presence at the mess-table, a dark cloud would mantle

his brow, and his appetite for even the most delicate viands would fail him utterly. Had he not been a strong-willed man, he would have probably followed the example of so many army-men upon whom trouble has fallen, and sought relief in that soul-destroying, insidious, pseudo-comforter, "the juice of the grape," upon which so many praises have been bestowed by poets prone to print dithyrambics. But Adrian possessed moral as well as physical courage, and he bore up bravely under the terrible weight of woe that had fallen upon him. He knew that the bottle would only give him evanescent solace, and would entail still further misery, perhaps disgrace, upon him in the future; therefore his face wore a smile though his heart was sad, and, like the Spartan boy who concealed a stolen fox in his bosom, he simulated pleasure and light-heartedness though his sufferings were intense.

As time wore on, so did his sorrow gradually lessen as he became resigned to force of circumstances; but still no thought of ever returning to the land of his nativity did he ever for one moment entertain until the news of the rebellion in America broke like a thunder-peal upon the world, and society in general—peer and peasant, seer and sage—became agitated and engrossed by the dark war-cloud that overshadowed the vast continent over

which the "star-spangled banner" had floated in unsullied purity, pregnant pride, and brilliant beauty ever since it threw off the yoke of the oppressor and proudly proclaimed itself a righteous Republic. Then, waiving all ulterior considerations, willingly resigning the high position his daring achievements had won for him, he quitted Her British Majesty's service, of which he was a lustrous ornament, and left the sunny Ind, with all its pomp and gorgeousness, its luxury and its lassitude, in order to enlist in the army his native State, "the Old Dominion," was sending to the field—to cast his abilities, energy, and experience into the scale that was to mete out justice, to decide between right and wrong by wager of war.

Though, as we have said, Colonel Castle, senior, was an Englishman, Adrian had been reared in Virginia, and, therefore, he considered it incumbent upon him to link his fortunes to the Southern cause. We do not, by any means, wish it to appear, from our hero's siding with them, that we were in sympathy with the secessionists during the dreadful struggle that convulsed the land of our birth; though we did not care to run unnecessary risk by expressing our views, our prayers were for the preservation of the Union. Rebellion at any time is hateful, but it becomes absolutely detestable when it

advocates oppression. Many, let us in charity trust most, of those possessing erudition and abilities of no common order, who boldly declared themselves in favor of the Southern cause, were misled by a natural enthusiastic feeling, consequent upon the knowledge that their inherited institution, slavery, was to be demolished and their "rights" invaded, themselves coerced into meek submission, by the long-winded, "cute," and thoroughly unscrupulous "Yankees," who, with hypocritical snarl, hurled such fierce invective and denunciation into their midst. To fight for "party" is one thing, to combat for country is another.

In extenuation of the course the denizens of the Southern States pursued, we declare it to be our firm conviction that "stump oratory" and the detestable habit the New Englander possesses of boasting himself above his fellows, did more to foster and give birth to the revolution which deluged our fair country in blood, laid waste her fields, sent thousands of brave hearts to the glory of the grave, and temporarily enfeebled her position among nations, than any absolute desire to keep in bondage, in trammels, and in life-long servitude those upon whose brows the curse Cain received when the world first was, has been indelibly printed. He is but a sorry seer who predicts past events—to use an obvious anach-

ronism ; and now that all strife has ceased, and erst-while foes are friends once more, it would be more than useless to enter upon a disputation as to the causes, merits, and results of the disastrous contention among kindred which the whole civilized world was glad to see brought to a termination.

A great battle at Cedar Creek was about to be fought, and the very foundation of the Southern cause was trembling. The question, "to be or not to be," was to be answered. The Union was in the ascendant, and if its armies could repulse the foe in a few more battles, the war would be brought to a grand finale, and the "United" States become fully entitled to recognition as one of the greatest nations on the face of the globe. But Lee, Beauregard, Wise, and thousands of the bravest men who ever waved a sword or led an army to battle for an unrighteous cause, were still in existence, and it was with a heart full of hope for the success of Southern arms that Adrain Castle linked his fortunes with the rebels, who, on account of the service he had seen abroad, at once assigned to him the rank of colonel.

When he took command of his regiment his men welcomed him with loud cheers, for in him they recognized no effete leader, but a gallant soldier who had "seen service," who had fought against,

and aided to subdue, a fiendish and enormous multitude of the most subtle, blood-thirsty, and treacherous wretches that ever encumbered God's fair earth—the Sepoys of Hindostan.

Adrian still retained Annah's girlish picture, and though he, of course, knew that she must have changed materially, bloomed into maturity, he was fond of gazing upon the lineaments of the fair, youthful face, and thinking of past bright days, when he had reveled in the consciousness of her love. An active military life, and the experience he had gained by contact with the world, had dissipated most of the romantic fancies of youth; but a few yet lingered, and in his heart he still cherished an affection for Annah, though he knew that she had broken the vows of fidelity she took when they parted long years before. So strong had been his love for her, so unbounded the estimation in which he held her, that, even after the tidings of her marriage reached him, he could not shut out from his heart his passion for her; and seldom, through all the long years that elapsed ere he returned to America, did a day pass without his mind reverting to the sweet, blue-eyed girl who had clung to his bosom, ere he left the home of his childhood and girded up his loins to fight Britannia's battles in the Eastern world.

At the period of which we are about to speak Adrian's regiment was encamped in the vicinity of the Shenandoah. Early was the general in command of the Southern forces, and Sheridan was the able leader of the Union troops. The latter, thinking that his opponents would not venture to remove from the position they held after having sustained such recent disastrous defeats, proceeded to Washington upon business. Early became aware of the absence of his astute and intrepid foe, and at once determined to endeavor to outwit "Little Phil" by a skillful maneuver. Adrian, when he first received an intimation that an action between the two opposing forces was inevitable, feeling that dread uncertainty which must always fill the heart of one about to engage in a hazardous enterprise, knowing not how soon death may come, wrote the following epistle, which he wrapped around Annah's likeness and enclosed in an envelope, addressed to her, that he carefully stowed away in the breast-pocket of his tunic:

"THE VALE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"ANNAH,—It is very probable that long ere this you have forgotten that I ever existed, but I cannot forget you, though I have oftentimes tried to do so. Had I been able to shut out all recollection of you from my mind, I might have been happier in the

past ; had I never known you, my life would not have been a cheerless blank ; but it was decreed by One whose will none can dispute that we should do so, and the result has been everlasting misery to me. I have but little time to write, for we are on the eve of battle, therefore I must be concise and brief. I feel a presentiment that I shall not survive the conflict which is about to ensue, or I should not risk the probability of offending you by recurring to times and scenes long past and gone.

“Annah, dear Annah—yes, I must so address you, even though you are lost to me forever—I gave you my love in the olden time, and your reason for forsaking me I have never been able to ascertain, or even guess at. Were you merely trifling with me ? No ! I am sure I held a place in your affections, for one who glanced as I did into your eyes and read in their blue depths innocence and purity of soul, could never for a moment believe that you were capable of practising glowing deceit, or wrecking a man’s life to please a foolish whim. Why did you break your plighted troth to me ? Why, so soon after our parting, did your love for me wane and fade so utterly from your heart as to induce you to link your life with that of one other than myself ? This is a question I have often asked myself, but never yet have I been able to solve the enigma. I

gave you an honest love, Annah, a love that was steadfast and true, as the mere fact of my now writing to you will indicate. God only knows the full extent of my suffering since the time when I received the first intimation of your having married Marcellus Morgan. Forgetting, for awhile, the terrible agony that racked me, when I thoroughly realized that you were lost to me forever, I mourned for you in sadness and in deep lamentation, knowing full well that the step you had taken was a false one, never to be regained ; that would entail upon you misery and affliction in the future—misery and woe it would not be in my power to avert, for from henceforth I was to be as a stranger unto you. I was not surprised, therefore, when, on my return to America, I heard that you were unhappy ; I was not astonished, for I knew your husband to be little better than a brute ; but my heart ached with pity for you—you from whose lips I had once culled the sweet delights of immaculate love, you for whom I have ever cherished the tenderest affection.

“If you ever receive this letter it will only be when I am numbered with the dead ; under no other circumstances would I have written it, would not have laid bare the heart you tortured in the past. Well ! let the dead past rest ! He who orders all things deemed it best that ours should be diverse pathways

through the labyrinth of life, and we must not exclaim against his ordinations. I am going forth to the strife, to battle, perhaps to death; my last prayer will ever be that the sable cloud, which has of late years overshadowed thy young life, will burst in twain, and the bright glory that it reveals will bring with it peace and tranquillity that will last through your declining years, and until we meet in that fair land beyond the azure empyrean, where all souls unite, and the world-weary are at rest.

“In death, as in life,

“Yours faithfully,

“ADRIAN.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

BOWED DOWN.



As we have said, General Early, on hearing of Sheridan's absence, determined to surprise the Union army. He strengthened and thoroughly organized his forces in his forest-screened camp near Fisher's Hill, then he moved out at nightfall, October 18th, 1864, with the intention of flanking the Union position by crossing Cedar Creek. Leaving the turnpike road, the rebel army moved over rugged paths along the mountain side, which, in many places, was so steep as to necessitate the men holding on by bushes and tufts of grass, and forded the north-fork of the Shenandoah—the second time in the very face of the enemy's pickets. Maintaining the most perfect order and the strictest silence, the divisions of Gordon, Ramseur—under whom Adrain held his command, and Pegram stole by on the left of the Union army; those of Kershaw and Wharton simultaneously flanking the left. An hour before dawn the rebel regiments arrived at the positions assigned to them, waited until day glimmered in the east, then fired a volley, and with a hoarse, wild yell,

their battle-cry, charged furiously down upon their astonished foes. Taken completely by surprise, thrown into inextricable confusion by the suddenness of the attack, overpowered by the violence with which the enemy assailed them, after fifteen minutes' attempted resistance, during which one battalion of the picket-line lost one hundred killed and seven times that number wounded, the army of West Virginia became converted into a flying mob. The rebels, knowing well every foot of the ground, followed. Emory rallied his men and tried to stop them, but with no chance of success. Assailed on both flanks and in the rear by an overwhelming power, the Union forces had to evacuate their position, with a loss of twenty-four guns, camps, defences, equipages, and twelve hundred brave fellows numbered among the killed and wounded.

Hurried as the conflict was, conclusive as, at this stage of the proceedings, it appeared to be, it only illustrates the truth of the time-honored aphorism which prophetically warns the impulsive not to "holler before they're out of the wood." The rebels, in the full flush of victory, rejoiced; the tide of glory and enthusiasm ran high, and none thought, none dreamed, of its suddenly ebbing and bearing away the laurels gained, to float lorn waifs upon the dark angry waves of the critical sea of contemporary

nations. Sheridan, who, on the morning of the 19th of October, was on his way from Washington to the Shenandoah Valley, scented powder, as scents the vulture the corse of one newly slain. With that keen instinct that has been since time immemorial the heritage of all famous military leaders, "Little Phil" knew that something must have gone wrong; so he hurried onward. The flying columns of his army told him the tale long ere he reached them. As his panting charger, with foamy, heaving, blood-dripping flanks bore him into their midst, he rose in his stirrups.

"My lads, you are taking the wrong path. Your road lies in the opposite direction. We'll lick the rebels out of their boots, boys! If I had been here this would not have happened," he cried, as he rode along.

Then the Unionists, recognizing their leader, knowing his ability, willing to rush headlong to death if their pet commander led them, replied with a cheer that ran along the valley and echoed among the hills, whose lengthening shadows poured upon the scene of carnage, victory, and defeat.

It did not take so skillful a tactician as Sheridan long to reorganize his demoralized forces. His pluck, his dash, his universally recognized valor, re-invigorated his men, who, still stinging with defeat,

rushed upon the foe with such ardor that the assault was irresistible. The Southern troops fought gallantly—they almost invariably did; now we are friends again let all have their due—but their efforts to restrain the advance of their foes were of no avail. Ramseur's division was in the hottest of the fray, and strenuously the regiment under Adrian's command strove to maintain the *prestige* it had that morning won, to retain the laurels its previous exploits had gained for it.

Suddenly the whisper ran—a cry is but a whisper mid the din of war—"Our General is killed;" and ere the fierce fires of revenge had fairly lighted in those Southern hearts, another murmur coursed through the thinning ranks—"Brave Castle's slain."

Ramseur had indeed fallen mortally wounded; and Adrian had reeled in his saddle and sank, apparently in the swoon of death, into the stalwart arms which instinctively stretched themselves forth to receive the stricken leader of their brave and brilliant band. Then those who in the gray dawn of morning had been assailants, and who now in the crimson and violet splendors of declining day were defenders, worsted at every point, leaderless and disorganized, sought, what the bravest must sometimes seek, refuge in flight.

Willing enough were those who had linked them-

selves to an unfortunate cause to peril liberty and life—while the latter remained few, indeed, would have refused to stand their ground—but their cause was their idol, and they knew it to be their duty to live for it, and not rashly seek the immolation which would be swift and sure did they longer resist. Therefore they obeyed the trumpet-given signal to retreat, and withdrew from the battle-field, bearing with them the almost pulseless bodies of those who had lately been their leaders, and the sad knowledge that the victory they had gained in the morning had been blurred and blotted out from the register of fame by the stigma of subsequent defeat.

General Ramseur was taken prisoner and died on the following day ; but Adrian Castle had become such a favorite with his men, that a party of them, heedless of their own danger, bore him from the field. When they arrived at a place of safety, a surgeon was instantly summoned to ascertain the nature of the wound the brave fellow had received. He shook his head as he withdrew his probe from the orifice in the stricken soldier's thigh, up from which the crimson life-blood welled and trickled slowly down upon the sun-scorched grass.

“A bad case,” he whispered to one of Adrian's brother officers who stood near. The ball has severed the femoral artery, and the hemorrhage has

been very great. I will do my best to save him ; but the operation I shall have to perform in order to extract the ball is a delicate one, and I think, before I attempt it, you had better ascertain if he has any wishes to be fulfilled, in case death should ensue."

Captain Johnson turned toward where his friend was lying, moaning in agony, and tears started to the brave man's eyes as he took the hand of the sufferer.

"Colonel, this is very sad, a great blow to us all, your being so badly wounded. The operation of extracting the bullet from your thigh will be attended with danger ; of course I sincerely trust that you will recover ; but, if you want any messages sent to your friends, or wish any commissions executed, it would be as well to give the instructions at once. I am entirely at your service, and earnestly beg that you will command me in any way you may deem fit," he said.

"Thanks, Johnson, you are very kind. I do not think I shall survive the operation, for I feel very weak and my wound pains me terribly. If you will be kind enough to deliver this packet into the hands—*into the hands, mind*—of the lady to whom it is addressed, you will confer a favor upon one who feels that he will soon pass away from this earth to

the bright spirit-land above. Tell her,—whisper, Captain,—tell her that I have been true to her through life, and, in these my dying moments, she fills my heart and thoughts. If you should ever —” overcome by exhaustion, the wounded soldier swooned ere he could conclude his message.

Early's army was virtually destroyed in the engagement at Cedar Creek, and, excepting two or three skirmishes, there was no more fighting in the valley. Captain Johnson, feeling confident from an expression the surgeon in attendance upon Adrian gave utterance to when he saw his patient sink into a comatose state, had not the slightest hope that his brother-officer would live many hours ; therefore, in compliance with his injunction, he determined to at once seek out Mrs. Morgan and deliver to her the package Castle had intrusted to him. This was an undertaking attended with no little difficulty, for the lady was residing at Hopeland, Colonel Clinton's mansion, in Accomac, and it was extremely dangerous for the Confederate soldier to venture into the Union lines. But he was a skilled strategist, and, by adopting a variety of disguises, he managed to reach the house of Annah's uncle.

“I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Annah Morgan?” said the messenger, inquiringly, when that lady, still beautiful, though her fair face

bore evident traces of suffering endured, entered the ornate and richly-decorated apartment into which the visitor had been ushered.

"I am, Sir. May I ask to what fortuitous circumstance I am indebted for the honor your presence confers?"

"I am Captain Johnson, Madam—" Annah courtesied—"and belong to a Southern regiment of which Adrian Castle was lately Colonel."

"Adrian Castle, lately! Does he not still hold that position?" cried Annah, her starting eyeballs and quivering lips betraying the apprehension the soldier's words inspired within her.

"At the battle of Cedar Creek, Madam, he was wounded severely. I loved him for his multifarious attributes; and he, knowing my regard for him, feeling confident that I would obey his behest, intrusted me with this package, which he adjured me to deliver into your hands. I have not reached you without much difficulty, and, even at the present moment, I am in danger of being taken prisoner by the enemy; but I hold my toil and trouble and my present peril in light estimation, knowing that I have fulfilled the last wishes of one who was bound unto me by a sacred bond that nought but death could sever."

"Dead! Adrian dead!" gasped Annah. "Oh, God! then life is death to me indeed!" she moaned,

as she sank upon a *prie-dieu* and, burying her face in her hands, sobbed convulsively.

Captain Johnson, his manly heart bleeding at the sight of the poor woman's agony, waited until the first paroxysm of grief had somewhat subsided ere he spoke again.

"How did he die? He remembered me in his last moments, or you would not be here. What message did he send?" murmured Annah, so soon as her throbbing heart would permit of her giving utterance to words.

"He bade me to tell you that he had been faithful to you through life, and that his dying thoughts were of God and you alone. Will you not open the packet? perhaps it contains some written token of the affection I am witness he bore unto you."

With tremulous fingers Annah broke the seals upon the envelope the soldier handed to her. She glanced hurriedly at the picture of herself—the miniature that portrayed her in her purest prime—then laid it aside, and with greedy eyes devoured the contents of the epistle Adrian had penned the night prior to the eventful engagement at Cedar Creek.

Fast flowed the tears down her damask cheeks as she read what Adrian had written unto her; she did not seek to restrain them, she was oblivious of the

presence of a stranger—and they fell, glittering opals, in showers, as she learned how true had been Castle's love for her, how pure was the heart that she had been deceived in the past into believing sullied and estranged. Woe filled her pulsing bosom, agony was at her heart. She had by fraud and villany been lured into taking a step forward upon life's pathway that she could never retrace; she had been induced to marry a man she did not love, and to make blank and desolate, simultaneously, her own earthly career and that of the noble youth who had been faithful unto her amid all the dangers, temptations, and trials by which he had been surrounded. To bear had been her portion through life, and now no slight assault could shake her nerve; but when she came to that part of the letter in which Castle stated that it would be only in case of his death that she would receive it, the burden that fell upon her was greater than she could bear. So far her matchless spirit and her eagerness to glean intelligence of the fate of him who had been her *beau-ideal* of all that was true and manly had sustained her. But now—now that the full knowledge of her misery came, and she knew that she could never ask forgiveness from or gaze upon the man who had idolized her in the bright, happy days of sunny maidenhood—her overstrained feelings surged

strongly up, and broke the bonds that tried to bind them in her breast, and, with the shrill heart-rending cry, "Adrian! Adrian!" she sank inanimate upon the silken couch.

Captain Johnson, with the innate delicacy which indicates the true gentleman, had been gazing abstractedly out of one of the windows while Annah perused the letter which he brought; when the words she gave utterance to fell upon his ear, however, he glanced suddenly round, and, readily comprehending the state of affairs, he rang the bell violently and then elevated the head of the unconscious lady.

"Call Mrs. Clinton, bring water quick, my girl!" cried Johnson to the juvenile negress who answered his summons.

The dusky complexion of the girl changed to an ashy hue from fright at beholding Annah senseless, and she ran along the corridor uttering frantic screams. They aroused Colonel Clinton; he quickly quitted his apartment, and arresting the slave-girl's flight, he sternly demanded the cause of the demonstration.

"Oh! Marster, Miss Annah is killed, sure. There is a stranger along with her corpse in the drawing-room," gasped the affrighted girl.

The colonel hurried along the passage and

entered, *sans ceremonie*, the apartment designated by the negress. He halted on the threshold, fairly astounded at beholding Annah prone upon a couch and a tall man, whose handsome features were entirely unfamiliar, bending over her.

“What, in God’s name, Sir, is the trouble? What is the matter with my niece?” he cried. Noticing at a glance that the stranger was an equal, he forebore to question him as to the cause of his presence.

“I am the bearer of sad tidings, Sir. Colonel Castle fell in the late battle at Cedar Creek, and the news of his demise has overcome Mrs. Morgan,” replied Captain Johnson.

Annah’s uncle said nothing; he knew the relation in which Adrian had once stood to Annah, and guessed that the old love she bore unto him in the past had not died utterly away. Tenderly lifting the fairy form of the inanimate lady, he carried her to her bedroom, and called his wife and the female servants to assist her with the delicate attentions and sympathy women invariably show to the afflicted. He then returned to the drawing-room, and, entering into conversation with Johnson, soon learned from him particulars of the battle and Adrian’s sad fate. At nightfall the gallant captain would have taken his departure, but his genial host would not countenance any such proceeding, and

insisted on the soldier remaining all night, which he consented to do whenannah sent him a special request not to leave until she could see him and thank him for his fidelity to the man she so dearly loved. From her own lips, the following morning, Johnson heard the story of her life. She told it to him plainly and truthfully, concealing nothing, and, when she finished the recital of her wrongs, he could not avoid giving utterance to the sentiment of his heart.

“What a mean, dastardly scoundrel Morgan must be!” cried the noble-hearted fellow, whose mind revolted at the idea of the gentle lady before him ever having been subjected to maltreatment and ignominy.

annah had dressed herself in deep mourning, and her pale face contrasting with the sable habiliments of woe, made her look so exquisitely beautiful and interesting, that Johnson could readily appreciate the long-lasting affection that his friend Castle had borne unto her. Tears bedimmed the bonny blue eyes of the suffering woman as she bade adieu to the man who had been the trusty friend of him who had been the light of her life in days long past and gone; him whom she would never more behold until welcome death should reunite their souls in the happy summer-land of eternity.

ADRIAN'S VOICE FROM SUMMER-LAND.

Hark! I hear a spirit's voice
Whispering in the air,
He brings to me glad tidings
From yon bright world afar;
He tells me of a summer-land,
Whose fields are ever green,
He tells me of the golden streets
No mortal eye hath seen.

He speaks to me of pearly gates
That dazzle human eyes,
When we have passed away
From earth beyond the skies.
What beauty in the summer-land—
There is no weeping there,
No sighing mother or pining babe,
No father pressed with care.

He speaks of birds whose tiny plumes
Are fluttering in the breeze,
Whose notes swell the enchanting choir.
As they fly amid the trees.
He tells of flowers rich and rare,
Whose petals are so bright,
There fragrance floats upon the breeze
In that fair world of light.

He speaks of gurgling rivulets
Whose waters gently flow
In that not far off summer-land
Where spirit friends do go.
He tells of dear ones in that world
Who have learned to love each other,
They live upon a sacred plain,
As brother should with brother.

Much to Captain Johnson's astonishment and exceeding joy, when he rejoined his regiment he found that the surgeon had managed so skillfully to extract the bullet from Adrian's thigh that the wounded man was rapidly recovering his health and strength. When his messenger gave a full account of his interview with Annah, conflicting emotions convulsed Adrian's enfeebled frame. Great gladness filled his breast when he learned that Annah still loved him; righteous indignation caused the hot blood to suffuse his brow when Johnson recited the tale of Morgan's malicious scheming to win his wife, and his subsequent ill-treatment of her; and sorrow half effaced his joy when he learned that she whom he loved better than life was suffering bitter anguish and much misery—mourning him dead. His first care was to write to Annah, and in the letter he sent he told her how he had been ever true to her; told her how he pitied her, and bade her bear up and have every hope that the future would be bright and pleasant as the past had been dark and dreary—the future that he hoped to share with her; for, as soon as the matrimonial link that bound Morgan unto her was severed, he would take her unto himself for wife.

The reader can better imagine than we can describe the joy that filled Annah's heart when she

received this letter and her trembling hand broke the seal, and she saw that it was from him her soul worshipped, whom she had supposed dead, as the foregoing verses, her composition on the subject, will indicate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RETRIBUTION.



ALIGHTENED of a heavy load was Annah's heart when she received the glad tidings that her beloved Adrian was still spared unto her, that the bolt from "Azrael's deadly quiver" that had laid him low, had not parted them forever on this earth. Until the colonel was sufficiently recovered to take the field again, a regular correspondence was maintained between them; but when Adrian was enabled to rejoin his regiment, duty, time, and place prevented such continuous intercourse. The division of which Castle's regiment formed a part had been so decimated at the battle of Cedar Creek that it was found necessary to draft men into it. By one of those very singular coincidences which sometimes occur, Marcellus Morgan, who, having squandered his patrimony, could no longer raise funds to pay for a substitute, was drafted into the very same corps that was commanded by the man he had so deeply injured.

Time had wrought so many changes in the ap-

pearance of both Adrian and Marcellus, that for some while they did not recognize each other. Morgan was the first to discover the fact of his being subordinate to the gallant fellow whose sweetheart he had lured away by cunning devices, and he possessed sufficient sense to keep the secret to himself. But a young officer, who had been well acquainted with the ex-planter in the days of his prosperity and debauchery, happened to mention at the mess-table, in Castle's presence, the fact of Morgan's having been compelled to descend from his high estate to that of private in the ——th regiment; and Adrian, upon instituting inquiries, found that his adversary in love was now absolutely in his power. His was, however, too noble and generous a nature to take advantage of his authoritative position to inflict condign punishment upon the traitor. His sense of honor was too strong to even allow of his annoying the culprit by any indirect means; therefore, though whenever his eye lighted upon the debauched miscreant who had wrecked his life and rendered miserable that of an innocent girl, he felt sorely tempted to strike him to the earth, he pretended not to be aware that he had ever seen or heard of "No. 4, Company G," before the enrollment of that estimable gentleman in the regiment under his command.

“The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.” In a sharp brush with the enemy—a skirmish the dispatches designated it—Marcellus received so severe a wound that the doctors, directly they examined it, declared it to be impossible for him to exist a day longer on earth. Some one of his comrades who had not become hardened and thoroughly callous by the exigencies of war, told him the surgeon’s fiat, and earnestly besought him to make his peace with our Great Master, who has promised that “when the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth the thing that is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.”

Like Voltaire, Paine, and many others who, while in rude health, have declared themselves atheists, Morgan, now that he felt dissolution coming, feared to die with his sins unredeemed and thick upon him.

“Comrade, will you tell Colonel Castle that I wish to see him? Tell him I am dying, and I do not think he will refuse to come to me,” he moaned.

The man did his bidding, and Adrian responded at once to the summons. Strenuously he tried to conceal his feelings—the gratification that the explainer’s death would force upon him.

“You wish to see me, I am told. What can I do

for you?" he said, coldly: he was not hypocritical enough to affect sympathy.

"Forgive me!" groaned the wounded man. "Colonel Castle, though you have seen me daily since I joined the regiment, you have failed to recognize in me one who deeply injured you years ago; I am Marcellus Morgan."

"I know it—discovered it weeks ago."

"You knew it, and yet never took revenge when your position would have so fully enabled you to do so! Surely you could never have loved Annah—"

"Listen, comrade," whispered Castle, in a gentle tone that fell like a hymn upon the sufferer's ear, "He before whom you will soon stand to render up an account of your life on earth, has declared vengeance is His alone, and I am one who acknowledges His supremacy. Throughout the long years, which have been to me centuries of torture, since last we met, I have never forgotten my love for her whom by chicanery you wooed and won. Though my heart seemed like to wilt when I heard that she had wedded you, yet I struggled on, toiling through life without aim or purpose, but ever constant to the vow of fidelity unto her that I registered on the eventful day of my departure for the East. How you could have found it in your heart to so basely deceive an innocent girl I cannot imagine; why you

ill-treated her when you accomplished your design of making her your wife, seems to me to be beyond mortal ken. But I will not upbraid you now ; you have not long to linger here below, and such consolation as these my last words can convey to you is freely given. I fully forgive you the injury you wrought me in the past. I pray God to be merciful unto you, and I exhort you to endeavor, to the best of your ability, to make your peace with *Him*, so that you may gain admittance into His Heavenly Kingdom," said Adrian, with impressive solemnity.

"Colonel, you are a good man, and will reap your reward hereafter. You are sincere in this, as in everything, and if the prayers of the righteous are of avail, I may find that in death which I have never found in life—perfect tranquillity," murmured the dying man, as he seized the colonel's hand, kissed it with his lips, and blotted it with hot, scalding tears of remorse.

An hour later the sin-stained soul of Marcellus Morgan had winged its flight to another sphere.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PORT AT LAST.

ICHMOND had been invested and Lee's army had surrendered. Bravely as those who linked their lives and fortunes with the Southern States strove to gain the ascendancy over their brothers of the North, they could not succeed. Their cause was an unholy one; they fought for *slavery*, not freedom, and the God of battles favored their adversaries.

When peace was formally declared, Adrian instantly proceeded to Accomac and to the house of Colonel Clinton, in order to obtain an interview with his loved Annah, who was still residing at the house of her uncle.

"Is Mrs. Morgan within?" inquired Castle, addressing a dusky domestic who answered his appeal to the bell.

"No, Sir! she's out walking; guess somewhere down on the beach," replied the servant.

Adrian turned on his heel and took the nearest path to the water's edge. He soon gained it, and after the rough scenes, the swampy camping-grounds,

and the dusty marches he had been of late accustomed to, the view before him seemed one of supreme splendor. Before him, far as the eye could reach, lay the ocean

“Deep set with agate and the azure sheen
Of Turkis blue and emerald green.”

Above, the light fleecy clouds, flecked with sun-rays, resembled islands of floating roses ; behind him hill and valley, clothed in glorious verdure, backed up the tawny sands on which he stood, and away, far away in the distance, he detected the garments of a lady fluttering in the breeze. Quickening his pace, he hurried along the sparkling sands, his head bent downward, his eyes riveted upon the indentations that a pair of tiny feet had printed on the golden strand.

Almost before he was aware of it he became conscious of the close proximity of his long-lost Annah. Though time, with his unscrupulous fingers, had carved deep lines of care upon her face and seamed the forehead that in its pristine freshness had resembled polished ivory, Adrian had no difficulty in recognizing the features of the woman who had held his heart in bondage through so many long years, as she came toward him, her somber habiliments—the mourning garb for a man she never loved—floating in the wind, and her sweet, sad face smiling from beneath

the white "weeds" that fringed her brow. Adrian, struggling to appear calm, doffed his hat as he neared Annah. The hot blood surged up and flushed her fair cheeks with living flame. A moment she paused, as though doubting her senses, then giving utterance to the shrill cry, "Oh, Adrian! Adrian! at last!" she sank, half-swooning, in her lover's arms.

Tenderly he held her, softly he pressed warm kisses upon the ruby lips of his darling, until the light of life glowed once more in her violet eyes, glowed and burned into vivid love-fires.

"Oh! my love," he murmured, "this repays me for all the misery I have endured, all the suffering I have experienced. I am so happy that we have met here on the wild sea-beach, where there is no eye to witness our joys and sorrows except the Great Omnipotent who created his creatures to love forever. I will not upbraid you now, my pet, I will not say aught about the agony which convulsed me when I learned that you had wedded Marcellus Morgan—when, as I thought, you forgot your vows of fidelity unto me, and purposely tossed my love aside as a thing unworthy of consideration. I know that you were basely deceived by your late husband. How he could have found it in his evil heart to so torture two innocent persons I cannot conceive.

However, he is dead now, and you are free to be mine. Will you repledge yourself unto me, sweet one? will you share with me the future that now beams so brightly before us?"

"Oh! Adrian, this is what for so many long years I have been praying for—this reunion of our hearts. But do not, merely to satisfy your nice sense of honor, sacrifice yourself for my sake. I am not fair-faced as when in the olden time you pledged yourself unto me. I broke that pledge; on me alone then let the punishment fall. Some other—"

"Can never fill any place in my heart. I love you with tenfold greater affection than ever. Time has matured my regard for you, made stronger the passion that burned in my youthful breast. I am yours, Annah, through weal or woe, until death do us part."

"Adrian, do you remember this little ring?"

"Yes, dearest; you have kept the *gage d'amour* carefully; I have still the ruby trinket you gave me."

"I lost this once, Adrian—after I lost, as I thought, your love, this ring also disappeared. There is a strange story connected with it. I missed it from my jewel-case some years after my marriage. Though I sought for it most energetically, I could not recover it, and at last I felt confident that Marcellus must have purloined it. I gave it up as

utterly lost, when, to my great astonishment, it was returned to me a few weeks ago by the mother of a girl named Lucretia L——, to whom Morgan had presented it when he was carrying on an illicit correspondence with her. See, it sparkles brightly yet, though its luster seemed to dim when I married Morgan.”

“It will beam brighter than ever, darling, now that we are reunited. Let us go to the house, sweet one, for your uncle, knowing of my arrival, is doubtless anxiously awaiting our advent,” said Adrian, as he linked Annah’s arm within his own, and slowly sauntered along the golden sands.

Adrian rehearsed the sad tale of his father’s death and the many long years he had spent in the East; but now all was gladness and sunshine.

Happy were the hearts of the two lovers. Years of absence and tribulation had intensified their affection, and now everything seemed bright and beautiful unto them. Even the plashing waves, mournful as their music had seemed to Annah when she strolled alone along the beach, now changed their tone, and what had erstwhile been a murmurous monotone now became a happy hymn.

A month after the arrival of Colonel Castle at Hopeland, the usually quiet Clinton household was disturbed to a tremendous extent by the prepara-

tions for the festivities to be inaugurated on the marriage of Annah with Adrian. A gay party soon assembled in the spacious mansion, which was superbly decorated throughout with festoons of flowers and evergreens, and none were merrier or more light-hearted than Andrew Foy and Annah's stepmother, Mrs. Patter, and her sister Betsie. They had been true and steadfast to our heroine through all her tribulation ; and now that the sable clouds of care had vanished, it was but fair that they should obtain a glimpse at the golden glory that irradiated the pathway Annah was soon to tread.

Bright and beaming was the widow's face as she stood beside her handsome soldier-lover and heard the minister pronounce the solemn words that declared her once more a wife—a wife, not only in name, a mere household chattel, but a trusted, well-beloved companion, to share equally joy and sorrow, the inevitable concomitants of existence in this sublunary sphere. When Annah had linked herself to Morgan, an awful storm, typical of the fate in store for her, had raged, and the bride had noticed the omen ; now the whole of earth's surface, and even the azure sky, seemed flushed with gladness : this augured future felicity.

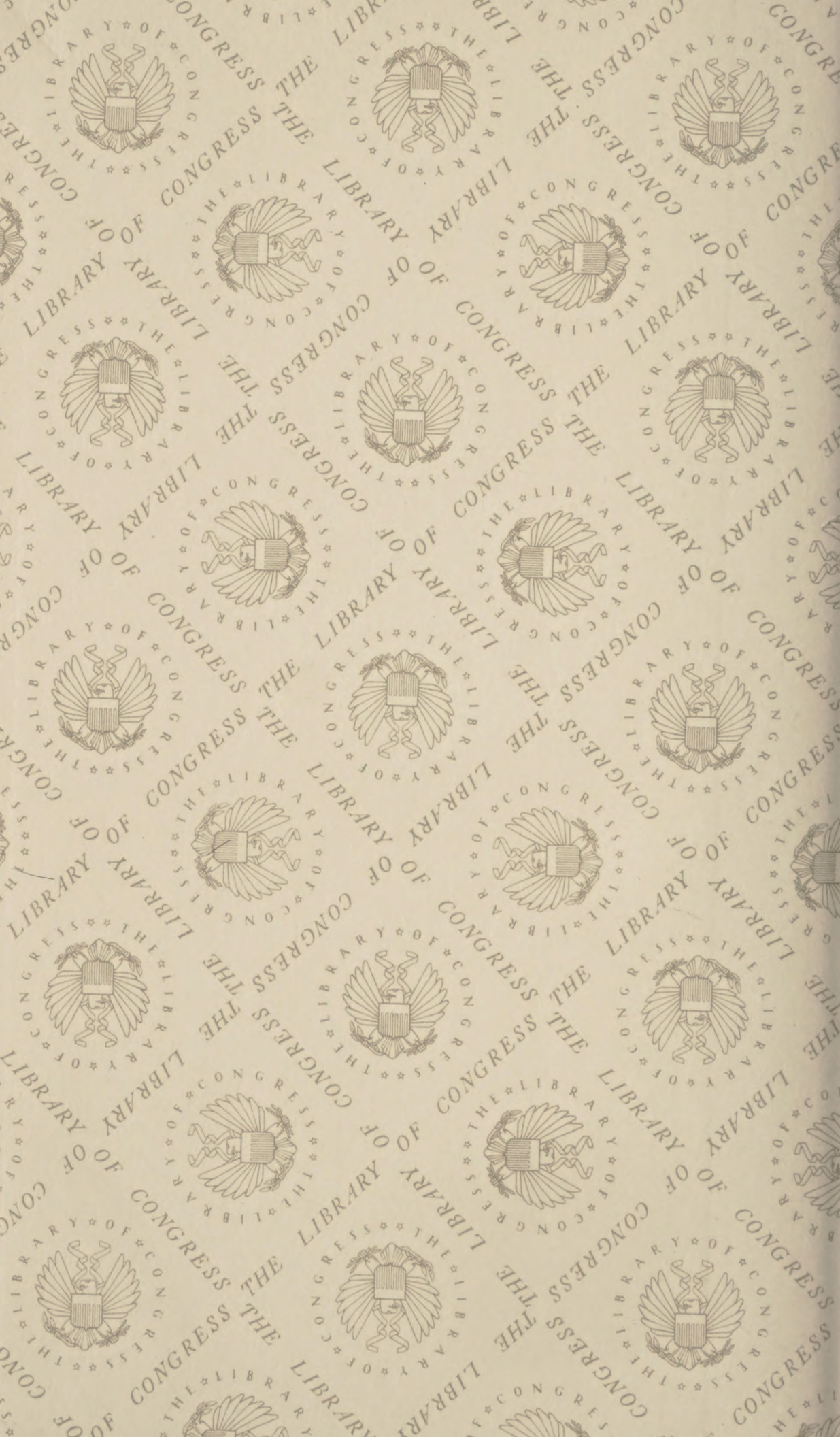
Reader, Annah's trials are over. We have fol-

lowed her on her direful course over the rugged pathway of life, seen her bowed down by sorrow, buoyed up by hope, and made happy at last. Let those in affliction bear in mind the fortitude that aided her to struggle with adversity, so that, emulating her, they may learn "to suffer and be strong;" and those who may be tempted to make mercenary marriages hesitate ere they place foot upon the "Golden Ladder" that leads to the pinnacle of remorse and woe. Let perfect Faith, truthful Hope, and omnipotent Charity be the guiding stars of our lives, and we may rest assured that we shall receive the rich reward of our actions when our spirits soar to the summer-land above.

THE END.

58

776





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022635177

